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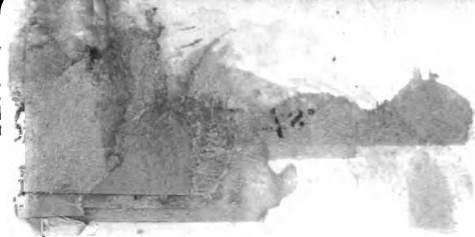
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# WORKS OF JOHN GALT

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*Works of John Galt. Edited by D. Storrar Meldrum*

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**ANNALS  
OF THE PARISH  
AND  
THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES**

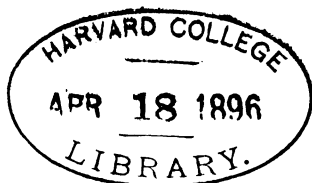
**WITH INTRODUCTION  
By S. R. CROCKETT**

**WITH A PORTRAIT  
AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WALLACE**

**VOLUME II**

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**ANNALS OF THE PARISH**  
**AND**  
**THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES**



# ANNALS OF THE PARISH

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

YEAR 1797

*Mr Henry Melcomb comes to the parish to see his uncle, Mr Cayenne—From some jocular behaviour on his part, Meg Gaffaw falls in love with him—The sad result of the adventure when he is married.*

WHEN I have seen in my walks the irrational creatures of God, the birds and the beasts, governed by a kindly instinct in attendance on their young, often has it come into my head that love and charity, far more than reason or justice, formed the tie that holds the world, with all its jarring wants and woes, in social dependence and obligation together; and in this year a strong verification of the soundness of this notion was exemplified in the conduct of the poor haverel

VOL. II.

A



lassie, Meg Gaffaw, whose naturality on the occasion of her mother's death I have related at length in this chronicle.

In the course of the summer, Mr Henry Melcomb, who was a nephew to Mr Cayenne, came down from England to see his uncle. He had just completed his education at the college of Christ Church, in Oxford, and was the most perfect young gentleman that had ever been seen in this part of the country.

In his appearance he was a very paragon, with a fine manly countenance, frank-hearted, blithe, and in many points of character very like my old friend the Lord Eaglesham, who was shot. Indeed, in some respects, he was even above his lordship; for he had a great turn at ready wit, and could joke and banter in a most agreeable manner. He came very often to the manse to see me, and took great pleasure in my company, and really used a freedom that was so droll, I could scarcely keep my composure and decorum with him. Among others that shared in his attention was daft Meg Gaffaw, whom he had forgathered with one day in coming to see me; and after conversing with her for some time he handed her, as she told me herself, over the kirkstile like a lady of high degree, and came with her to the manse door linking by the arm.

From the ill-timed daffin of that hour, poor Meg fell deep in love with Mr Melcomb; and it was just a playacting to see the arts and antics

she put in practice to win his attention. In her garb she had never any sense of a proper propriety, but went about the country asking for shapings of silks and satins with which she patched her duds, calling them by the divers names of robes and negligées. All hitherto, however, had been moderation compared to the daffadile of vanity<sup>1</sup> which she was now seen, when she had searched (as she said) to the bottom of her coffer. I cannot take it upon me to describe her; but she kythed in such a variety of cuffs and ruffles, feathers, old gumflowers, painted paper knots, ribbons, and furs, and laces, going about gecking<sup>2</sup> and simpering with an old fan in her hand, that it was not in the power of nature to look at her with sobriety.

Her first appearance in this masquerading was at the kirk on the Sunday following her adventure with Mr Melcomb, and it was with a sore difficulty that I could keep my eyes off her, even in prayer; and when the kirk skailed she walked before him, spreading all her grandeur to catch his eye, in such a manner as had not been seen or heard of since the prank that Lady Macadam played Miss Betty Wudrife.

Any other but Mr Melcomb would have been provoked by the fool's folly; but he humoured her wit, and, to the amazement of the whole

<sup>1</sup> *Daffadile of vanity.* [This contemptuous expression is found in *The Provost* also.]

<sup>2</sup> *Gecking.* Tossing her head.

people, presented her his hand, and allemanded<sup>1</sup> her along in a manner that should not have been seen in any street out of a king's court, and far less on the Lord's day. But, alas! this sport did not last long. Mr Melcomb had come from England to be married to his cousin, Miss Virginia Cayenne, and poor daft Meg never heard of it till the banns for their purpose of marriage were read out by Mr Lorimore on the Sabbath after. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the simple and innocent natural gave a loud shriek that terrified the whole congregation, and ran out of the kirk demented. There was no more finery for poor Meg; but she went and sat opposite to the windows of Mr Cayenne's house, where Mr Melcomb was, with clasped hands and beseeching eyes, like a monumental statue in alabaster, and no entreaty could drive her away. Mr Melcomb sent her money, and the bride many a fine thing; but Meg flung them from her, and clasped her hands again, and still sat. Mr Cayenne would have let loose the house-dog on her, but was not permitted.

In the evening it began to rain, and they thought that that and the coming darkness would drive her away; but when the servants looked out before barring the doors, there she was in the same posture. I was to perform the marriage ceremony at seven o'clock in the morning,—for the young pair were to go that night to Edinburgh—; and when I went, there was Meg sitting

<sup>1</sup> *Allemanded*. Handed in stately fashion.

looking at the windows with her hands clasped. When she saw me she gave a shrill cry, and took me by the hand, and wised me<sup>1</sup> to go back, crying out in a heart-breaking voice, "O, sir! No yet—no yet! He'll maybe draw back, and think of a far truer bride." I was wae for her, and very angry with the servants for laughing at the fond folly of the ill-less thing.

When the marriage was over, and the carriage at the door, the bridegroom handed in the bride. Poor Meg saw this, and, jumping up from where she sat, was at his side like a spirit, as he was stepping in, and, taking him by the hand, looked in his face so piteously that every heart was sorrowful,—for she could say nothing. When he pulled away his hand, and the door was shut, she stood as if she had been charmed to the spot, and saw the chaise drive away. All that were about the door then spoke to her; but she heard us not. At length she gave a deep sigh, and, the water coming into her eye, said, "The worm—the worm is my bonny bridegroom, and Jenny with the many-feet my bridal maid. The mill-dam water's the wine o' the wedding, and the clay and the clod shall be my bedding. A lang night is meet for a bridal; but none shall be langer than mine." In saying which words she fled from among us with heels like the wind. The servants pursued; but long before they could stop her she was past redemption in the deepest plumb of the cotton-mill dam.

<sup>1</sup> *Wised me.* Sought to entice me.

Few deaths had for many a day happened in the parish to cause so much sorrow as that of this poor silly creature. She was a sort of household familiar among us ; and there was much like the inner side of wisdom in the pattern of her sayings, many of which are still preserved as proverbs.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Note C.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

YEAR 1798

*A death—Mr Cayenne takes measures to mitigate the evil—He receives kindly some Irish refugees—His daughter's marriage.*

THIS was one of the heaviest years in the whole course of my ministry. The spring was slow of coming, and cold and wet when it did come: the dibs<sup>1</sup> were full, the roads foul, and the ground, that should have been dry at the seed-time, was as claggy as clay and clung to the harrow. The labour of man and beast was thereby augmented; and all nature being in a state of sluggish indisposition, it was evident to every eye of experience that there would be a great disappointment to the hopes of the husbandman.

Foreseeing this, I gathered the opinion of all the most sagacious of my parishioners, and consulted with them for a provision against the evil day; and we spoke to Mr Cayenne on the subject, for he had a talent by-common in matters of mercantile management. It was amazing, considering

<sup>1</sup> *Dibs.* Puddles.

his hot temper, with what patience he heard the grounds of our apprehension, and how he questioned and sifted the experience of the old farmers till he was thoroughly convinced that all similar seed-times were ever followed by a short crop. He then said that he would prove himself a better friend to the parish than he was thought. Accordingly (as he afterwards told me himself) he wrote off that very night to his correspondents in America to buy for his account all the wheat and flour they could get, and ship it to arrive early in the Fall; and he bought up likewise in countries round the Baltic great store of victual, and brought in two cargoes to Irville, on purpose for the parish, against the time of need, making for the occasion a garnel of one of the warehouses of the cotton-mill.

The event came to pass as had been foretold: the harvest fell short; and Mr Cayenne's cargoes from America and the Baltic came home in due season, by which he made a terrible power of money, clearing thousands on thousands by post after post, making more profit, as he said himself, in the course of one month, he believed, than ever was made by any individual within the kingdom of Scotland in the course of a year. He said, however, that he might have made more if he had bought up the corn at home; but being convinced by us that there would be a scarcity, he thought it his duty as an honest man to draw from the stores and granaries of foreign countries,

by which he was sure he would serve his country, and be abundantly rewarded. In short, we all reckoned him another Joseph when he opened his garnels at the cotton-mill, and, after distributing a liberal portion to the poor and needy, sold the remainder at an easy rate to the generality of the people. Some of the neighbouring parishes, however, were angry that he would not serve them likewise, and called him a wicked and extortionate forestaller; but he made it plain to the meanest capacity that if he did not circumscribe his dispensation to our own bounds it would be as nothing. So that, although he brought a wonderful prosperity in by the cotton-mill, and a plenteous supply of corn in a time of famine, (doing more in these things for the people than all the other heritors had done from the beginning of time), he was much reviled: even his bounty was little esteemed by my people, because he took a moderate profit on what he sold to them. Perhaps, however, these prejudices might be partly owing to their dislike of his hasty temper: at least I am willing to think so; for it would grieve me if they were really ungrateful for a benefit that made the pressure of the time lie but lightly on them.

The alarm of the Irish rebellion in this year was likewise another source of affliction to us; for many of the gentry, especially ladies and their children, coming over in great straits, and some of them in the hurry of their flight having but



little ready money, were very ill off. Some four or five families came to the Cross-Keys in this situation, and the conduct of Mr Cayenne to them was most exemplary. He remembered his own haste with his family from Virginia, when the Americans rebelled; and immediately on hearing of these Irish refugees, he waited on them with his wife and daughter, supplied them with money, invited them to his house, made ploys to keep up their spirits, while the other gentry stood back till they knew something of the strangers.

Among these destitute ladies was a Mrs Desmond, with her two daughters, a woman of a most august presence, being, indeed, like one more ordained to reign over a kingdom than for household purposes. The Miss Desmonds were only entering their teens; but they also had no ordinary stamp upon them. What made this party the more particular was on account of Mr Desmond, who was supposed to be a united man with the rebels; and it was known his son was deep in their plots. Yet, although this was all told to Mr Cayenne by some of the other Irish ladies who were of the loyal connection, it made no difference with him, but, on the contrary, he acted as if he thought the Desmonds the most of all the refugees entitled to his hospitable civilities. This was a wonderment to our strait-laced, narrow lairds, for there was not a man of such strict government principles in the whole country-side as Mr Cayenne; but he said he carried his political principles only

to the camp and the council. "To the hospital and the prison," said he, "I take those of a man :"—which was almost a Christian doctrine ; and from that declaration Mr Cayenne and me began again to draw a little more cordially together, although he had still a very imperfect sense of religion, which I attributed to his being born in America, where even as yet, I am told, they have but a scanty sprinkling of grace.

But, before concluding this year, I should tell the upshot of the visitation of the Irish, although it did not take place until some time after the peace with France.

In the putting down of the rebels, Mr Desmond and his son made their escape to Paris, where they stayed till the treaty was signed, by which, for several years after the return to Ireland of the grand lady and her daughters, as Mrs Desmond was called by our commonality, we heard nothing of them. The other refugees repaid Mr Cayenne his money with thankfulness, and, on their restoration to their homes, could not sufficiently express their sense of his kindness. But the silence and seeming ingratitude of the Desmonds vexed him ; and he could not abide to hear the Irish rebellion mentioned without flying into a passion against the rebels, which everybody knew was owing to the ill return he had received from that family. However, one afternoon, just about half an hour before his wonted dinner hour, a grand equipage, with four horses and outriders, stopped at his door ;

and who was in it but Mrs Desmond and an elderly man, and a young gentleman with an aspect like a lord! It was her husband and son. They had come from Ireland in all their state on purpose to repay with interest the money Mr Cayenne had counted so long lost, and to express in person the perpetual obligation which he had conferred upon the Desmond family, in all time coming. The lady then told him that she had been so straitened in helping the poor ladies that it was not in her power to make repayment till Desmond (as she called her husband) came home; and, not choosing to assign the true reason, lest it might cause trouble, she rather submitted to be suspected of ingratitude than do an improper thing.

Mr Cayenne was transported with this unexpected return, and a friendship grew up between the families which was afterwards cemented into relationship by the marriage of the young Desmond with Miss Caroline Cayenne. Some in the parish objected to this match, Mrs Desmond being a Papist; but as Miss Caroline had received an Episcopalian education I thought it of no consequence, and married them after their family chaplain from Ireland, as a young couple by both beauty and fortune well matched, and deserving of all conjugal felicity.

## CHAPTER XL

YEAR 1799

*My daughter's marriage—Her large portion—  
Mrs Malcolm's death.*

THERE are but two things to make me remember this year. The first was the marriage of my daughter Janet with the Reverend Dr Kittleword of Swappington,—a match in every way commendable,—and, on the advice of the third Mrs Balwhidder, I settled a thousand pounds down, and promised five hundred more at my own death if I died before my spouse, and a thousand at her death if she survived me,—which was the greatest portion ever minister's daughter had in our country-side. (In this year, likewise, I advanced fifteen hundred pounds for my son in a concern in Glasgow). All was the gathering of that indefatigable engine of industry the second Mrs Balwhidder, whose talents, her successor said, were a wonder, when she considered the circumstances in which I had been left at her death, and made out of a narrow stipend.

The other memorable was the death of Mrs

Malcolm. If ever there was a saint on this earth, she was surely one. She had been for some time bedfast, having all her days from the date of her widowhood been a tender woman ; but no change made any alteration on the Christian contentment of her mind. She bore adversity with an honest pride ; she toiled in the day of penury and affliction with thankfulness for her earnings, although ever so little. She bent her head to the Lord in resignation when her first-born fell in battle ; nor was she puffed up with vanity when her daughters were married, as it was said, so far above their degree, (though they showed it was but into their proper sphere by their demeanour after). She lived to see her second son, the captain, rise into affluence, married, and with a thriving young family ; and she had the very great satisfaction, on the last day she was able to go to church, to see her youngest son, the clergyman, standing in my pulpit, a doctor of divinity, and the placed minister of a richer parish than mine. Well indeed might she have said on that day, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

For some time it had been manifest to all who saw her that her latter end was drawing nigh ; and, therefore, as I had kept up a correspondence with her daughters, Mrs Macadam and Mrs Howard, I wrote them a particular account of her case that brought them to the clachan. They both came in their own carriages : for Colonel

Macadam was now a general, and had succeeded to a great property by an English uncle, his mother's brother; and Captain Howard also, by the death of his father, was a man, as it was said, with a lord's living. Robert Malcolm, her son the captain, was in the West Indies at the time; but his wife came on the first summons, as did William the minister.

They all arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven a message came for me and Mrs Balwhidder to go over to them; which we did, and found the strangers seated by the heavenly patient's bedside. On my entering, she turned her eyes towards me, and said, "Bear witness, sir, that I die thankful for an extraordinary portion of temporal mercies. The heart of my youth was withered like the leaf that is seared with the lightning; but in my children I have received a great indemnification for the sorrows of that trial." She then requested me to pray, saying, "No: let it be a thanksgiving. My term is out, and I have nothing more to hope or fear from the good or evil of this world. But I have had much to make me grateful. Therefore, sir, return thanks for the time I have been spared, for the goodness granted so long unto me, and the gentle hand with which the way from this world is smoothed for my passing."

There was something so sweet and consolatory in the way she said this that, although it moved all present to tears, they were tears without the wonted

bitterness of grief. Accordingly, I knelt down and did as she had required, and there was a great stillness while I prayed. At the conclusion we looked to the bed; and the spirit had, in the meantime, departed, and there was nothing remaining but the clay tenement.

It was expected by the parish, considering the vast affluence of the daughters, that there would have been a grand funeral, and Mrs Howard thought it was necessary; but her sister, who had from her youth upward a superior discernment of propriety, said, "No: as my mother has lived, so shall be her end." Accordingly, everybody of any respect in the clachan was invited to the funeral; but none of the gentry, saving only such as had been numbered among the acquaintance of the deceased. But Mr Cayenne came unbidden, saying to me that although he did not know Mrs Malcolm personally he had often heard she was an amiable woman, and, therefore, thought it a proper compliment to her family, who were out of the parish, to show in what respect she was held among us. For he was a man that would take his own way, and do what he thought was right, heedless alike of blame or approbation.

If, however, the funeral was plain, though respectable, the ladies distributed a liberal sum among the poor families; and, before they went away, a silent token of their mother's virtue came to light which was at once a source of sorrow and pleasure. Mrs Malcolm was first well provided by

the Macadams; afterwards, the Howards settled on her an equal annuity:—by which she spent her latter days in great comfort. Many a year before, she had repaid Provost Maitland the money he sent her in the day of her utmost distress; and at this period he was long dead, having died of a broken heart at the time of his failure. From that time his widow and her daughters had been in very straitened circumstances; but, unknown to all but herself and HIM from whom nothing is hid, Mrs Malcolm from time to time had sent them, in a blank letter, an occasional note to the young ladies to buy a gown. After her death, a bank-bill for a sum of money, her own savings, was found in her scrutoire, with a note of her own writing pinned to the same, stating that the amount, being more than she had needed for herself, belonged of right to those who had so generously provided for her; but, as they were not in want of such a trifle, it would be a token of respect to her memory if they would give the bill to Mrs Maitland and her daughters. This was done with the most glad alacrity; and, in the doing of it, the private kindness was brought to light.

Thus ended the history of Mrs Malcolm, as connected with our Parish Annals. Her house was sold, and is the same now inhabited by the millwright, Mr Periffery. A neat house it still is, (for the possessor is an Englishman, and the English have an uncommon taste for snod houses



and trim gardens); but at the time it was built there was not a better in the town, though it's now but of the second class. Yearly we hear from both Mrs Macadam and her sister, with a five-pound note from each to the poor of the parish, as a token of their remembrance; but they are far off, and, were anything ailing me, I suppose the gift will not be continued. As for Captain Malcolm, he has proved, in many ways, a friend to such of our young men as have gone to sea. He has now left it off himself, and settled at London, where he latterly sailed from, and, I understand, is in a great way as a shipowner. These things I have thought it fitting to record; and will now resume my historical narration.

## CHAPTER XLI

YEAR 1800

*Return of an inclination towards political tranquillity—Death of the schoolmistress.*

THE same quietude and regularity that marked the progress of the last year continued throughout the whole of this. We sowed and reaped in tranquillity, though the sough of distant war came heavily from a distance. The cotton-mill did well for the company, and there was a sobriety in the minds of the spinners and weavers which showed that the crisis of their political distemperature was over. There was something more of the old prudence in men's reflections; and it was plain to me that the elements of reconciliation were coming together throughout the world. The conflagration of the French Revolution was, indeed, not extinguished; but it was evidently burning out, and their old reverence for the Grand Monarque was beginning to revive among them, though they only called him a Consul. Upon the king's fast I preached on this subject, and when the peace was concluded, got great credit for my foresight;

but there was no merit in't. I had only lived longer than the most of those around me, and had been all my days a close observer of the signs of the times ; so that what was lightly called prophecy and prediction was but a probability that experience had taught me to discern.

In the affairs of the parish, the most remarkable generality (for we had no particular catastrophe) was a great death of old people in the spring. Among others, Miss Sabrina, the schoolmistress, paid the debt of nature. But we could now better spare her than we could her predecessor ; for at Cayenneville there was a broken manufacturer's wife, an excellent teacher, and a genteel and modernised woman, who took the better order of children ; and, Miss Sabrina having been long frail, (for she was never stout), a decent and discreet carlin,<sup>1</sup> Mrs M'Caffie, the widow of a custom-house officer, that was a native of the parish, set up another for plainer work. Her opposition Miss Sabrina did not mind ; but she was sorely displeased at the interloping of Mrs Pirn at Cayenneville, and some said it helped to kill her.

Of that, however, I am not so certain ; for Dr Tanzey had told me in the winter that he thought the sharp winds in March would blow out her candle, as it was burnt to the snuff. Accordingly, she took her departure from this life on the twenty-fifth day of that month, after there had, for some days prior, been a most cold and piercing east wind.

<sup>1</sup> *Carlin.* Old woman.

Miss Sabrina, (who was always an oddity and aping grandeur), it was found, had made a will, leaving her gatherings to her favourites, with all regular formality. To one she bequeathed a gown, to another this, and to a third that, and to me a pair of black silk stockings. I was amazed when I heard this; but judge what I felt when a pair of old, marrowless<sup>1</sup> stockings, darned in the heel, and not whole enough in the legs to make a pair of mittens to Mrs Balwhidder, were delivered to me by her executor, Mr Caption, the lawyer. Saving, however, this kind of flummery, Miss Sabrina was a harmless creature, and could quote poetry in discourse more glibly than texts of Scripture—her father having spared no pains on her mind. As for her body, it could not be mended; but that was not her fault.

After her death, the Session held a consultation, and we agreed to give the same salary that Miss Sabrina enjoyed to Mrs M'Caffie. This angered Mr Cayenne, who thought it should have been given to the head-mistress; and it made him give Mrs Pirn, out of his own pocket, double the sum. But we considered that the parish funds were for the poor of the parish, and that, therefore, it was our duty to provide for the instruction of the poor children.

Saving those few notations, I have nothing further to say concerning the topics and progress of this Ann. Dom.

<sup>1</sup> *Marrowless.* Not matched; not of a pair.

## CHAPTER XLII

YEAR 1801

*An account of Colin Mavis, who becomes a poet.*

IT is often to me very curious food for meditation that as the parish increased in population there should have been less cause for matter to record. Things that in former days would have occasioned great discourse and cogitation are forgotten with the day in which they happen. There is no longer that searching into personalities which was so much in vogue during the first epoch of my ministry, (which I reckon the period before the American war); nor has there been any such germinal changes among us as those which took place in the second epoch, (counting backward from the building of the cotton-mill that gave rise to the town of Cayenneville). But still we were not, even at this era of which this Ann. Dom. is the beginning, without occasional personality, or an event that deserved to be called a germinal.

Some years before, I had noted among the callans at Mr Lorimore's school a long, soople<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Soople.* Lithe.

laddie, who, like all bairns that grow fast and tall, had but little smeddum. He could not be called a dolt, for he was observant and thoughtful, and given to asking sagacious questions; but there was a sleepiness about him, especially in the kirk, and he gave, as the master said, but little application to his lessons, so that folk thought he would turn out a sort of gaunt-at-the-door,<sup>1</sup> more mindful of meat than work. He was, however, a good-natured lad; and, when I was taking my solitary walks of meditation, I sometimes fell in with him sitting alone on the brae by the water-side, and sometimes lying on the grass, with his hands under his head, on the sunny green knolls where Mr Cylindar, the English engineer belonging to the cotton-work, has built the bonny house that he calls Diryhill Cottage. This was when Colin Mavis was a laddie at the school; and when I spoke to him, I was surprised at the discretion of his answers, so that gradually I began to think and say that there was more about Colin than the neighbours knew. Nothing, however, for many a day came out to his advantage; so that his mother, who was by this time a widow woman, did not well know what to do with him, and folk pitied her heavy handful of such a droud.<sup>1</sup>

By-and-by, however, it happened that one of the young clerks at the cotton-mill shattered his right-hand thumb by a gun bursting, and, being

<sup>1</sup> *Gaunt-at-the-door*. . . . *Droud*. Indolent, lumpish fellow. The primary meaning of *droud* is cod-fish. See page 97.

no longer able to write, was sent into the army to be an ensign, which caused a vacancy in the office ; and, through the help of Mr Cayenne, I got Colin Mavis into the place, where, to the surprise of everybody, he proved a wonderful eident and active lad, and, from less to more, has come at the head of all the clerks and deep in the confidentials of his employers. But although this was a great satisfaction to me, and to the widow woman his mother, it somehow was not so much so to the rest of the parish, who seemed, as it were, angry that poor Colin had not proved himself such a dolt as they had expected and foretold.

Among other ways that Colin had of spending his leisure was that of playing music on an instrument in which it was said he made a wonderful proficiency. But, being long and thin, and of a delicate habit of body, he was obligated to refrain from this recreation. So he betook himself to books, and from reading he began to try writing ; but as this was done in a corner, nobody jealoused what he was about till one evening in this year he came to the manse and asked a word in private with me. I thought that perhaps he had fallen in with a lass, and was come to consult me anent matrimony ; but when we were by ourselves in my study, he took out of his pocket a number of the Scots Magazine, and said, "Sir, you have been long pleased to notice me more than any other body ; and when I got this, I could not

refrain from bringing it to let you see't. Ye maun ken, sir, that I have been long in secret given to trying my hand at rhyme ; and, wishing to ascertain what others thought of my power in that way, I sent by the post twa three verses to the Scots Magazine, and they have not only inserted them, but placed them in the body of the book, in such a way that I kenna what to think." So I looked at the Magazine, and read his verses, which were certainly very well-made verses for one who had no regular education. But I said to him, (as the Greenock magistrates said to John Wilson, the author of *Clyde*, when they stipulated with him to give up the art), that poem-making was a profane and unprofitable trade, and that he would do well to turn his talent to something of more solidity. Which he promised to do ; but he has since put out a book, whereby he has angered all those that had foretold he would be a do-nae-gude. Thus has our parish walked sidy for sidy with all the national improvements, having an author of its own, and getting a literary character in the ancient and famous republic of letters.



## CHAPTER XLIII

YEAR 1802

*The political condition of the world felt in the private concerns of individuals — Mr Cayenne comes to ask my advice, and acts according to it.*

“**EXPERIENCE** teaches fools,” was the first moral apothegm that I wrote in small text, when learning to write at the school, and I have ever since thought that it was a very sensible reflection. For assuredly, as year after year has flown away on the swift wings of time, I have found my experience mellowing, and my discernment improving; by which I have, in the afternoon of life, been enabled to foresee what kings and nations would do, by the symptoms manifested within the bounds of the society around me. Therefore, at the beginning of the spring in this Ann. Dom., I had misgivings at the heart, a fluttering in my thoughts, and altogether a strange uneasiness, as to the stability of the peace and harmony that was supposed to be founded upon a steadfast foundation between us and the French people. What my fears principally took their

rise from was a sort of compliancy, on the part of those in power and authority, to cultivate the old relations and parts between them and the commonality. It did not appear to me that this proceeded from any known or decided event, (for I read the papers at this period daily); but from some general dread and fear that was begotten like a vapour out of the fermentation of all sorts of opinions : most people of any sagacity thinking that the state of things in France, being so much of an antic, poetical, and playactor-like guise, would never obtain that respect, far less that reverence, from the world, which is necessary to the maintenance of all beneficial government. The consequence of this was a great distrust between man and man, and an aching restlessness among those who had their bread to bake in the world ; persons possessing the power to provide for their kindred forcing them, as it were, down the throats of those who were dependent on them in business,—a bitter morsel.

But the pith of these remarks chiefly applies to the manufacturing concerns of the new town of Cayenneville ;—for in the clachan we lived in the lea of the dike, and were more taken up with our own natural rural affairs, and the markets for victual, than the craft of merchandise. The only man interested in business who walked in a steady manner at his old pace, though he sometimes was seen, being of a spunkie temper, grinding the teeth of vexation, was Mr Cayenne himself.

One day, however, he came to me at the manse. "Doctor," says he, for so he always called me, "I want your advice. I never choose to trouble others with my private affairs; but there are times when the word of an honest man may do good. I need not tell you that when I declared myself a Royalist in America it was at a considerable sacrifice. I have, however, nothing to complain of against government on that score; but I think it damn'd hard that those personal connections, whose interests I preserved to the detriment of my own, should in my old age make such an ungrateful return. By the steps I took prior to quitting America I saved the property of a great mercantile concern in London. In return for that, they took a share with me, and for me, in the cotton-mill; and being here on the spot, as manager, I have both made and saved them money. I have, no doubt, bettered my own fortune in the meantime. Would you believe it, doctor, they have written a letter to me, saying that they wish to provide for a relation, and requiring me to give up to him a portion of my share in the concern: a pretty sort of providing this, at another man's expense! But I'll be damn'd if I do any such thing! If they want to provide for their friend, let them do so from themselves, and not at my cost. What is your opinion?"

This appeared to me a very weighty concern, and, not being versed in mercantile dealing, I did not well know what to say; but I reflected for

some time, and then I replied: "As far, Mr Cayenne, as my observation has gone in this world, I think that the giffs and the gaffs<sup>1</sup> nearly balance one another; and that when they do not, there is a moral defect on the failing side. If a man long gives his labour to his employer, and is paid for that labour, it might be said that both are equal; but I say no. For it's in human nature to be prompt to change; and the employer having always more in his power than his servant or agent, it seems to me a clear case that in the course of a number of years the master of the old servant is the obligated of the two. Therefore I say, in the first place, that in your case there is no tie or claim by which you may, in a moral sense, be called upon to submit to the dictates of your London correspondents; but there is a reason, in the nature of the thing and case, by which you may ask a favour from them. So the advice I would give you would be this: Write an answer to their letter, telling them that you have no objection to the taking in of a new partner, but that you think it would be proper to revise all the copartnery, especially as you have, considering the manner in which you have advanced the business, been of opinion that your share should be considerably enlarged."

I thought Mr Cayenne would have louped out of his skin with mirth at this notion; and, being a prompt man, he sat down at my scrutoire, and

<sup>1</sup> *Giffs and the gaffs.* Obligations on either side.

answered the letter which gave him so much uneasiness. No notice was taken of it for some time; but in the course of a month he was informed that it was not considered expedient at that time to make any change in the company. I thought the old man was gone by himself when he got this letter. He came over instantly in his chariot, from the cotton-mill office to the manse, and swore an oath, by some dreadful name, that I was a Solomon. However, I only mention this to show how experience had instructed me, and as a sample of that sinister provisioning of friends that was going on in the world at this time:—all owing, as I do verily believe, to the uncertain state of governments and national affairs.

Besides these generalities, I observed another thing working to effect: mankind read more, and the spirit of reflection and reasoning was more awake than at any time within my remembrance. There was a handsome bookseller's shop in Cayenneville, with not only a London newspaper daily, but magazines, and reviews, and other new publications.

Till this year, when a chaise was wanted, we had to send to Irville; but Mr Toddy of the Cross-Keys, being in at Glasgow, bought an excellent one at the second-hand, a portion of the effects of a broken merchant, by which, from that period, we had one of our own. And it proved a great convenience; for I, who never but twice in my life before hired that kind of commodity, had

it thrice during the summer for a bit jaunt with Mrs Balwhidder to divers places and curiosities in the county that I had not seen before ; and our ideas were greatly enlarged. Indeed, I have always had a partiality for travelling, as one of the best means of opening the faculty of the mind, and giving clear and correct notions of men and things.

## CHAPTER XLIV

YEAR 1803

*Fear of an invasion—Raising of volunteers in the parish—The young ladies embroider a stand of colours for the regiment.*

DURING the tempestuous times that ensued from the death of the king of France by the hands of the executioner in 1793, there had been a political schism among my people that often made me very uneasy. The folk belonging to the cotton-mill and the muslin-weavers in Cayenneville were afflicted with the itch of Jacobinism; but those of the village were stanch and true to king and country, and some of the heritors were desirous to make volunteers of the young men of them, in case of anything like the French anarchy and confusion rising on the side of the manufacturers. I, however, set myself at that time against this; for I foresaw that the French business was but a fever which would soon pass off, but no man could tell the consequence of putting arms in the hands of neighbour against neighbour, though it was but in the way of policy.

But when Bonaparte gathered his host forment the English coast, and the government at London were in terror of their lives for an invasion, all in the country saw that there was danger, and I was not backward in sounding the trumpet to battle. For a time, however, there was a diffidence among us somewhere. The gentry had a distrust of the manufacturers; and the farming lads were wud with impatience that those who should be their leaders would not come forth. I, knowing this, prepared a sermon suitable to the occasion, giving out from the pulpit myself, the Sabbath before preaching it, that it was my intent, on the next Lord's day, to deliver a religious and political exhortation on the present posture of public affairs. This drew a vast congregation of all ranks.

I trow that the stoor had no peace in the stuffing<sup>1</sup> of the pulpit in that day. And the effect was very great and speedy; for next morning the weavers and cotton-mill folk held a meeting, and, being skilled in the ways of committees and associating together, had certain resolutions prepared, by which a select few was appointed to take an enrolment of all willing in the parish to serve as volunteers in defence of their king and country, and to concert with certain gentlemen named therein about the formation of a corps, of which, it was an understood thing, the said gentlemen were to be the officers. The whole of this business was managed with the height of

<sup>1</sup> *Stoor in the stuffing.* Dust in the cushioning.



discretion; and the weavers, and spinners, and farming lads, vied with one another who should be first on the list. But that which the most surprised me was the wonderful sagacity of the committee in naming the gentlemen that should be the officers. I could not have made a better choice myself; for they were the best built, the best bred, and the best natured, in the parish. In short, when I saw the bravery that was in my people, and the spirit of wisdom by which it was directed, I said in my heart, "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the adversary shall not prevail."

The number of valiant men which at that time placed themselves around the banners of their country was so great that the government would not accept of all who offered; so, like as in other parishes, we were obligated to make a selection, which was likewise done in a most judicious manner, all men above a certain age being reserved for the defence of the parish in the day when the young might be called to England to fight the enemy.

When the corps was formed and the officers named, they made me their chaplain, and Dr Marigold their doctor. He was a little man with a big belly, and was as crouse as a bantam-cock; but it was not thought he could do so well in field exercises, on which account he was made the doctor, (although he had no repute in that capacity in comparison with Dr Tanzey, who was not liked, however, being a stiff-mannered man, with a sharp temper).

All things having come to a proper head, the young ladies of the parish resolved to present the corps with a stand of colours, which they embroidered themselves, and a day was fixed for the presentation of the same. Never was such a day seen in Dalmailing. The sun shone brightly on that scene of bravery and grandeur; and far and near the country folk came flocking in; and we had the regimental band of music hired from the soldiers that were in Ayr barracks. The very first sound o't made the hair on my old grey head to prick up, and my blood to rise and glow as if youth was coming again into my veins.

Sir Hugh Montgomerie was the commandant; and he came in all the glory of war, on his best horse, and marched at the head of the men to the green-head. The doctor and me were the rear-guard,—not being able, on account of my age and his fatness, to walk so fast as the quick-step of the corps. On the field we took our place in front, near Sir Hugh and the ladies with the colours; and after some salutations, according to the fashion of the army, Sir Hugh made a speech to the men, and then Miss Maria Montgomerie came forward, with her sister Miss Eliza, and the other ladies, and the banners were unfurled, all glittering with gold, and the king's arms in needlework. Miss Maria then made a speech, which she had got by heart; but she was so agitated that it was said she forgot the best part of it. However, it was very well considering.

When this was done, I then stepped forward, and, laying my hat on the ground, every man and boy taking off theirs, I said a prayer which I had conned most carefully and thought the most suitable I could devise, in unison with Christian principles, which are averse to the shedding of blood ; and I particularly dwelt upon some of the specialities of our situation.

When I had concluded, the volunteers gave three great shouts, and the multitude answered them to the same tune, and all the instruments of music sounded, making such a bruit as could not be surpassed for grandeur :—a long, and very circumstantial account of all which may be read in the newspapers of that time.

The volunteers, at the word of command, then showed us the way they were to fight with the French. In the doing of this a sad disaster happened : when they were charging bayonets, they came towards us like a flood, and all the spectators ran ; and I ran, and the doctor ran ; but being laden with his belly, he could not run fast enough, so he lay down, and being just before me at the time I tumbled over him ; and such a shout of laughter shook the field as was never heard.

When the fatigues of the day were at an end we marched to the cotton-mill, where, in one of the warehouses, a vast table was spread, and a dinner, prepared at Mr Cayenne's own expense, sent in from the Cross-Keys ; and the whole corps, with many of the gentry of the neighbour-

hood, dined with great jollity, the band of music playing beautiful airs all the time. At night there was a universal dance, gentle and semple mingled together. All which made it plain to me that the Lord, by this unison of spirit, had decreed our national preservation; but I kept this in my own breast lest it might have the effect to relax the vigilance of the kingdom. And I should note that Colin Mavis, the poetical lad of whom I have spoken in another part, made a song for this occasion that was very mightily thought of, having in it a nerve of valiant genius that kindled the very souls of those that heard it.

## CHAPTER XLV

YEAR 1804

*The Session agrees that church censures shall be commuted with fines—Our parish has an opportunity of seeing a turtle, which is sent to Mr Cayenne—Some fears of Popery—Also about a preacher of universal redemption—Report of a French ship appearing in the west, which sets the volunteers astir.*

IN conformity with the altered fashions of the age, in this year the Session came to an understanding with me that we should not inflict the common church censures for such as made themselves liable thereto ; but we did not formally promulge our resolution as to this, wishing as long as possible to keep the deterring rod over the heads of the young and thoughtless. Our motive was, on the one hand, the disregard of the manufacturers in Cayenneville, who were, without the breach of truth, an irreligious people ; and, on the other, a desire to preserve the ancient and wholesome admonitory and censorian jurisdiction of the minister and elders. We, therefore, laid it down

as a rule to ourselves that in the case of transgressions on the part of the inhabitants of the new district of Cayenneville we should subject them rigorously to a fine ; but, for the farming-lads, we would put it in their option to pay the fine, or stand in the kirk.

We conformed also in another matter to the times by consenting to baptize occasionally in private houses. Hitherto it had been a strict rule with me only to baptize from the pulpit. Other parishes, however, had long been in the practice of this relaxation of ancient discipline.

But all this on my part was not done without compunction of spirit ; for I was of opinion that the principle of Presbyterian integrity should have been maintained to the uttermost. Seeing, however, the elders set on an alteration, I distrusted my own judgment, and yielded myself to the considerations that weighed with them ; for they were true men, and of a godly honesty, and took the part of the poor in all contentions with the heritors, often to the hazard and damage of their own temporal welfare.

I have now to note a curious thing—not on account of its importance, but to show to what lengths a correspondence had been opened in the parish with the farthest parts of the earth. Mr Cayenne got a turtle-fish sent to him from a Glasgow merchant, and it was living when it came to the Wheatrig House, and was one of the most remarkable beasts that had ever been seen

in our country-side. It weighed as much as a well-fed calf, and had three kinds of meat in its body,—fish, flesh, and fowl,—and it had four water-wings (for they could not be properly called fins); but what was little short of a miracle about the creature happened after the head was cutted off, when, if a finger was offered to it, it would open its mouth and snap at it, and all this after the carcass was divided for dressing.

Mr Cayenne made a feast on the occasion to many of the neighbouring gentry, to the which I was invited; and we drank lime-punch as we ate the turtle, which, as I understand, is the fashion in practice among the Glasgow West Indy merchants, who are famed as great hands with turtles and lime-punch. But it is a sort of food that I should not like to fare long upon: I was not right the next day; and I have heard it said that when eaten too often it has a tendency to harden the heart and make it crave for greater luxuries.

But the story of the turtle is nothing to that of the Mass, which, with all its mummeries and abominations, was brought into Cayenneville by an Irish priest of the name of Father O'Grady, who was confessor to some of the poor deluded Irish labourers about the new houses and the cotton-mill. How he had the impudence to set up that memento of Satan, the crucifix, within my parish and jurisdiction, was what I never could get to the bottom of; but the soul was shaken within me when, on the Monday after,

one of the elders came to the manse, and told me that the old dragon of Popery with its seven heads and ten horns had been triumphing in Cayenneville on the foregoing Lord's day! I lost no time in convening the Session to see what was to be done. Much to my surprise, however, the elders recommended no step to be taken, but only a zealous endeavour to greater Christian excellence on our part by which we should put the beast and his worshippers to shame and flight. I am free to confess that at the time I did not think this the wisest counsel which they might have given,—for, in the heat of my alarm, I was for attacking the enemy in his camp. But they prudently observed that the days of religious persecution were past, and that it was a comfort to see mankind cherishing any sense of religion at all, after the vehement infidelity that had been sent abroad by the French Republicans; and to this opinion, now that I have had years to sift its wisdom, I own myself a convert and proselyte.

Fortunately for my peace of mind, however, there proved to be but five Roman Catholics in Cayenneville; and Father O'Grady, not being able to make a living there, packed up his Virgin Marys, saints, and painted Agneses in a portmanteau, and went off in the Ayr fly one morning for Glasgow, where I hear he has since met with all the encouragement that might be expected from the ignorant and idolatrous inhabitants of that great city.



Scarcely were we well rid of Father O'Grady when another interloper entered the parish. He was more dangerous, in the opinion of the Session, than even the Pope of Rome himself, for he came to teach the flagrant heresy of Universal Redemption,—a most consolatory doctrine to the sinner who is loth to repent, and loves to troll his iniquity like a sweet morsel under his tongue. Mr Martin Siftwell, who was the last ta'en-on elder, and had received a liberal and judicious education, and was, moreover, naturally possessed of a quick penetration, observed, in speaking of this new doctrine, that the grossest papist sinner might have some qualms of fear after he had bought the Pope's pardon, and might thereby be led to a reformation of life; but that the doctrine of universal redemption was a bribe to commit sin, the wickedest mortal, according to it, being only liable to a few thousand years, more or less, of suffering, which, compared with eternity, was but a momentary pang, like having a tooth drawn for the toothache. Mr Siftwell is a shrewd and clear-seeing man in points of theology, and I would trust a great deal to what he says, as I have not, at my advanced age, such a mind for the kittle crudities of polemical investigation as I had in my younger years, especially when I was a student in the Divinity Hall of Glasgow.

It will be seen from all I have herein recorded that in the course of this year there was a general resuscitation of religious sentiments,—for what

happened in my parish was but a type and index to the rest of the world. We had, however, one memorable, which must stand by itself, for, although neither death nor bloodshed happened, yet was it cause of the fear of both.

A rumour reached us from the Clyde that a French man-of-war had appeared in a Highland loch, and that all the Greenock volunteers had embarked in merchant vessels to bring her in for a prize. Our volunteers were just jumping and yowling, like chained dogs, to be at her too; but the colonel, Sir Hugh, would do nothing without orders from his superiors. Mr Cayenne, though an aged man above seventy, was as bold as a lion, and came forth in the old garb of an American huntsman, like, as I was told, a Robin Hood in the play is; and it was just a sport to see him (feckless man!) trying to march so crouselly with his lean, shaking hands. But the whole affair proved a false alarm, and our men, when they heard it, were as well pleased that they had been constrained to sleep in their warm beds at home instead of lying on coils of cables like the gallant Greenock sharp-shooters.

## CHAPTER XLVI

YEAR 1805

*Retrenchment of the extravagant expenses usual at burials—I use an expedient for putting even the second service out of fashion.*

FOR some time I had meditated a reformation in the parish, and this year I carried the same into effect. I had often noticed with concern that, out of a mistaken notion of paying respect to the dead, my people were wont to go to great lengths at their burials, and dealt round short-bread and sugar-biscuit, with wine and other confections, as if there had been no ha'd in their hands,—which straitened many a poor family, making the dispensation of the Lord a heavier temporal calamity than it should naturally have been. Accordingly, on consulting with Mrs Balwhidder, who has a most judicious judgment, it was thought that my interference would go a great way to lighten the evil. I, therefore, advised with those whose friends were taken from them not to make that amplitude of preparation which used to be the fashion, nor to continue

handing about as long as the folk would take, but only at the very most to go no more than three times round with the service. Objections were made to this, as if it would be thought mean ; but I put on a stern visage, and told them that if they did more I would rise up and rebuke and forbid the extravagance. So three services became the uttermost modicum at all burials.

This was doing much ; but it was not all that I wished to do. I considered that the best reformations are those which proceed step by step, and stop at that point where the consent to what has been established becomes general. So I governed myself, and, therefore, interfered no further ; but I was determined to set an example. Accordingly, at the very next dregy,<sup>1</sup> after I partook of one service I made a bow to the servitors and they passed on. All before me had partaken of the second service ; some, however, of those after me did as I did, so I foresaw that in a quiet, canny way I would bring in the fashion of being satisfied with one service. I, therefore, from that time always took my place as near as possible to the door, where the chief mourner sat ; and made a point of nodding away the second service, which has now grown into a custom, to the great advantage of surviving relations.

But in this reforming business I was not altogether pleased with our poet ; for he took a pawkie view of my endeavours, and indited a

<sup>1</sup> *Dregy*. Funeral service. Note A. *Burials*.

ballad on the subject in the which he makes a clattering carlin describe what took place so as to turn a very solemn matter into a kind of derision. When he brought his verse and read it to me I told him that I thought it was overly natural (for I could not find another term to designate the cause of the dissatisfaction that I had with it). But Mrs Balwhidder said that it might help my plan if it were made public ; so upon her advice we got some of Mr Lorimore's best writers to make copies of it for distribution,—which was not without fruit and influence. But a sore thing happened at the very next burial. As soon as the nodding away of the second service began, I could see that the gravity of the whole meeting was discomposed ; and some of the irreverent young chiels almost broke out into even-down laughter. This vexed me exceedingly. Mrs Balwhidder, however, comforted me by saying that custom in time would make it familiar, and by-and-by the thing would pass as a matter of course, until one service would be all that folk would offer ; and, truly, the thing is coming to that, for only two services are now handed round, and the second is regularly nodded by.

## CHAPTER XLVII

YEAR 1806

*The deathbed behaviour of Mr Cayenne — A schism in the parish, and a subscription to build a meeting-house.*

MR CAYENNE of Wheatrig having for several years been in a declining way, brought on partly by the consuming fire of his furious passion, and partly by the decay of old age, sent for me on the evening of the first Sabbath of March in this year. I was surprised at the message, and went to the Wheatrig House directly, where, by the lights in the windows as I gaed up through the policy to the door, I saw something extraordinary was going on. Sambo, the blackamoor servant, opened the door, and, without speaking, shook his head, (for it was an affectionate creature, and as fond of his master as if he had been his own father). By this sign I guessed that the old gentleman was thought to be drawing near his latter end; so I walked softly after Sambo up the stair, and was shown into the chamber where Mr Cayenne, since he had been confined to the house,

usually sat. His wife had been dead some years before.

Mr Cayenne was sitting in his easy-chair, with a white cotton nightcap on his head, and a pillow at his shoulders to keep him straight. But his head had fallen down on his breast, and he breathed like a panting baby. His legs were swelled, and his feet rested on a footstool. His face, which was wont to be the colour of a peony rose, was of a yellow hue, with a patch of red on each cheek like a wafer; and his nose was shirpit<sup>1</sup> and sharp, and of an unnatural purple. Death was evidently fighting with nature for the possession of the body. "Heaven have mercy on his soul!" said I to myself as I sat down beside him.

When I had been seated some time, the power was given him to raise his head as it were a-jee; and he looked at me with the tail of his eye, which I saw was glittering and glassy. "Doctor," (for he always called me doctor, though I am not of that degree), "I am glad to see you," were his words, uttered with some difficulty.

"How do you find yourself, sir?" I replied, in a sympathising manner.

"Damned bad," said he, as if I had been the cause of his suffering. I was daunted to the very heart to hear him in such an unregenerate state; but after a short pause I addressed myself to him again, saying that "I hoped he would soon be

<sup>1</sup> *Shirpit*. Drawn.

more at ease ; and he should bear in mind that the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth."

"The devil take such love !" was his awful answer, which was to me as a blow on the forehead with a melle.

However, I was resolved to do my duty to the miserable sinner, let him say what he would. Accordingly, I stooped towards him with my hands on my knees, and said in a compassionate voice, "It's very true, sir, that you are in great agony ; but the goodness of God is without bound."

"Curse me if I think so, doctor !" replied the dying uncircumcised Philistine ; but he added, at whiles, his breathlessness being grievous, and often broken by a sore hiccup, "I am, however, no saint, as you know, doctor ; so I wish you to put in a word for me, doctor, for you know that in these times, doctor, it is the duty of every good subject to die a Christian."

This was a poor account of the state of his soul ; but it was plain I could make no better o't by entering into any religious discourse or controversy with him, he being then in the last gasp ; so I knelt down and prayed for him with great sincerity, imploring the Lord, as an awakening sense of grace to the dying man, that it would please him to lift up, though it were but for the season of a minute, the chastening hand which was laid so heavily upon his aged servant. At which Mr Cayenne, as if, indeed, the hand had been then



lifted, cried out, "None of that stuff, doctor : you know that I cannot call myself his servant."

Was ever a minister in his prayer so broken in upon by a perishing sinner ! However, I had the weight of a duty upon me, and made no reply, but continued : "Thou hearest, O Lord, how he confesses his unworthiness ! Let not thy compassion, therefore, be withheld ; but verify to him the words that I have spoken, in faith, of the boundlessness of thy goodness and the infinite multitude of thy tender mercies."

I then calmly, but sadly, sat down, and, presently, as if my prayer had been heard, relief was granted ; for Mr Cayenne raised his head, and, giving me a queer look, said, "That last clause of your petition, doctor, was well put, and I think, too, it has been granted, for I am easier." And he added, "I have no doubt, doctor, given much offence in the world, and oftenest when I meant to do good ; but I have wilfully injured no man ; and as God is my judge, and his goodness, you say, is so great, he may, perhaps, take my soul into his holy keeping." In saying which words, Mr Cayenne dropped his head upon his breast ; his breathing ceased ; and he was wafted away out of this world with as little trouble as a blameless baby.

This event soon led to a change among us. In the settling of Mr Cayenne's affairs in the Cotton-mill Company it was found that he had left such a power of money that it was needful to the

concern, in order that they might settle with the doers under his testament, to take in other partners. By this Mr Speckle came to be a resident in the parish, he having taken up a portion of Mr Cayenne's share. He, likewise, took a tack of the house and policy of Wheatrig. But although Mr Speckle was a far more conversible man than his predecessor, and had a wonderful plausibility in business, the affairs of the company did not thrive in his hands. Some said this was owing to his having owre many irons in the fire; others, to the circumstances of the times. In my judgment, however, both helped; but the issue belongs to the events of another year. In the meanwhile, I should here note that in the course of this current Ann. Dom. it pleased Heaven to visit me with a severe trial. The nature of it I will here record at length; the upshot I will make known hereafter.

From the planting of inhabitants in the cotton-mill town of Cayenneville (or, as the country folk, not used to such lang-nebbit words, now call it, Canaille), there had come in upon the parish various sectarians among the weavers, some of whom were not satisfied with the gospel as I preached it, and endeavoured to practise it in my walk and conversation; and they began to speak of building a kirk for themselves, and of getting a minister that would give them the gospel more to their own ignorant fancies. I was exceedingly wroth and disturbed when the thing was first

mentioned to me, and I very earnestly, from the pulpit, next Lord's day, lectured on the growth of newfangled doctrines ; which, however, instead of having the wonted effect of my discourses, set up the theological weavers in a bleeze, and the very Monday following they named a committee to raise money by subscription to build a meeting-house. This was the first overt act of insubordination, collectively manifested, in the parish ; and it was conducted with all that crafty dexterity with which the infidel and Jacobin spirit of the French Revolution had corrupted the honest simplicity of our good old hameward fashions. In the course of a very short time the Canaille folk had raised a large sum, and seduced not a few of my people into their schism, by which they were enabled to set about building their kirk. The foundations thereof were not, however, laid till the following year ; but their proceedings gave me a het heart, for they were like an open rebellion to my authority, and a contemptuous disregard of that religious allegiance which is due from the flock to the pastor.

On Christmas-day the wind broke off the main arm of our Adam and Eve pear-tree ; and I grieved for it more as a type and sign of the threatened partition than on account of the damage, though the fruit was the juiciest in all the country-side.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

YEAR 1807

*Numerous marriages—Account of a pay-wedding made to set up a shop.*

**T**HIS was a year to me of satisfaction in many points.

A greater number of my younger flock married in it than had done for any one of ten years prior. They were chiefly the offspring of the marriages that took place at the close of the American war, and I was pleased to see the duplication of well-doing,—as I think marrying is, having always considered the command to increase and multiply a holy ordinance, which the circumstances of this world but too often interfere to prevent.

It was also made manifest to me that in this year there was a very general renewal in the hearts of men of a sense of the utility, even in earthly affairs, of a religious life. In some, I trust it was more than prudence, and really a birth of grace. Whether this was owing to the upshot of the French Revolution, all men being pretty well satisfied in their minds that uproar and

rebellion make but an ill way of righting wrongs, or that the swarm of unruly youth, (the offspring, as I have said, of the marriages after the American war), had grown sobered from their follies, and saw things in a better light, I cannot take upon me to say. But it was very edifying to me, their minister, to see several lads who had been both wild and free in their principles marrying with sobriety, and taking their wives to the kirk with the comely decorum of heads of families.

But I was now growing old, and could go seldomer out among my people than in former days; so that I was less a partaker of their ploys and banquets, either at birth, bridal, or burial. I heard, however, all that went on at them, and I made it a rule, after giving the blessing at the end of the ceremony, to admonish the bride and bridegroom to ca' canny, and join trembling with their mirth. It behoved me on one occasion, however, to break through a rule that age and frailty had imposed upon me, and to go to the wedding of Tibby Banes, the daughter of the betherel, for she had once been a servant in the manse, besides the obligation upon me from her father's part, both in the kirk and kirkyard. Mrs Balwhidder went with me, for she liked to countenance the pleasantries of my people; and, over and above all, it was a pay-wedding<sup>1</sup> in order to set up the bridegroom in a shop.

There was, to be sure, a great multitude, gentle

<sup>1</sup> *Pay-wedding.* Note A. *Marriages.*

and semple, of all denominations, with two fiddles and a bass, and the volunteers' fife and drum ; and the jollity that went on was a perfect feast of itself, though the wedding-supper was a prodigy of abundance. The auld carles kecklet<sup>1</sup> with fainness as they saw the young dancers, and the carlins sat on forms as mim as May puddocks, with their shawls pinned apart to show their muslin napkins. But after supper, when they had got a glass of the punch, their heels showed their mettle, and grannies danced with their oyes,<sup>2</sup> holding out their hands as if they had been spinning with two rocks. I told Colin Mavis, the poet, that an *Infare* was a fine subject for his muse, and soon after he indited an excellent ballad under that title, which he projects to publish, with other ditties, by subscription ; and I have no doubt a liberal and discerning public will give him all manner of encouragement, for that is the food of talent of every kind, and without cheering no one can say what an author's faculty naturally is.

<sup>1</sup> *Kecklet*. Crowed.

<sup>2</sup> *Oyes*. Grandsons.

## CHAPTER XLIX

YEAR 1808

*Failure of Mr Speckle, the proprietor of the cotton-mill—The melancholy end of one of the overseers and his wife.*

THROUGH all the wars that have raged from the time of the King's accession to the throne, there has been a gradually coming nearer and nearer to our gates, that is a very alarming thing to think of. In the first, at the time he came to the crown, we suffered nothing. Not one belonging to the parish was engaged in the battles thereof; and the news of victories, before they reached us, (which was generally by word of mouth), were old tales. In the American war, as I have related at length, we had an immediate participation; but those that suffered were only a few individuals, and the evil was done at a distance, and reached us not until the worst of its effects were spent. And during the first term of the present just and necessary contest for all that is dear to us as a people, although, by the off-swarming of some of our restless youth, we had

our part and portion in common with the rest of the Christian world, yet still there was at home a great augmentation of prosperity, and everything had thriven in a surprising manner, though somewhat to the detriment of our country simplicity. By the building of the cotton-mill, and the rising up of the new town of Cayenneville, we had intromitted so much with concerns of trade that we were become a part of the great web of commercial reciprocities, and felt in our corner and extremity every touch or stir that was made on any part of the texture. The consequence of this I have now to relate.

Various rumours had been floating about the business of the cotton manufacturers not being so lucrative as it had been : and Bonaparte, as it is well known, was a perfect limb of Satan against our prosperity, having recourse to the most wicked means and purposes to bring ruin upon us as a nation. His cantrips, in this year, began to have a dreadful effect.

For some time it had been observed in the parish that Mr Speckle of the cotton-mill went very often to Glasgow, and was sometimes off at a few minutes' warning to London ; and the neighbours began to guess and wonder at what could be the cause of all this running here, and riding there, as if the little-gude<sup>1</sup> was at his heels. Sober folk augured ill o't ; and it was remarked, likewise, that there was a haste and

<sup>1</sup> *Little-gude.* The devil.



confusion in his mind which betokened a foretaste of some change of fortune. At last, in the fulness of time, the babe was born.

On a Saturday night, Mr Speckle came out late from Glasgow; on the Sabbath he was with all his family at the kirk, looking as a man that had changed his way of life; and on the Monday, when the spinners went to the mill, they were told that the company had stopped payment. Never did a thunder-clap daunt the heart like this news, for the bread in a moment was snatched from more than a thousand mouths. It was a scene not to be described to see the cotton-spinners and the weavers, with their wives and children, standing in bands along the road, all looking and speaking as if they had lost a dear friend or parent. For my part, I could not bear the sight, but hid myself in my closet, and prayed to the Lord to mitigate a calamity which seemed to me past the capacity of man to remedy. For what could our parish fund do in the way of helping a whole town thus suddenly thrown out of bread?

In the evening, however, I was strengthened, and convened the elders at the manse to consult with them on what was best to be done; for it was well known that the sufferers had made no provision for a sore foot. But all our gathered judgments could determine nothing; and, therefore, we resolved to wait the issue, not doubting but that HE who sends the night would bring the

day in his good and gracious time. Which so fell out. Some of them who had the largest experience of such vicissitudes immediately began to pack up their ends and their awls, and to hie them into Glasgow and Paisley in quest of employ; but those who trusted to the hopes that Mr Speckle himself still cherished lingered long, and were obligated to submit to sore distress. After a time, however, it was found that the company was ruined; and the mill being sold for the benefit of the creditors, it was bought by another Glasgow company, who, by getting it a good bargain, and managing well, have it still, and have made it again a blessing to the country. At the time of the stoppage, however, we saw that commercial prosperity, flush as it might be, was but a perishable commodity; and from thence, by both public discourse and private exhortation, I have recommended to the workmen to lay up something for a reverse, and showed that, by doing with their bawbees and pennies what the great do with their pounds, they might in time get a pose<sup>1</sup> to help them in the day of need. This advice they have followed, and have made up a Savings Bank which is a pillow of comfort to many an industrious head of a family.

But I should not close this account of the disaster that befell Mr Speckle and the cotton-mill company without relating a very melancholy case that was the consequence. Among the overseers

<sup>1</sup> A pose. A store.

there was a Mr Dwining, an Englishman, from Manchester, where he had seen better days, having had himself there of his own property, once, as large a mill, according to report, as the Cayenne-mill. He was certainly a man above the common, and his wife was a lady in every point ; but they held themselves by themselves, and shunned all manner of civility, giving up their whole attention to their two little boys, who were really like creatures of a better race than the callans of our clachan.

On the failure of the company, Mr Dwining was observed by those who were present to be particularly distressed—his salary being his all—; but he said little, and went thoughtfully home. Some days after, he was seen walking by himself with a pale face, a heavy eye, and slow step—all tokens of a sorrowful heart. Soon after, he was missed altogether: nobody saw him. The door of his house was open, however, and his two pretty boys were as lively as usual on the green before the door. I happened to pass when they were there, and I asked them how their father and mother were. They said they were still in bed, and would no waken, and the innocent lambs took me by the hand, to make me waken their parents. I know not what was in it, but I trembled from head to foot, and I was led in by the babies as if I had not the power to resist. Never shall I forget what I saw in that bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

I found a letter on the table ; and I came away, locking the door behind me, and took the lovely prattling orphans home. I could but shake my head and weep as I gave them to the care of Mrs Balwhidder, and she was terrified, but said nothing. I then read the letter. It was to send the bairns to a gentleman, their uncle, in London. Oh ! it is a terrible tale ; but the winding-sheet and the earth is over it. I sent for two of my elders. I related what I had seen. Two coffins were got, and the bodies laid in them ; and the next day, with one of the fatherless bairns in each hand, I followed them to the grave, which was dug in that part of the kirkyard where unchristened babies are laid. We durst not take it upon us to do more ; but few knew the reason, and some thought it was because the deceased were strangers, and had no regular lair.

I dressed the two bonny orphans in the best mourning at my own cost, and kept them in the manse till we could get an answer from their uncle, to whom I sent their father's letter. It stung him to the quick, and he came down all the way from London, and took the children away himself. Oh ! he was a vexed man when the beautiful bairns, on being told he was their uncle, ran into his arms, and complained that their papa and mamma had slept so long that they would never waken.

## CHAPTER L

YEAR 1809

*Opening of a meeting-house—The elders come to the manse, and offer me a helper.*

AS I come towards the events of these latter days I am surprised to find myself not at all so distinct in my recollection of them as in those of the first of my ministry : being apt to confound the things of one occasion with those of another, which Mrs Balwhidder says is an admonishment to me to leave off my writing. But, please God, I will endeavour to fulfil this as I have through life tried, to the best of my capacity, to do every other duty ; and, with the help of Mrs Balwhidder, who has a very clear understanding, I think I may get through my task in a creditable manner : which is all I aspire after ; not writing for a vain world, but only to testify to posterity anent the great changes that have happened in my day and generation—a period which all the best-informed writers say has not had its match in the history of the world since the beginning of time.

By the failure of the cotton-mill company,

whose affairs were not settled till the spring of this year, there was great suffering during the winter; but my people,—those that still adhered to the Establishment—, bore their share of the dispensation with meekness and patience. Nor was there wanting edifying monuments of resignation even among the stravaigers.<sup>1</sup>

On the day that the Canaille Meeting-house was opened,—which was in the summer—, I was smitten to the heart to see the empty seats that were in my kirk. For all the thoughtless, and some that I had a better opinion of, went to hear the opening discourse. Satan that day had power given to him to buffet me as he did Job of old. When I looked around and saw the empty seats, my corruption<sup>2</sup> rose, and I forgot myself in the remembering prayer; for when I prayed for all denominations of Christians, and worshippers, and infidels, I could not speak of the schismatics with patience, but entreated the Lord to do with the hobleshow at Cayenneville as he saw meet in his displeasure,—the which, when I came afterwards to think upon it, I grieved at with a sore contrition.

In the course of the week following, the elders, in a body, came to me in the manse; and, after much commendation of my godly ministry, they said that, seeing I was now growing old, they

<sup>1</sup> *Stravaigers.* Wanderers (from the Establishment); Seceders.

<sup>2</sup> *Corruption.* Wrath.

thought they could not testify their respect for me in a better manner than by agreeing to get me a helper. But I would not at that time listen to such a proposal,—for I felt no falling off in my powers of preaching: on the contrary, I found myself growing better at it, as I was enabled to hold forth, in an easy manner, often a whole half-hour longer than I could do a dozen years before. Therefore, nothing was done in this year anent my resignation; but, during the winter, Mrs Balwhidder was often grieved, in the bad weather, that I should preach, and, in short, so worked upon my affections that I began to think it was fitting for me to comply with the advice of my friends. Accordingly, in the course of the winter, the elders began to cast about for a helper, and during the bleak weather in the ensuing spring several young men spared me from the necessity of preaching. But this relates to the concerns of the next and last year of my ministry. So I will now proceed to give an account of it, very thankful that I have been permitted, in unmolested tranquillity, to bring my history to such a point.

## CHAPTER LI

YEAR 1810

*Conclusion—I repair to the church for the last time—Afterwards receive a silver server from the parishioners—And still continue to marry and baptize.*

MY tasks are all near a close ; and in writing this final record of my ministry the very sound of my pen admonishes me that my life is a burden on the back of flying Time which he will soon be obliged to lay down in his great storehouse, the grave. Old age has, indeed, long warned me to prepare for rest : the darkened windows of my sight show that the night is coming on ; while deafness, like a door fast-barred, has shut out all the pleasant sounds of this world, and enclosed me, as it were, in a prison, even from the voices of my friends.

I have lived longer than the common lot of man, and I have seen, in my time, many mutations and turnings, and ups and downs, notwithstanding the great spread that has been in our national prosperity. I have beheld them that

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were flourishing like the green bay-trees made desolate, and their branches scattered. But, in my own estate, I have had a large and liberal experience of goodness.

At the beginning of my ministry I was reviled and rejected ; but my honest endeavours to prove a faithful shepherd were blessed from on high, and rewarded with the affection of my flock. Perhaps, in the vanity of doting old age, I thought in this there was a merit due to myself, which made the Lord to send the chastisement of the Canaille schism among my people. For I was then wroth without judgment, and by my heat hastened into an open division the flaw that a more considerate manner might have healed. But I confess my fault, and submit my cheek to the smiter ; and now I see that the finger of Wisdom was in that probation, and that it was far better that the weavers meddled with the things of God, which they could not change, than with those of the King, which they could only harm. In that matter, however, I was like our gracious monarch in the American war ; for though I thereby lost the pastoral allegiance of a portion of my people, in like manner as he did of his American subjects, yet, after the separation, I was enabled so to deport myself that they showed me many voluntary testimonies of affectionate respect which it would be a vainglory in me to rehearse here. One thing I must record, because it is as much to their honour as it is to mine.

When it was known that I was to preach my last sermon, every one of those who had been my hearers, and had seceded to the Canaille meeting, made it a point that day to be in the parish kirk, and to stand in the crowd that made a lane of reverence for me to pass from the kirk-door to the back-yett of the manse. And, shortly after, a deputation of all their brethren, with their minister at their head, came to me one morning, and presented to me a server of silver, in token (as they were pleased to say) of their esteem for my blameless life, and the charity that I had practised towards the poor of all sects in the neighbourhood — which is set forth in a well-penned inscription, written by a weaver lad that works for his daily bread. Such a thing would have been a prodigy at the beginning of my ministry; but the progress of book-learning and education has been wonderful since, and with it has come a spirit of greater liberality than the world knew before: bringing men of adverse principles and doctrines into a more humane communion with each other; showing that it's by the mollifying influence of knowledge that the time will come to pass when the tiger of Papistry shall lie down with the lamb of Reformation, and the vultures of Prelacy be as harmless as the Presbyterian doves, when the Independent, the Anabaptist, and every other order and denomination of Christians, not forgetting even those poor wee wrens of the Lord, the Burghers and Anti-

burghers, will pick from the hand of patronage, and dread no snare.

On the next Sunday after my farewell discourse, I took the arm of Mrs Balwhidder, and, with my cane in my hand, walked to our own pew. And there I sat some time ; but, owing to my deafness, not being able to hear, I have not since gone back to the church. But my people are fond of having their weans still christened by me, and the young folk, such as are of a serious turn, come to be married at my hands, believing, as they say, that there is something good in the blessing of an aged gospel minister. But even this remnant of my gown I must lay aside ; for Mrs Balwhidder is now and then obliged to stop me in my prayers, as I sometimes wander,—pronouncing the baptismal blessing upon a bride and bridegroom, talking as if they were already parents. I am thankful, however, that I have been spared with a sound mind to write this book to the end ; but it is my last task, and indeed really I have no more to say, saving only to wish a blessing on all people from on high, where I soon hope to be, and to meet there all the old and long-departed sheep of my flock, especially the first and second Mrs Balwhidders.

END OF ANNALS OF THE PARISH.

# **THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES**



# THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES

## CHAPTER I

### *The Departure.*

ON New Year's Day Doctor Pringle received a letter from India informing him that his cousin, Colonel Armour, had died at Hyderabad and left him his residuary legatee. The same post brought other letters on the same subject from the agent of the deceased in London, by which it was evident to the whole family that no time should be lost in looking after their interests in the hands of such brief and abrupt correspondents. "To say the least of it," as the doctor himself sedately remarked, "considering the greatness of the forthcoming property, Messieurs Richard Argent and Company, of New Broad Street, might have given a notion as to the particulars of the residue." It was determined therefore that, as soon as the requisite arrangements could be made, the doctor

and Mrs Pringle should set out for the metropolis to obtain a speedy settlement with the agents; and, as Rachel had now (to use an expression of her mother's) a "prospect before her," that she also should accompany them. Andrew, who had just been called to the Bar, and had come to the manse to spend a few days after attaining that distinction, modestly suggested that, considering the various professional points which might be involved in the objects of his father's journey, and considering also the retired life which his father had led in the rural village of Garnock, it might be of importance to have the advantage of legal advice.

Mrs Pringle interrupted this harangue by saying, "We see what you would be at, Andrew: ye're just wanting to come with us. And on this occasion I'm no for making step-bairns, so we'll a' gang thegither."

The doctor had been for many years the incumbent of Garnock, which is pleasantly situated between Irvine and Kilwinning, and on account of the benevolence of his disposition was much beloved by his parishioners. Some of the pawkie<sup>1</sup> among them used to say, indeed, in answer to the godly of Kilmarnock, and other admirers of the late great John Russel of that formerly orthodox town, by whom Dr Pringle's powers as a preacher were held in no particular estimation,—“He kens our poopit's frail, and spar'st to save outlay to the heritors.” As for Mrs Pringle, there is not such

<sup>1</sup> *Pawkie*. Slyly humorous.

another minister's wife, for both economy and management, within the jurisdiction of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr; and to this fact, the following letter to Miss Mally Glencairn, a maiden lady residing in the Kirkgate of Irvine, (a street that has been likened unto the kingdom of heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage), will abundantly testify.

## LETTER I.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

GARNOCK MANSE.

DEAR MISS MALLY,—The doctor has had extraordinary news from India and London, where we are all going, as soon as me and Rachel can get ourselves in order; so I beg you will go to Bailie Delap's shop, and get swatches<sup>1</sup> of his best black bombaseen and crape and muslin, and bring them over to the manse the morn's morning. If you cannot come yourself, or the day should be wat, send Nanny Eydent, the mantua-maker, with them: you'll be sure to send Nanny onyhow, and I requeesht that on this okasion ye'll get the very best the Bailie has, and I'll tell you all about it when you come. You will get, likewise, swatches<sup>1</sup> of mourning print, with the lowest prices. I'll no be so particular about them, as they are for the servant lasses, and there's no need (for all the greatness of God's gifts) that we should be waster-

<sup>1</sup> *Swatches.* Samples.



ful. Let Mrs Glibbans know that the doctor's second cousin, the colonel, that was in the East Indies, is no more. I am sure she will sympathese with our loss on this melancholy okasion. Tell her, as I'll no be out till our mournings are made, I would take it kind if she would come over and eate a bit of dinner on Sunday. The doctor will no preach himself; but there's to be an excellent young man, an acquaintance of Andrew's, that has the repute of being both sound and hellaquaint. But no more at present, and looking for you and Nanny Eydent, with the swatches,—I am, dear Miss Mally, your sinsare friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

The doctor being of opinion that, until they had something in hand from the legacy, they should walk in the paths of moderation, it was resolved to proceed by the coach from Irvine to Greenock, there embark in a steam-boat for Glasgow, and, crossing the country to Edinburgh, take their passage at Leith in one of the smacks for London. But we must let the parties speak for themselves.

## LETTER II.

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

GREENOCK.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,—I know not why the dejection with which I parted from you still hangs upon my heart, and grows heavier as I am drawn

farther and farther away. The uncertainty of the future, the dangers of the sea,—all combine to sadden my too sensitive spirit. Still, however, I will exert myself and try to give you some account of our momentous journey.

The morning on which we bade farewell for a time,—alas! it was to me as if for ever,—to my native shades of Garnock, the weather was cold, bleak, and boisterous, and the waves came rolling in majestic fury towards the shore when we arrived at the Tontine Inn of Ardrossan. What a monument has the late Earl of Eglinton left there of his public spirit! It should embalm his memory in the hearts of future ages, as I doubt not but in time Ardrossan will become a grand emporium; but the people of Saltcoats—a sordid race—complain that it will be their ruin, and the Paisley subscribers to his lordship's canal grow pale when they think of profit.

The road, after leaving Ardrossan, lies along the shore. The blast came dark from the waters, and the clouds lay piled in every form of grandeur on the lofty peaks of Arran. The view on the right hand is limited to the foot of a range of abrupt mean hills, and on the left it meets the sea: as we were obliged to keep the glasses up, our drive for several miles was objectless and dreary. When we had ascended a hill, leaving Kilbride on the left, we passed under the walls of an ancient tower. What delightful ideas are associated with the sight of such venerable remains of antiquity!

Leaving that lofty relic of our warlike ancestors, we descended again towards the shore. On the one side lay the Cumbrae islands, and Bute, dear to departed royalty. Afar beyond them, in the hoary magnificence of nature, rise the mountains of Argyleshire,—the cairns, as my brother says, of a former world. On the other side of the road we saw the cloistered ruins of the religious house of Southenan, a nunnery in those days of romantic adventure when to live was to enjoy a poetical element. In such a sweet, sequestered retreat, how much more pleasing to the soul it would have been for you and I, like two captive birds in one cage, to have sung away our hours in innocence than for me to be thus torn from you by fate,—and all on account of that mercenary legacy, perchance the spoils of some unfortunate Hindoo Rajah !

At Largs we halted to change horses, and saw the *barrows* of those who fell in the great battle. We then continued our journey along the foot of stupendous precipices ; and saw, high, sublime, and darkened with the shadow of antiquity, upon its lofty station, the ancient castle of Skelmorlie, where the Montgomeries of other days held their gorgeous banquets, and that brave knight who fell at Chevy-Chase came pricking forth on his milk-white steed, as Sir Walter Scott would have described him. But the age of chivalry is past, and the glory of Europe departed for ever !

When we crossed the stream that divides the

counties of Ayr and Renfrew, we beheld, in all the apart and consequentiality of pride, the house of Kelly overlooking the social villas of Wemyss Bay. My brother compared it to a sugar hogshead and them to cotton-bags,—for the loftythane of Kelly is but a West India planter, and the inhabitants of the villas on the shore are Glasgow manufacturers.

To this succeeded a dull drive of about two miles, and then at once we entered the pretty village of Inverkip. A slight snow-shower had given to the landscape a sort of copperplate effect; but still the forms of things, though but sketched, as it were, with China ink, were calculated to produce interesting impressions. After ascending by a gentle acclivity into a picturesque and romantic pass, we entered a spacious valley, and, in the course of little more than half an hour, reached this town: the largest, the most populous, and the most superb that I have yet seen. But what are all its warehouses, ships, and smell of tar, and other odoriferous circumstances of fishery and the sea, compared with the green swelling hills, the fragrant bean-fields, and the peaceful groves, of my native Garnock!

The people of this town are a very busy and clever race, but much given to litigation. My brother says that they are the greatest benefactors to the Outer-House,<sup>1</sup> and that their lawsuits are the most amusing and profitable before the courts,

<sup>1</sup> The courts of the Lords Ordinary in the Court of Session.

being less for the purpose of determining what is right than what is lawful. The chambermaid of the inn where we lodged pointed out to me on the opposite side of the street a magnificent edifice erected for balls; but the subscribers have resolved not to allow any dancing till it is determined by the Court of Session to whom the seats and chairs belong, as they were brought from another house where the assemblies were formerly held. I have heard a lawsuit compared to a country-dance, in which, after a great bustle and regular confusion, the parties stand still, all tired, just on the spot where they began; but this is the first time that the judges of the land have been called on to decide when a dance may begin.

We arrived too late for the steam-boat, and are obliged to wait till Monday morning. To-morrow, however, we shall go to church, where I expect to see what sort of creatures the beaux are. The Greenock ladies have a great name for beauty; but those that I have seen are perfect frights: such of the gentlemen as I have observed passing the windows of the inn may do, but I declare the ladies have nothing of which any woman ought to be proud. Had we known that we ran a risk of not getting a steam-boat, my mother would have provided an introductory letter or two from some of her Irvine friends. As it is, here we are almost entire strangers. My father, however, is acquainted with one of the magistrates, and has

gone to see him. I hope he will be civil enough to ask us to his house ; for an inn is a shocking place to live in, and my mother is terrified at the expense. My brother, however, has great confidence in our prospects, and orders and directs with a high hand. But my paper is full, and I am compelled to conclude, with scarcely room to say how affectionately I am yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

### LETTER III.

*The Rev. Dr Pringle to Mr Micklewham,  
Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.*

EDINBURGH.

DEAR SIR,—We have got this length through many difficulties, in the travel both by land to, and by sea and land from, Greenock, where we were obligated, by reason of no conveyance, to stop the Sabbath. But not without edification ; for we went to hear Dr Drystour in the forenoon, who had a most weighty sermon on the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. He is, surely, a great orthodox divine, but rather costive in his delivery. In the afternoon we heard a correct moral lecture on good works in another church, from Dr Eastlight—a plain man, with a genteel congregation. The same night we took supper with a wealthy family, where we had much pleasant communion together, although the bringing in of

the toddy-bowl after supper is a fashion that has a tendency to lengthen the sederunt to unseasonable hours.

On the following morning, by the break of day, we took shipping in the steam-boat for Glasgow. I had misgivings about the engine, which is really a thing of great docility ; but, saving my concern for the boiler, we all found the place surprising comfortable. The day was bleak and cold ; but we had a good fire in a Carron grate in the middle of the floor, and books to read, so that both body and mind are therein provided for.

Among the books I fell in with a History of the Rebellion, anent the hand that an English gentleman of the name of Waverley had in it. I was grieved that I had not time to read it through, for it was wonderful interesting, and far more particular, in many points, than any other account of that affair I have yet met with ; but it's no so friendly to Protestant principles as I could have wished. However, if I get my legacy well settled I will buy the book and lend it to you on my return (please God) to the manse.

We were put on shore at Glasgow by breakfast-time, and there we tarried all day, as I had a power of attorney to get from Miss Jenny Macbride, my cousin, to whom the colonel left the thousand pound legacy. Miss Jenny thought the legacy should have been more, and made some obstacle to signing the power ; but both her lawyer and Andrew Pringle, my son, convinced

her that as it was specified in the testament she could not help it by standing out. So at long and last Miss Jenny was persuaded to put her name to the paper.

Next day we all four got into a fly-coach, and, without damage or detriment, reached this city in good time for dinner in Macgregor's hotel, a remarkable decent inn, next door to one Mr Blackwood, a civil and discreet man in the book-selling line.

Really the changes in Edinburgh since I was here, thirty years ago, are not to be told. I am confounded, for, although I have both heard and read of the New Town in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* and the *Scots Magazine*,<sup>1</sup> I had no notion of what has come to pass. It's surprising to think wherein the decay of the nation is :—at Greenock I saw nothing but shipping and building; at Glasgow, streets spreading as if they were one of the branches of cotton-spinning; and here, the houses grown up as if they were sown in the seed-time with the corn by a drill-machine, or dibbled in rigs and furrows like beans and potatoes.

To-morrow, God willing, we embark in a smack at Leith, so that you will not hear from me again

<sup>1</sup> *The Edinburgh Advertiser*, January 7, 1764, to March 29, 1859. *The Scots Magazine*, started in 1739, conjoined with the *Edinburgh Magazine* (1785–1803), in 1804, as *The Scots Magazine and Edinburgh Literary Miscellany*, and continued as *The Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany* from 1817 to 1826.



till it please HIM to take us in the hollow of his hand to London. In the meantime I have only to add that, when the Session meets, I wish you would speak to the elders, particularly to Mr Craig, no to be overly hard on that poor donsie thing, Meg Milliken, about her bairn. And tell Tam Glen, the father o't, from me, that it would have been a sore heart to that pious woman, his mother, had she been living, to have witnessed such a thing; and therefore, I hope and trust he will yet confess a fault, and own Meg for his wife, —though she is but something of a tawpie.<sup>1</sup> However, you need not diminish her to Tam. I hope Mr Snodgrass will give as much satisfaction to the parish as can reasonably be expected in my absence; and I remain, dear Sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

Mr Micklewham received the doctor's letter about an hour before the Session met on the case of Tam Glen and Meg Milliken, and took it with him to the session-house to read it to the elders before going into the investigation. Such a long and particular letter from the doctor was, as they all justly remarked, kind and dutiful to his people, and a great pleasure to them.

Mr Daff observed, "Truly the doctor's a verra funny man, and wonderfu' jocose about the toddy-bowl." But Mr Craig said that "sic a thing on the Lord's night gies me no pleasure; and I am

<sup>1</sup> *Tawpie*. Worthless body.

for setting my face against Waverley's *History of the Rebellion*, whilk I hae heard spoken of among the ungodly, both at Kilwinning and Dalry; and if it has no respect to Protestant principles, I doubt it's but another dose o' the radical poison in a new guise." Mr Icenor, however, thought that "the observe on the great Doctor Drystour was very edifying; and that they should see about getting him to help at the summer Occasion."<sup>1</sup>

While they were thus reviewing, in their way, the first epistle of the doctor, the betherel came in to say that Meg and Tam were at the door. "O man!" said Mr Daff, slyly, "ye should na hae left them at the door by themselves." Mr Craig looked at him austerely and muttered something about the growing immorality of this backsliding age; but before the smoke of his indignation had kindled into eloquence the delinquents were admitted. However, as we have nothing to do with the business, we shall leave them to their own deliberations.

<sup>1</sup> Note A. *Communion Services.*

## CHAPTER II

### *The Voyage.*

ON the fourteenth day after the departure of the family from the manse, the Rev. Mr Charles Snodgrass, who was appointed to officiate during the absence of the doctor, received the following letter from his old chum, Mr Andrew Pringle. It would appear that the young advocate is not so solid in the head as some of his elder brethren at the Bar ; and, therefore, many of his flights and observations must be taken with an allowance on the score of his youth.

### LETTER IV.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., Advocate, to the Rev.  
Charles Snodgrass.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We have at last reached London, after a stormy passage of seven days. The accommodation in the smacks looks extremely inviting in port, and, in fine weather, I doubt not, is comfortable, even at sea ; but in February, and in such visitations of the powers of the air as we

have endured, a balloon must be a far better vehicle than all the vessels that have been constructed for passengers since the time of Noah. In the first place, the waves of the atmosphere cannot be so dangerous as those of the ocean, being but "thin air"; and I am sure they are not so disagreeable. Then the speed of the balloon is so much greater; and it would puzzle Professor Leslie to demonstrate that its motions are more unsteady. Besides, who ever heard of sea-sickness in a balloon?—a consideration which alone, to any reasonable person actually suffering under the pains of that calamity, would be deemed more than an equivalent for all the little fractional difference of danger between the two modes of travelling. I shall henceforth regard it as a fine characteristic trait of our national prudence that, in their journeys to France and Flanders, the Scottish witches always went by air on broomsticks and benweeds, instead of venturing by water in sieves, like those of England. But the English are under the influence of a maritime genius.

When we had got as far up the Thames as Gravesend, the wind and tide came against us, so that the vessel was obliged to anchor; and I availed myself of the circumstance to induce the family to disembark, and go to London by LAND. I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that we did so, the day, for the season, being uncommonly fine. After we had taken some refreshment, I procured places

in a stage-coach for my mother and sister, and, with the doctor, mounted myself on the outside. My father's old-fashioned notions boggled a little at first to this arrangement, which he thought somewhat derogatory to his ministerial dignity; but his scruples were in the end overruled.

The country in this season is, of course, seen to disadvantage; still, it exhibits beauty enough to convince us what England must be when in leaf. The old gentleman's admiration of the increasing signs of what he called "civilisation," as we approached London, became quite eloquent; and the first view of the city from Blackheath (which, by-the-bye, is a fine common, surrounded with villas and handsome houses) overpowered his faculties, and I shall never forget the impression it made on myself. The sun was declined towards the horizon; vast masses of dark, low-hung clouds were mingled with the smoky canopy; and the dome of St Paul's, like the enormous idol of some terrible deity, throned amidst the smoke of sacrifices and magnificence, darkness and mystery, presented altogether an object of vast sublimity. I felt touched with reverence, as if I was indeed approaching the city of THE HUMAN POWERS.

The distant view of Edinburgh is picturesque and romantic; but it affects a lower class of our associations. It is, compared to that of London, what the poem of the *Seasons* is with respect to *Paradise Lost*, the castellated descriptions of Walter Scott to the *Darkness* of Byron, the

*Sabbath* of Graham to the *Robbers* of Schiller. In the approach to Edinburgh, leisure and cheerfulness are on the road: large spaces of rural and pastoral nature are spread openly around: and mountains, and seas, and headlands: and vessels passing beyond them, going like those that die, we know not whither, while the sun is bright on their sails, and hope with them. But in coming to this Babylon there is an eager haste and a hurrying on from all quarters towards that stupendous pile of gloom, through which no eye can penetrate; an unceasing sound, like the enginery of an earthquake at work, rolls from the heart of that profound and indefinable obscurity; sometimes a faint and yellow beam of the sun strikes here and there on the vast expanse of edifices, and churches and holy asylums are dimly seen lifting up their countless steeples and spires—like so many lightning-rods to avert the wrath of Heaven.

The entrance to Edinburgh awakens feelings of a more pleasing character also. The rugged, veteran aspect of the Old Town is agreeably contrasted with the bright, smooth forehead of the New, and there is not such an overwhelming torrent of animal life as to make you pause before venturing to stem it: the noises are not so deafening, and the occasional sound of a ballad-singer or of a Highland piper varies and enriches the discords. But here, a multitudinous assemblage of harsh alarms, of selfish contentions, and of furious

carriages driven by a fierce and insolent race, shatter the very hearing, till you partake of the activity with which all seem as much possessed as if a general apprehension prevailed that the great clock of Time would strike the doom-hour before their tasks were done. But I must stop; for the postman with his bell, like the betherel of some ancient "borough's town" summoning to a burial,<sup>1</sup> is in the street, and warns me to conclude.—Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

### LETTER V.

*The Rev. Dr Pringle to Mr Mickletham, Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.*

LONDON, 49 NORFOLK STREET, STRAND.

DEAR SIR,— On the first Sunday forthcoming after the receiving hereof, you will not fail to recollect, in the remembering prayer, that we return thanks for our safe arrival in London after a dangerous voyage. Well, indeed, is it ordained that we should pray for those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great deep; for what me and mine have come through is unspeakable, and the hand of Providence was visibly manifested.

On the day of our embarkation at Leith, a fair wind took us onward at a blithe rate for some time. But in the course of that night the bridle

<sup>1</sup> Note A. *Burials.*

of the tempest was slackened and the curb of the billows loosened ; and the ship reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and no one could stand therein. My wife and daughter lay at the point of death ; Andrew Pringle, my son, also was prostrated with the grievous affliction ; and the very soul within me was as if it would have been cast out of the body.

On the following day the storm abated, and the wind blew favourable ; but towards the heel of the evening it again became vehement, and there was no help unto our distress. About midnight, however, it pleased Him, whose breath is the tempest, to be more sparing with the whip of his displeasure on our poor bark as she *hirpled*<sup>1</sup> on in her toilsome journey through the waters ; and I was enabled, through his strength, to lift my head from the pillow of sickness, and ascend the deck, where I thought of Noah looking out of the window in the ark upon the face of the desolate flood, and of Peter walking on the sea ; and I said to myself, " It matters not where we are, for we can be in no place where Jehovah is not likewise, whether it be on the waves of the ocean, or the mountain tops, or in the valley and shadow of death."

The third day the wind came contrary, and in the fourth and the fifth and the sixth also we were sorely buffeted ; but on the night of the sixth we entered the mouth of the river Thames,

*Hirpled.* Went crazily forward.



and on the morning of the seventh day of our departure cast anchor near a town called Gravesend, where, to our exceeding great joy, it pleased Him, in whom alone there is salvation, to allow us once more to put our foot on the dry land.

When we had partaken of a repast,—the first blessed with the blessing of an appetite from the day of our leaving our native land,—we got two vacancies in a stage-coach for my wife and daughter; but with Andrew Pringle, my son, I was obligated to mount aloft on the outside. I had some scruple of conscience about this, for I was afraid of my decorum. I met, however, with nothing but the height of discretion from the other outside passengers, although I jealoused<sup>1</sup> that one of them was a light woman. Really, I had no notion that the English were so civilised: they were so well-bred, and the very duddiest<sup>2</sup> of them spoke such a fine style of language, that when I looked around on the country I thought myself in the land of Canaan. But it's extraordinary what a power of drink the coachmen drink, stopping and going into every change-house, and yet behaving themselves with the greatest sobriety. And then they are all so well dressed,—which no doubt is owing to the poor-rates.<sup>3</sup> I am thinking, however, that for all they cry against them, the poor-rates are but a small evil, since they keep the poor folk in such food and raiment,

<sup>1</sup> *Jealoused.* Suspected.

<sup>2</sup> *Duddiest.* Most ragged.

<sup>3</sup> Note A. *The Poor.*

and out of the temptations to thievery. Indeed, such a thing as a common beggar is not to be seen in this land, excepting here and there a sorner<sup>1</sup> or a ne'er-do-weel.

When we had got to the outskirts of London I began to be ashamed of the sin of high places, and would gladly have got into the inside of the coach, for fear of anybody knowing me; but although the multitude of by-goers was like the kirk-skailing<sup>2</sup> at the Sacrament, I saw not a kent face, nor one that took the least notice of my situation. At last we got to an inn called *The White Horse*, in Fetter Lane, where we hired a hackney to take us to the lodgings provided for us here in Norfolk Street by Mr Pawkie, the Scotch solicitor, a friend of Andrew Pringle, my son. Now it was that we began to experience the sharpeners of London. It seems that there are divers Norfolk Streets. Ours was in the Strand, (mind that, when you direct), not very far from Fetter Lane. But the hackney-driver took us away to one afar off, and when we knocked at the number we thought was ours, we found ourselves at a house that should not be told. I was so mortified that I did not know what to say; and when Andrew Pringle, my son, rebuked the man for the mistake, he only gave a cunning laugh, and said we should have told him what'na Norfolk

<sup>1</sup> *Sorner*. A loafing, hanging-on fellow.

<sup>2</sup> *Kirk-skailing*. The dispersing of the congregation—which was largest, of course, at the Sacrament. Note A.

Street we wanted. Andrew stormed at this; but I discerned that it was all owing to our own inexperience, and put an end to the contention by telling the man to take us to Norfolk Street in the Strand, which was the direction we had got. But when we got to the door, the coachman was so extortionate that another hobleshow<sup>1</sup> arose. Mrs Pringle had been told that, in such disputes, the best way of getting redress was to take the number of the coach; but, in trying to do so, we found it fastened on, and I thought the hackneyman would have gone by himself with laughter. Andrew, (who had not observed what we were doing), when he saw us trying to take off the number, went like one demented, and paid the man, I cannot tell what, to get us out, and into the house, for fear we should have been mobbit.

I have not yet seen the colonel's agents, so can say nothing as to the business of our coming: for, landing at Gravesend, we did not bring our trunks with us, and Andrew has gone to the wharf this morning to get them, and, until we get them, we can go nowhere; which is the occasion of my writing so soon, knowing, also, how you and the whole parish would be anxious to hear what had become of us.—I remain, dear Sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

On Saturday evening Saunders Dickie, the Irvine postman, suspecting that this letter was

<sup>1</sup> *Hobleshow*. Hubbub.

from the doctor, went with it himself, on his own feet, to Mr Micklewham, although the distance is more than two miles. (But Saunders, in addition to the customary *twal pennies* on the postage, had a dram for his pains.) The next morning being wet, Mr Micklewham had not an opportunity of telling any of the parishioners in the churchyard of the doctor's safe arrival; so that, when he read out the request to return thanks, (for he was not only schoolmaster and session-clerk, but precentor also), there was a murmur of pleasure diffused throughout the congregation. The greatest curiosity was excited to know what the dangers were from which their worthy pastor and his whole family had so thankfully escaped in their voyage to London. So, when the service was over, the elders adjourned to the session-house to hear the letter read; and many of the heads of families, and other respectable parishioners, were admitted to the honours of the sitting: who all sympathised, with the greatest sincerity, in the sufferings which their minister and his family had endured. Mr Daff, however, was justly chided by Mr Craig for rubbing his hands, and giving a sort of sniggering laugh, at the doctor's sitting on high with a light woman. But even Mr Snodgrass was seen to smile at the incident of taking the number off the coach, the meaning of which none but himself seemed to understand.

When the epistle had been thus duly read, Mr Micklewham promised, for the satisfaction of some

of the congregation, that he would get two or three copies made by the best writers in his school, to be handed about the parish; and Mr Icenor remarked that truly it was a thing to be held in remembrance, for he had not heard of greater tribulation by the waters since the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul.

## CHAPTER III

### *The Legacy.*

SOON after the receipt of the letters which we had the pleasure of communicating in the foregoing chapter, the following was received from Mrs Pringle. The intelligence it contains is so interesting and important that we hasten to lay it before our readers.—

### LETTER VI.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR MISS MALLY,—You must not expect no particulars from me of our journey; but, as Rachel is writing all the calamities that befell us to Bell Todd, you will, no doubt, hear of them. But all is nothing to my losses. I bought from the first hand, Mr Treddles the manufacturer, two pieces of muslin at Glasgow (such a thing not being to be had on any reasonable terms here, where they get all their fine muslins from Glasgow and Paisley); and in the same bocks with them

I packit a small crock of our ain excellent poudered butter, with a delap cheese, for I was told that such commodities are not to be had genuine in London. I likewise had in it a pot of marmlet, which Miss Jenny Macbride gave me at Glasgow, assuring me that it was not only dentice,<sup>1</sup> but a curiosity among the English, and my best new bumbeseen gown in peper. Howsomever, in the nailing of the bocks, which I did carefully with my oun hands, one of the nails gaed in a-jee, and broke the pot of marmlet, which, by the jolting of the ship, ruined the muslin, rottened the peper round the gown, which the shivers cut into more than twenty great holes. Over and above all, the crock with the butter was,—no one can tell how,—crackit, and the pickle, lecking out and mixing with the seerip of the marmlet, spoilt the cheese. In short, at the object I beheld when the bocks was opened I could have ta'en to the greeting; but I behaved with more composity on the occasion than the doctor thought it was in the power of nature to do. Howsomever, till I get a new gown, and other things, I am obliged to be a prisoner; and as the doctor does not like to go to the counting-house of the agents without me, I know not what is yet to be the consequence of our journey. But it would need to be something, for we pay four guineas and a half a week for our dry lodgings, which is at a degree more than the doctor's whole stipend.

<sup>1</sup> *Dentice.* Dainty.

As yet, for the cause of these misfortunes, I can give you no account of London; but there is, as everybody kens, little thrift in their housekeeping. We just buy our tea by the quarter a pound, and our loaf sugar, broken in a peper bag, by the pound,—which would be a disgrace to a decent family in Scotland. And when we order dinner, we get no more than just serves, so that we have no cold meat if a stranger were coming by chance,—which makes an unco bare house. The servan lasses I cannot abide: they dress better at their wark than ever I did on an ordinaire week-day at the manse; and this very morning I saw madam, the kitchen lass, mounted on a pair of pattens, washing the plain stenes before the door. Na, for that matter, a bare foot is not to be seen within the four walls of London. At the least, I have na seen no such thing.

In the way of marketting, things are very good here, and, considering, not dear; but all is sold by the licht weight. Only, the fish are awful:—half-a-guinea for a cod's head, and no bigger than the drouds<sup>1</sup> the cadgers bring from Ayr at a shilling and eighteenpence a-piece.

Tell Miss Nanny Eydent that I have seen none of the fashions as yet; but that we are going to the burial of the auld king next week, and I'll write her a particular account how the leddies are dressed. But everybody is in deep mourn-

<sup>1</sup> *Drouds*. Cod-fish. The word had a contemptuous meaning when applied to a person—as in the *Annals*. See page 23.  
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ing. Howsomever, I have seen but little, and that only in a manner from the window ; but I could not miss the opportunity of a frank that Andrew has got. And as he's waiting for the pen, you must excuse haste.—From your sincere friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

### LETTER VII.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It will give you pleasure to hear that my father is likely to get his business speedily settled without any equivocation, and that all those prudential considerations which brought us to London were but the fantasms of our own inexperience. I use the plural, for I really share in the shame of having called in question the high character of the agents: it ought to have been warrentry enough that everything would be fairly adjusted. But I must give you some account of what has taken place, to illustrate our provincialism, and to give you some idea of the way of doing business in London.

After having recovered from the effects, and repaired some of the accidents, of our voyage, we yesterday morning sallied forth,—the doctor, my mother, and your humble servant—, in a hackney-coach, to Broad Street, where the agents have their counting-house, and were ushered into a

room among other legatees or clients waiting for an audience of Mr Argent, the principal of the house.

I know not how it is that the little personal peculiarities, so amusing to strangers, should be painful when we see them in those whom we love and esteem ; but I own to you that there was a something in the demeanour of the old folks on this occasion that would have been exceedingly diverting to me had my filial reverence been less sincere for them.

The establishment of Messrs Argent and Company is of vast extent, and has in it something even of a public magnitude. The number of the clerks, the assiduity of all, and the order that obviously prevails throughout, give, at the first sight, an impression that bespeaks respect for the stability and integrity of the concern. When we had been seated about ten minutes, and my father's name taken to Mr Argent, an answer was brought that he would see us as soon as possible ; but we were obliged to wait at least half-an-hour more. Upon our being at last admitted, Mr Argent received us standing, and in an easy gentlemanly manner said to my father, " You are the residuary legatee of the late Colonel Armour. I am sorry that you did not apprize me of this visit, that I might have been prepared to give the information you naturally desire ; but if you will call here to-morrow at twelve o'clock, I shall then be able to satisfy you on the subject. Your lady, I pre-

sume?" he added, turning to my mother: "Mrs Argent will have the honour of waiting on you; may I therefore beg the favour of your address?" Fortunately, I was provided with cards, and having given him one, we found ourselves constrained, as it were, to take our leave. The whole interview did not last two minutes, and I never was less satisfied with myself. The doctor and my mother were in the greatest anguish, and, when we were again seated in the coach, loudly expressed their apprehensions. They were convinced that some stratagem was meditated. They feared that their journey to London would prove as little satisfactory as that of the Wrongheads, and that they had been throwing away good money in building castles in the air.

It had been previously arranged that we were to return for my sister, and afterwards visit some of the sights; but the clouded visages of her father and mother darkened the very spirit of Rachel, and she largely shared in their fears. This, however, was not the gravest part of the business. Instead of going to St Paul's and the Tower, as we had intended, my mother declared that not one farthing would they spend more till they were satisfied that the expenses already incurred were likely to be reimbursed. A Chancery suit, with all the horrors of wig and gown, floated in spectral haziness before their imagination.

We sat down to a frugal meal, and although the remainder of a bottle of wine, saved from

the preceding day, hardly afforded a glass a-piece, the doctor absolutely prohibited me from opening another.

This morning, faithful to the hour, we were again in Broad Street, with hearts knit up into the most peremptory courage; and, on being announced, were immediately admitted to Mr Argent. He received us with the same ease as in the first interview, and, after requesting us to be seated, (which, by the way, he did not do yesterday,—a circumstance that was ominously remarked), he began to talk on indifferent matters. I could see that a question, big with law and fortune, was gathering in the breasts both of the doctor and my mother, and that they were in a state far from that of the blessed. But one of the clerks, before they had time to express their indignant suspicions, entered with a paper, and Mr Argent, having glanced it over, said to the doctor: "I congratulate you, sir, on the amount of the colonel's fortune. I was not, indeed, aware before that he had died so rich. He has left about £120,000,—seventy-five thousand of which is in the five per cents., the remainder in India bonds and other securities. The legacies appear to be inconsiderable, so that the residue to you, after paying them and the expenses of Doctors' Commons, will exceed a hundred thousand pounds."

My father turned his eyes upwards in thankfulness. "But," continued Mr Argent, "before the property can be transferred, it will be neces-

sary for you to provide about four thousand pounds to pay the duty and other requisite expenses." This was a thunder-clap. "Where can I get such a sum?" exclaimed my father, in a tone of pathetic simplicity. Mr Argent smiled and said, "We shall manage that for you;" and he having in the same moment pulled a bell, a fine young man entered, whom he introduced to us as his son, and desired to explain what steps it was necessary for the doctor to take. We accordingly followed Mr Charles Argent to his own room.

Thus, in less time than I have been in writing it, were we put in possession of all the information we required, and found those whom we feared might be interested to withhold the settlement alert and prompt to assist us.

Mr Charles Argent is naturally more familiar than his father. He has a little dash of pleasantry in his manner, with a shrewd, good-humoured, fashionable air that renders him soon an agreeable acquaintance. He entered with singular felicity at once into the character of the doctor and my mother, and waggishly drolled, (as if he did not understand them), in order, I could perceive, to draw out the simplicity of their apprehensions. He quite won the old lady's economical heart by offering to frank her letters, —for he is in Parliament. "You have probably," said he slyly, "friends in the country to whom you may be desirous of communicating the result of

your journey to London : send your letters to me, and I will forward them, and any that you expect may also come under cover to my address. For postage is very expensive."

As we were taking our leave, after being fully instructed in all the preliminary steps to be taken before the transfers of the funded property can be made, he asked me, in a friendly manner, to dine with him this evening ; and I never accepted an invitation with more pleasure. I consider his acquaintance a most agreeable acquisition, and not one of the least of those advantages which this new opulence has put it in my power to attain. The incidents of this day, indeed, have been all highly gratifying, and the new and brighter phase in which I have seen the mercantile character, as it is connected with the greatness and glory of my country, is in itself equivalent to an accession of useful knowledge. I can no longer wonder at the vast power which the British Government wielded during the late war, when I reflect that the method and promptitude of the house of Messrs Argent and Company is common to all the great commercial concerns from which the statesmen derived, as from so many reservoirs, those immense pecuniary supplies that enabled them to beggar all the resources of a political despotism, the most unbounded, both in power and principle, of any tyranny that ever existed so long.—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

## CHAPTER IV

### *The Town.*

THERE was a great tea-drinking held in the Kirkgate of Irvine at the house of Miss Mally Glencairn. At that assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion, among other delicacies of the season, several new-come-home Clyde skippers, roaring from Greenock and Port-Glasgow, were served up; but nothing contributed more to the entertainment of the evening than a proposal, on the part of Miss Mally, that those present who had received letters from the Pringles should read them for the benefit of the company. This was, no doubt, a preconcerted scheme between her and Miss Isabella Todd to hear what Mr Andrew Pringle had said to his friend Mr Snodgrass, and likewise what the doctor himself had indited to Mr Micklewham: some rumour having spread of the wonderful escapes and adventures of the family in their journey and voyage to London. Had there not been some prethought of this kind, it was not indeed probable that both the helper and session-clerk of Garnock could have been there together, in a party where it was an

understood thing that not only whist and catch honours were to be played, but even obstreperous birky<sup>1</sup> itself for the diversion of such of the company as were not used to gambling games. It was in consequence of what took place at this Irvine rout, that we were originally led to think of collecting the letters.

## LETTER VIII.

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR BELL,—It was my heartfelt intention to keep a regular journal of all our proceedings from the sad day on which I bade a long adieu to my native shades ; and I persevered, with a constancy becoming our dear and youthful friendship, in writing down everything that I saw, either rare or beautiful, till the hour of our departure from Leith. In that faithful register of my feelings and reflections as a traveller, I described our embarkation at Greenock on board the steam-boat ; our sailing past Port-Glasgow, an insignificant town with a steeple ; the stupendous rock of Dumbarton Castle, that Gibraltar of antiquity ; our landing at Glasgow ; my astonishment at the magnificence of that opulent metropolis of the muslin manufacturers ; my brother's remark that the punch-bowls on the roofs of the Infirmary, the

<sup>1</sup> *Birky.* Beggar-my-neighbour.



Museum, and the Trades' Hall, were emblematic of the universal estimation in which that celebrated mixture is held by all ranks and degrees—learned, commercial, and even medical—of the inhabitants; our arrival at Edinburgh; my emotion on beholding the Castle, and the visionary lake which may be nightly seen from the windows of Princes Street, between the Old and New Town, reflecting the lights of the lofty city beyond;—with a thousand other delightful and romantic circumstances, which render it no longer surprising that the Edinburgh folk should be, as they think themselves, the most accomplished people in the world. But, alas! from the moment I placed my foot on board that cruel vessel, of which the very idea is anguish, all thoughts were swallowed up in suffering. Swallowed, did I say? Ah, my dear Bell, it was the odious reverse,—but imagination alone can do justice to the subject. Not, however, to dwell on what is past, during the whole time of our passage from Leith I was unable to think, far less to write; and although there was a handsome young hussar officer also a passenger, I could not even listen to the elegant compliments which he seemed disposed to offer by way of consolation when he had got the better of his own sickness. Neither love nor valour can withstand the influence of that sea-demon. The interruption thus occasioned to my observations made me destroy my journal, and I have now to write to you only about London. Only about

London ! What an expression for this human universe, as my brother calls it ! As if my weak feminine pen were equal to the stupendous theme !

But before entering on the subject, let me first satisfy the anxiety of your faithful bosom with respect to my father's legacy. All the accounts, I am happy to tell you, are likely to be amicably settled. The exact amount is not known as yet ; only, I can see by my brother's manner that it is not less than we expected, and my mother speaks about sending me to a boarding-school to learn accomplishments. Nothing, however, is to be done until something is actually in hand. But what does it all avail to me ? Here am I, a solitary being in the midst of this wilderness of mankind, far from your sympathising affection, with the dismal prospect before me of going a second time to school, and without the prospect of enjoying with my own sweet companions that light and bounding gaiety we were wont to share, in skipping from tomb to tomb in the breezy churchyard of Irvine, like butterflies in spring flying from flower to flower, as a Wordsworth or a Wilson would express it.

We have got elegant lodgings at present in Norfolk Street ; but my brother is trying, with all his address, to get us removed to a more fashionable part of the town. If the accounts were once settled, I think this will take place. He proposes to hire a carriage for a whole month. Indeed, he

has given hints about the saving that might be made by buying one of our own ; but my mother shakes her head, and says, "Andrew, dinna be carri't." From all which it is very plain, though they don't allow me to know their secrets, that the legacy is worth the coming for.

But to return to the lodgings. We have what is called a first and second floor, a drawing-room, and three handsome bed-chambers. The drawing-room is very elegant, and the carpet is the exact same pattern of the one in the dress drawing-room of Eglintoun Castle. Our landlady, indeed, is a lady, and I am surprised how she should think of letting lodgings, for she dresses better, and wears finer lace, than ever I saw in Irvine. But I am interrupted.—

—I now resume my pen. We have just had a call from Mrs and Miss Argent, the wife and daughter of the colonel's man of business. They seem great people, and came in their own chariot, with two grand footmen behind ; but they are pleasant and easy, and the object of their visit was to invite us to a family dinner to-morrow, Sunday. I hope we may become better acquainted ; but the two livery servants make such a difference in our degrees that I fear this is a vain expectation. Miss Argent, however, was very frank, and told me that she was herself only just come to London for the first time since she was a child, having been for the last seven years at a school in the country. I shall be better able

to say more about her in my next letter. Do not, however, be afraid that she shall ever supplant you in my heart. No, my dear friend, companion of my days of innocence : that can never be. But this call from such persons of fashion looks as if the legacy had given us some consideration ; so that I think my father and mother may as well let me know at once what my prospects are, that I might show you how disinterestedly and truly I am, my dear Bell, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

When Miss Isabella Todd had read the letter, there was a solemn pause for some time. All present knew something, more or less, of the fair writer ; but a carriage, a carpet like the best at Eglintoun, a hussar officer, and two footmen in livery, were phantoms of such high import that no one could distinctly express the feelings with which the intelligence affected them. It was, however, unanimously agreed that the doctor's legacy had every symptom of being equal to what it was at first expected to be, namely, twenty thousand pounds,—a sum which, by some occult or recondite moral influence of the Lottery, is the common maximum in popular estimation of any extraordinary and indefinite windfall of fortune. Miss Becky Glibbans, from the purest motives of charity, devoutly wished that poor Rachel might be able to carry her full cup with a steady hand ; and the Rev. Mr Snodgrass, (that so commendable

an expression might not lose its edifying effect by any lighter talk), requested Mr Micklewham to read his letter from the doctor.

## LETTER IX.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D.D., to Mr Micklewham,  
Schoolmaster and Session-clerk of Garnock.*

LONDON.

DEAR SIR,—I have written, by the post that will take this to hand, a letter to Banker M\*\*\*\*\*y, at Irvine, concerning some small matters of money that I may stand in need of his opinion anent; and as there is a prospect now of a settlement of the legacy business, I wish you to take a step over to the banker, and he will give you ten pounds, which you will administer to the poor,—by putting a twenty-shilling note in the plate on Sunday, as a public testimony from me of thankfulness for the hope that is before us; the other nine pounds you will quietly, and in your own canny way, divide after the following manner, letting none of the partakers thereof know from what other hand than the Lord's the help comes. For, indeed, from whom but His does any good befall us?

You will give to auld Mizy Eccles ten shillings. She's a careful creature, and it will go as far with her thrift as twenty will do with Effy Hopkirk. So you will give Effy twenty. Mrs Binnacle, who

lost her husband, the sailor, last winter, is, I am sure, with her two sickly bairns, very ill off: I would therefore like if you will lend her a note, and ye may put half-a-crown in the hand of each of the poor weans for a playock,<sup>1</sup>—for she's a proud spirit, and will bear much before she complain. Thomas Dowy has been long unable to do a turn of work; so you may give him a note too. I promised that donsie<sup>2</sup> body, Willy Shachle, the betherel, that when I got my legacy he should get a guinea, which would be more to him than if the colonel had died at home, and he had had the howking of his grave; you may, therefore, in the meantime, give Willy a crown, and be sure to warn him well no to get fou with it, for I'll be very angry if he does. But what in this matter will need all your skill is the giving of the remaining five pounds to auld Miss Betty Peerie. Being a gentlewoman by both blood and education, she's a very slimmer<sup>3</sup> affair to handle in a doing of this kind. But I am persuaded she's in as great necessity as many that seem far poorer, especially since the muslin flowering has gone so down. Her bits of brats are sairly worn, though she keeps out an apparition of gentility.

Now, for all this trouble, I will give you an account of what we have been doing since my last. When we had gotten ourselves made up in order, we went, with Andrew Pringle, my son,

<sup>1</sup> *Playock*. Plaything.

<sup>2</sup> *Donsie*. Needy.

<sup>3</sup> *Slimmer*. Delicate.

to the counting-house, and had a satisfactory visie<sup>1</sup> of the residue. But it will be some time before things can be settled—indeed, I fear, not for months to come—; so I have been thinking that, if the parish was pleased with Mr Snodgrass, it might be my duty to my people to give up to him my stipend, and let him be appointed not only helper, but successor likewise. It would not be right of me to give the manse,—both because he's a young and inexperienced man, and cannot, in the course of nature, have got into the way of visiting the sick-beds of the frail, which is the main part of a pastor's duty; and, likewise, because I wish to die, as I have lived, among my people. But, when all's settled, I will know better what to do.

When we had got an inkling from Mr Argent of what the colonel has left,—and I do assure you that money is not to be got, even in the way of legacy, without anxiety,—Mrs Pringle and I consulted together, and resolved that it was our first duty, as a token of our gratitude to the Giver of all good, to make our first outlay to the poor. So, without saying a word either to Rachel or to Andrew Pringle, my son, knowing that there was a daily worship in the Church of England, we slipped out of the house by ourselves, and, hiring a hackney conveyance, told the driver thereof to drive us to the high church of St Paul's. This was out of no respect to the pomp and pride of

<sup>1</sup> *Visie*. Inspection.

prelacy, but to him before whom both pope and presbyter are equal, as they are seen through the merits of Christ Jesus. We had taken a gold guinea in our hand. But there was no broad at the door<sup>1</sup>; and, instead of by a venerable elder, lending sanctity to his office by reason of his age, such as we see in the effectual institutions of our own National Church, the door was kept by a young man, much more like a writer's whipper-snapper clerk than one qualified to fill that station which good King David would have preferred to dwell in tents of sin. However, we were not come to spy the nakedness of the land; so we went up the outside stairs, and I asked at him for the plate. "Plate!" says he: "why, it's on the altar!" I should have known this—the custom of old being to lay the offerings on the altar—, but I had forgot, such is the force, you see, of habit,—that the Church of England is not so well reformed and purged as ours is from the abominations of the leaven of idolatry. We were then stepping forward, when he said to me, as sharply as if I was going to take an advantage, "You must pay here." "Very well: wherever it is customary," said I, in a meek manner; and gave him the guinea. Mrs Pringle did the same. "I cannot give you change," cried he, with as little decorum as if we had been paying at a playhouse. "It makes no odds," said I. "Keep it all." Whereupon he was so converted by the

<sup>1</sup> *Broad at the door.* Plate at the door. Note A.  
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mammon of iniquity that he could not be civil enough, he thought, but conducted us in, and showed us the marble monuments, and the French colours that were taken in the war, till the time of worship. Nothing could surpass his discretion.<sup>1</sup>

At last the organ began to sound, and we went into the place of worship. But oh, Mr Micklewham, yon is a thin kirk! There was not a hearer forby Mrs Pringle and me, saving and excepting the relics of popery that assisted at the service. What was said, however, I must in verity confess was not far from the point. But it's still a comfort to see that prelatical usurpations are on the downfall. No wonder that there is no broad at the door to receive the collection for the poor, when no congregation entereth in. You may tell Mr Craig, therefore,—and it will gladden his heart to hear the tidings—, that the great Babylonian madam is now, indeed, but a very little cutty.

On our return home to our lodgings we found Andrew Pringle, my son, and Rachel, in great consternation about our absence. When we told them that we had been at worship, I saw they were both deeply affected; and I was pleased with my children, the more so as, you know, I have had my doubts that Andrew Pringle's principles have not been strengthened by the

<sup>1</sup> *Discretion.* Civility.

reading of the *Edinburgh Review*. Nothing more passed at that time, for we were disturbed by a Captain Sabre, that came up with us in the smack, calling to see how we were after our journey; and as he was a civil, well-bred young man, (which I marvel at, considering he's a hussar dragoon), we took a coach, and went to see the lions, as he said. But instead of taking us to the Tower of London, as I expected, he ordered the man to drive us round the town. In our way through the city he showed us the Temple Bar, where Lord Kilmarnock's head was placed after the rebellion, and pointed out the Bank of England and Royal Exchange. He said the steeple of the Exchange was taken down shortly ago, and that the late improvements at the Bank were very grand. I remembered having read in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, some years past, that there was a great deal said in Parliament about the state of the Exchange and the condition of the Bank, which I could never thoroughly understand. And, no doubt, the taking down of an old building, and the building up of a new one so near together, must, in such a crowded city as this, be not only a great detriment to business, but dangerous to the community at large.

After we had driven about for more than two hours, and seen neither lions nor any other curiosity, but only the outside of houses, we returned home, where we found a copperplate card left by

Mr Argent, the colonel's agent, with the name of his private dwelling-house. Both me and Mrs Pringle were confounded at the sight of this thing, and could not but think that it prognosticated no good, for we had seen the gentleman himself in the forenoon. Andrew Pringle, my son, could give no satisfactory reason for such an extraordinary manifestation of anxiety to see us. So, after sitting on thorns at our dinner, I thought that we should see to the bottom of the business. Accordingly, a hackney was summoned to the door, and me and Andrew Pringle, my son, got into it, and told the man to drive to second in the street where Mr Argent lived,—which was the number of his house. The man got up, and away we went; but after he had driven an awful time, stopping and inquiring at different places, he said there was no such house as Second's in the street. Thereupon Andrew Pringle, my son, asked him what he meant, and the man said that he supposed it was one Second's hotel, or coffee-house, that we wanted. Now, only think of the craftiness of the ne'er-do-weel: it was with some difficulty that I could get him to understand that second was just as good as number two; for Andrew Pringle, my son, would not interfere, but lay back in the coach, and was like to split his sides at my confabulating with the hackneyman. At long and length we got to the house, and were admitted to Mr Argent, who was sitting by himself in his library reading, with a plate of

oranges and two decanters with wine before him. I explained to him, as well as I could, my surprise and anxiety at seeing his card ; at which he smiled, and said it was merely a sort of practice that had come into fashion of late years ; and, although we had been at his counting-house in the morning, he considered it requisite that he should call on his return from the city. I made the best excuse I could for the mistake ; and, the servant having placed glasses on the table, we were invited to take wine. But I was grieved to think that so respectable a man should have had the bottles before him by himself, the more especially as he said his wife and daughters had gone to a party, and that he did not much like such sort of things. But, for all that, we found him a wonderful conversible man ; and Andrew Pringle, my son, having read all the new books put out at Edinburgh, could speak with him on any subject. In the course of conversation they touched upon politick economy ; and Andrew Pringle, my son, in speaking about cash in the Bank of England, told him what I had said concerning the alterations of the Royal Exchange steeple, with which Mr Argent seemed greatly pleased, and jocosely proposed as a toast, " May the country never suffer more from the alterations in the Exchange than the taking down of the steeple."

But as Mrs Pringle is wanting to send a bit line under the same frank to her cousin, Miss

Mally Glencairn, I must draw to a conclusion,  
assuring you that I am, dear Sir, your sincere  
friend and pastor, ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

The impression which this letter made on the auditors of Mr Micklewham was highly favourable to the doctor. All bore testimony to his benevolence and piety; and Mrs Glibbans expressed, in very loquacious terms, her satisfaction at the neglect to which prelacy was consigned. The only person who seemed to be affected by other than the most sedate feelings on the occasion was the Rev. Mr Snodgrass, who was observed to smile in a very unbecoming manner at some parts of the doctor's account of his reception at St Paul's. Indeed, it was apparently with the utmost difficulty that the young clergyman could restrain himself from giving liberty to his risible faculties. It is really surprising how differently the same thing affects different people. "The doctor and Mrs Pringle giving a guinea at the door of St Paul's for the poor, need not make folk laugh," said Mrs Glibbans: "for is it not written, that whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?" "True, my dear madam," replied Mr Snodgrass; "but the Lord, to whom our friends in this case gave their money, is the Lord Bishop of London. All the collection made at the doors of St Paul's Cathedral is, I understand, a perquisite of the bishop's." In this the reverend gentleman was not very correctly informed; for, in the first

place, it is not a collection, but an exaction ; and, in the second place, it is sanctioned only by the bishop, who allows the inferior clergy to share the gains among themselves. Mrs Glibbans, however, on hearing his explanation, exclaimed, "Gude be about us !" and pushing back her chair with a bounce, streaking down her gown at the same time with both her hands, added, "No wonder that a judgment is upon the land, when we hear of money-changers in the temple." Miss Mally Glencairn, to appease her gathering wrath and holy indignation, said, facetiously, "Na, na, Mrs Glibbans, ye forget there was nae changing of money there. The man took the whole guineas. But, not to make a controversy on the subject, Mr Snodgrass will now let us hear what Andrew Pringle, 'my son,' has said to him." And the reverend gentleman read the following letter with due circumspection, and in his best manner.

## LETTER X.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard it alleged, as the observation of a great traveller, that the manners of the higher classes of society throughout Christendom are so much alike that national peculiarities among them are scarcely perceptible. This is not correct : the differences between those

of London and Edinburgh are to me very striking. It is not that they talk and perform the little etiquettes of social intercourse differently, for in these respects they are apparently as similar as it is possible for imitation to make them. The difference to which I refer is an indescribable something, which can only be compared to peculiarities of accent. They both speak the same language : perhaps in classical purity of phraseology the fashionable Scotchman is even superior to the Englishman ; but there is a flatness of tone in his accent, a lack of what the musicians call expression, which give a local and provincial effect to his conversation, however in other respects learned and intelligent. It is so with his manners : he conducts himself with equal ease, self-possession, and discernment ; but the flavour of the metropolitan style is wanting.

I have been led to make these remarks by what I noticed in the guests whom I met on Friday at young Argent's. It was a small party—five strangers only ; but they seemed to be all particular friends of our host, and yet none of them appeared to be on any terms of intimacy with each other. In Edinburgh, such a party would have been at first a little cold : each of the guests would there have paused to estimate the characters of the several strangers before committing himself with any topic of conversation. But here, the circumstance of being brought together by a mutual friend produced at once the purest

gentlemanly confidence : each, as it were, took it for granted that the persons whom he had come among were men of education and good-breeding ; and, without deeming it at all necessary that he should know something of their respective political and philosophical principles before venturing to speak on such subjects, discussed frankly, and as things unconnected with party feelings, incidental occurrences which, in Edinburgh, would have been avoided as calculated to awaken animosities.

But the most remarkable feature of the company, small as it was, consisted of the difference in the condition and character of the guests. In Edinburgh, the landlord, with the scrupulous care of a herald or genealogist, would, for a party previously unacquainted with each other, have chosen his guests as nearly as possible from the same rank of life. The London host had paid no respect to any such consideration. All the strangers were as dissimilar in fortune, profession, connections, and politics, as any four men in the class of gentlemen could well be. I never spent a more delightful evening.

The ablest, the most eloquent, and the most elegant man present, without question, was the son of a saddler. No expense had been spared on his education. His father, proud of his talents, had intended him for a seat in Parliament ; but Mr T—— himself prefers the easy enjoyments of private life, and has kept himself aloof from



politics and parties. Were I to form an estimate of his qualifications to excel in public speaking by the clearness and beautiful propriety of his colloquial language, I should conclude that he was still destined to perform a distinguished part. But he is content with the liberty of a private station, as a spectator only. And, perhaps, in that he shows his wisdom, for, undoubtedly, such men are not cordially received among hereditary statesmen unless they evince a certain suppleness of principle such as we have seen in the conduct of more than one political adventurer.

The next in point of effect was young C—— G——. He evidently languished under the influence of indisposition, which, while it added to the natural gentleness of his manners, diminished the impression his accomplishments would otherwise have made. I was greatly struck with the modesty with which he offered his opinions, and could scarcely credit that he was the same individual whose eloquence in Parliament is by many compared even to Mr Canning's, and whose firmness of principle is so universally acknowledged that no one ever suspects him of being liable to change. You may have heard of his poem "On the Restoration of Learning in the East,"—the most magnificent prize essay that the English Universities have produced for many years. The passage in which he describes the talents, the researches, and learning, of Sir William Jones, is

worthy of the imagination of Burke ; and yet, with all this oriental splendour of fancy, he has the reputation of being a patient and methodical man of business. He looks, however, much more like a poet or a student than an orator and a statesman ; and were statesmen the sort of personages which the spirit of the age attempts to represent them, I, for one, should lament that a young man, possessed of so many amiable qualities, all so tinted with the bright lights of a fine enthusiasm, should ever have been removed from the moon-lighted groves and peaceful cloisters of Magdalen College to the lamp-smelling passages and factious debates of St Stephen's Chapel. Mr G—— certainly belongs to that high class of gifted men, who, to the honour of the age, have redeemed the literary character from the charge of unfitness for the concerns of public business ; and he has shown that talents for affairs of state, connected with literary predilections, are not limited to mere reviewers, as some of your old class-fellows would have the world to believe. When I contrast the quiet unobtrusive development of Mr G——'s character with that bustling and obstreperous elbowing into notice of some of those to whom the *Edinburgh Review* owes half its fame, and compare the pure and steady lustre of his elevation with the rocket-like aberrations and perturbed blaze of their still uncertain course, I cannot but think that we have overrated, if not their ability, at

least, their wisdom in the management of public affairs.

The third of the party was a little Yorkshire baronet. He was formerly in Parliament, but left it (as he says) on account of its irregularities, and the bad hours it kept. He is a Whig in politics, I understand, and, indeed, one might guess as much by looking at him. For I have always remarked that your Whigs have something odd and particular about them. On making the same sort of remark to Argent, who, by the way, is a high ministerial man, he observed that the thing was not to be wondered at, considering that the Whigs are exceptions to the generality of mankind, which naturally accounts for their being always in the minority. Mr T——, the saddler's son, who overheard us, said slyly, "That it might be so ; but if it be true that the wise are few compared to the multitude of the foolish, things would be better managed by the minority than as they are at present."

The fourth guest was a stockbroker, a shrewd compound (with all charity be it spoken) of knavery and humour. He is by profession an epicure ; but I suspect his accomplishments in that capacity are not very well founded. I would almost say, judging by the evident traces of craft and dissimulation in his physiognomy, that they have been assumed as part of the means of getting into good company, to drive the more earnest trade of moneymaking. Argent evidently under-





stood his true character, though he treated him with jocular familiarity. I thought it a fine example of the intellectual tact and superiority of T—— that he seemed to view him with dislike and contempt. But I must not give you my reasons for so thinking, as you set no value on my own particular philosophy. Besides, my paper tells me that I have only room left to say that it would be difficult in Edinburgh to bring such a party together ;—and yet they affect there to have a metropolitan character. In saying this, I mean only with reference to manners : the methods of behaviour in each of the company were precisely similar : there was no eccentricity, but only that distinct and decided individuality which nature gives and no acquired habits can change. Each, however, was the representative of a class ; and Edinburgh has no classes exactly of the same kind as those to which they belonged.

—Yours truly,  
ANDREW PRINGLE.

Just as Mr Snodgrass concluded the last sentence, one of the Clyde skippers, who had fallen asleep, gave such an extravagant snore, followed by a groan, that it set the whole company a laughing, and interrupted the critical strictures which would otherwise have been made on Mr Andrew Pringle's epistle. "Damn it," said he : "I thought myself in a fog, and could not tell whether the land ahead was Pladda or the Lady Isle." Some of the company thought the obser-

vation not inapplicable to what they had been hearing.

Miss Isabella Todd then begged that Miss Mally, their hostess, would favour the company with Mrs Pringle's communication. To this request that considerate maiden ornament of the Kirkgate deemed it necessary, by way of preface to the letter, to say, "Ye a' ken that Mrs Pringle's a managing woman, and ye maunna expect any metaphysical philosophy from her." In the meantime, having taken the letter from her pocket, and placed her spectacles on that functionary of the face which was destined to wear spectacles, she began as follows :—

#### LETTER XI.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

MY DEAR MISS MALLY,—We have been at the counting-house, and gotten a sort of a satisfaction. What the upshot may be, I canna take it upon myself to prognosticate; but when the waur comes to the worst, I think that baith Rachel and Andrew will have a nest-egg, and the doctor and me may sleep sound on their account,—if the nation does na break, (as the arglebarglers in the House of Parliament have been threatening), for all the cornal's fortune is sunk at present in the pesents. Howsomever, it's our notion, when the legacies are paid off, to lift the money

out of the funds, and place it at good interest on hairtable securitie. But ye will hear aften from us, before things come to that; for the delays, and the goings, and the comings, in this town of London, are past all expreshon.

As yet we have been to see no fairlies,<sup>1</sup> except going in a coach from one part of the town to another; but the doctor and me was at the he-kirk of Saint Paul's,—for a purpose that I need not tell you, as it was a doing with the right hand what the left should not know. I couldna say that I had there great pleasure, for the preacher was very cauldribe,<sup>2</sup> and read every word, and then there was such a beggary of popish prelacy that it was compassionate to a Christian to see.

We are to dine at Mr Argent's, the cornal's hadgint, on Sunday, and me and Rachel have been getting something for the okasion. Our landlady, Mrs Sharkly, has recommended us to ane of the most fashionable millinders in London, who keeps a grand shop in Cranburn Alla; and she has brought us arteecles to look at. But I was surprised they were not finer, for I thought them of a very inferior quality, which she said was because they were not made for no costomer, but for the public.

The Argents seem as if they would be discreet<sup>3</sup> people, which, to us who are here in the jaws of

<sup>1</sup> *Fairlies.* Wonders.

<sup>2</sup> *Cauldribe.* Chilling.

<sup>3</sup> *Discreet.* Obliging.



jeopardy, would be a great comfort. For I am no overly satisfieet with many things. What would ye think of buying coals by the stimpert,<sup>1</sup> for anything that I know? And, then, setting up the poker afore the ribs, instead of blowing with the bellies to make the fire burn? I was of a pinion that the Englishers were naturally wasterful; but I can ashure you this is no the case at all. I am beginning to think that the way of leeving from hand to mouth is great frugality, when ye consider that all is left in the logive hands of uncercumseezed servans.

But what gives me the most concern at this time is one Captain Sabre of the Dragoon Hozars, who come up in the smak with us from Leith, and is looking more after our Rachel than I could wish, now that she might set her cap to another sort of object. But he's of a respectit family, and the young lad himself is no to be despisid; howsomever, I never likit officir-men of any description. And yet the thing that makes me look down on the captain is all owing to the cornal, who was an officer of the native poors of India, where the pay must indeed have been extraordinar, for who ever heard of either a cornal, or any officer whomsoever, making a hundred thousand pounds in our regiments? No that I say the cornal has left so meikle to us.

Tell Mrs Glibbans that I have not heard of no sound preacher as yet in London,—the want

<sup>1</sup> *Stimpert*. The fourth part of a peck.

of which is no doubt the great cause of the crying sins of the place. What would she think to hear of newspapers selling by tout<sup>1</sup> of horn on the Lord's day? And on the Sabbath-night the change-houses are more throng than on the Saturday! I am told (but as yet I cannot say that I have seen the evil myself with my own eyes) that in the summer-time there are tea-gardens, where the tradesmen go to smoke their pipes of tobacco, and to entertain their wives and children, which can be nothing less than a bringing of them to an untimely end. But you will be surprised to hear that no such thing as whusky is to be had in the public-houses, where they drink only a dead sort of beer; and that a bottle of true jennyinn London porter is rarely to be seen in the whole town, all kinds of piple getting their porter in pewter cans, and a laddie calling in the morning to take away what has been yoused over-night. But what I most miss is the want of creem. The milk here is just skimm, and, I doot not, likewise well watered. As for the water, a drink of clear, wholesome good water is not within the bounds of London; and, truly, now may I say that I have learnt what the blessing of a cup of cold water is.

Tell Miss Nanny Eydent that the day of the burial is now settled, when we are going to Windsor Castle to see the procession; and that, by the end of the wick, she may expect the

<sup>1</sup> *Tout*. Sound.

fashions from me, with all the particulars. Till then, I am, my dear Miss Mally, your friend and well-wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

*Noto Beny.*—Give my kind compliments to Mrs Glibbans, and let her know that I will, after Sunday, give her an account of the state of the gospel in London.

Miss Mally paused when she had read the letter, and it was unanimously agreed that Mrs Pringle gave a more full account of London than either father, son, or daughter.

By this time the night was far advanced, and Mrs Glibbans was rising to go away,—apprehensive, as she observed, that they were going to bring “the carts” into the room. Upon Miss Mally, however, assuring her that no such transgression was meditated, but that she intended to treat them with a bit nice Highland mutton ham, and eggs of her own laying, that worthy pillar of the Relief Kirk consented to remain.

It was past eleven o’clock when the party broke up. Mr Snodgrass and Mr Micklewham walked home together, and, as they were crossing the Red Burn Bridge, at the entrance of Eglintoun Wood—a place well noted from ancient times for preternatural appearances—, Mr Micklewham declared that he thought he heard something purring among the bushes; upon which Mr Snodgrass made a jocose observation, stating that it

could be nothing but the effect of Lord North's strong ale in his head. We should add, by way of explanation, that the Lord North here spoken of was Willy Grieve, celebrated in Irvine for the strength and flavour of his brewing; and that, in addition to a plentiful supply of his best, Miss Mally had entertained them with tamarind punch, constituting a natural cause adequate to produce all the preternatural purring that terrified the dominie.

## CHAPTER V

### *The royal funeral.*

TAM GLEN having, in consequence of the exhortations of Mr Micklewham and the earnest entreaties of Mr Daff, backed by the pious animadversions of the rigidly righteous Mr Craig, confessed a fault, and acknowledged an irregular marriage with Meg Milliken, their child was admitted to church privileges. But before the day of baptism, Mr Daff, who thought Tam had given but sullen symptoms of penitence, said, to put him in better humour with his fate, "Noo, Tam, since ye hae beguiled us of the infare,<sup>1</sup> we maun mak' up for't at the christening; so I'll speak to Mr Snodgrass to bid the doctor's frien's and acquaintance to the ploy, that we may get as meikle among us as will pay for the bairn's baptismal frock."

Mr Craig, who was present, and never lost an opportunity of testifying (as he said) his "discountenance of the crying iniquity," remonstrated with Mr Daff on the unchristian nature of the proposal, stigmatising it, with good emphasis, as

<sup>1</sup> Note A. *Marriages.*

“a sinful nourishing of carnality in his day and generation.” Mr Micklewham, however, interfered, and said, “It was a matter of weight and concernment, and, therefore, it behoves you to consult Mr Snodgrass on the fitness of the thing. For if the thing itself is not fit and proper, it cannot expect his countenance; and, on that account, before we reckon on his compliance with what Mr Daff has propounded, we should first learn whether he approves of it at all.” Whereupon the two elders and the session-clerk adjourned to the manse, in which Mr Snodgrass, during the absence of the incumbent, had taken up his abode.

The heads of the previous conversation were recapitulated by Mr Micklewham with as much brevity as was consistent with perspicuity; and the matter being duly digested by Mr Snodgrass, that orthodox young man—as Mrs Glibbans denominated him on hearing him for the first time—declared that the notion of a pay-christening was a benevolent and kind thought. “For is not the order to increase and multiply one of the first commands in the Scriptures of truth?” said Mr Snodgrass, addressing himself to Mr Craig: “surely, then, when children are brought into the world, a great law of our nature has been fulfilled, and there is cause for rejoicing and gladness! And is it not an obligation, imposed upon all Christians, to welcome the stranger, and to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked:

and what greater stranger can there be than a helpless babe? Who more in need of sustenance than the infant, that knows not the way even to its mother's bosom? And whom shall we clothe, if we do not the wailing innocent that the hand of Providence places in poverty and nakedness before us, to try, as it were, the depth of our Christian principles, and to awaken the sympathy of our humane feelings?"

Mr Craig replied, "It's a' very true and sound what Mr Snodgrass has observed; but Tam Glen's wean is neither a stranger, nor hungry, nor naked, but a sturdy brat that has been rinnin' its lane for mair than sax weeks."—"Ah!" said Mr Snodgrass familiarly, "I fear, Mr Craig, ye're a Malthusian in your heart." The sanctimonious elder was thunderstruck at the word. Of many a various shade and modification of sectarianism he had heard; but the Malthusian heresy was new to his ears and awful to his conscience, and he begged Mr Snodgrass to tell him in what it chiefly consisted, protesting his innocence of that, and of every erroneous doctrine.

Mr Snodgrass happened to regard the opinions of Malthus on Population as equally contrary to religion and nature, and not at all founded in truth. "It is evident that the reproductive principle in the earth and vegetables, and in all things and animals which constitute the means of subsistence, is much more vigorous than in man :

it may be affirmed, therefore, that the multiplication of the means of subsistence is an effect of the multiplication of population, for the one is augmented in quantity by the skill and care of the other," said Mr Snodgrass, seizing with avidity this opportunity of stating what he thought on the subject, although his auditors were but the session-clerk and two elders of a country parish. We cannot pursue the train of his argument; but we should do injustice to the philosophy of Malthus if we suppressed the observation which Mr Daff made at the conclusion. "Gude safe's!" said the good-natured elder, "if it's true that we breed faster than the Lord provides for us, we maun drown the poor folks' weans like kittlings."—"Na, na!" exclaimed Mr Craig, "ye're a' out, neighbour: I see now the utility of church censures."—"True!" said Mr Micklewham; "and the ordination of the stool of repentance, the horrors of which, in the opinion of the fifteen Lords at Edinburgh, palliated child-murder, is doubtless a Malthusian institution." But Mr Snodgrass put an end to the controversy by fixing a day for the christening, and telling he would do his best to procure a good collection, according to the benevolent suggestion of Mr Daff. To this cause we are indebted for the next series of the Pringle correspondence; for, on the day appointed, Miss Mally Glencairn, Miss Isabella Todd, Mrs. Glibbans and her daughter Becky, Miss Nanny Eydent, together with other friends of the



minister's family, dined at the manse, and the conversation being chiefly about the concerns of the family, the letters were produced and read.

## LETTER XII.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.*

WINDSOR, CASTLE INN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have all my life been strangely susceptible of pleasing impressions from public spectacles where great crowds are assembled. This, perhaps, you will say, is but another way of confessing that, like the common vulgar, I am fond of sights and shows. It may be so ; but it is not from the pageants that I derive my enjoyment. A multitude, in fact, is to me as it were a strain of music, that with an irresistible and magical influence calls up from the unknown abyss of the feelings new combinations of fancy, which, though vague and obscure as those nebulae of light that astronomers have supposed to be the rudiments of unformed stars, afterwards become distinct and brilliant acquisitions. In a crowd, I am like the somnambulist in the highest degree of the luminous crisis, when, it is said, a new world is unfolded to his contemplation wherein all things have an intimate affinity with the state of man, and yet bear no resemblance to the objects that address themselves to his

corporeal faculties. This delightful experience, as it may be called, I have enjoyed this evening to an exquisite degree at the funeral of the king ; but, although the whole succession of incidents is indelibly imprinted on my recollection, I am still so much affected by the emotion excited as to be incapable of conveying to you any intelligible description of what I saw. It was, indeed, a scene witnessed through the medium of the feelings, and the effect partakes of the nature of a dream.

I was within the walls of an ancient castle,

“ So old as if they had for ever stood,  
So strong as if they would for ever stand ; ”

and it was almost midnight. The towers, like the vast spectres of departed ages, raised their embattled heads to the skies, monumental witnesses of the strength and antiquity of a great monarchy. A prodigious multitude filled the courts of that venerable edifice, surrounding on all sides a dark, embossed structure, the sarcophagus, as it seemed to me at the moment, of the heroism of chivalry.

“ A change came o’er the spirit of my dream,” and I beheld the scene suddenly illuminated, and the blaze of torches, the glimmering of arms, and warriors, and horses, while a mosaic of human faces covered like a pavement the courts. A deep low under-sound pealed from a distance ; in the same moment a trumpet answered with

a single mournful note from the stateliest and darkest portion of the fabric, and it was whispered in every ear, "It is coming." Then an awful cadence of solemn music, that affected the heart like silence, was heard at intervals, and a numerous retinue of grave and venerable men,

"The fathers of their time,  
Those mighty master-spirits, that withstood  
The fall of monarchies, and high upheld  
Their country's standard, glorious in the storm,"

passed slowly before me, bearing the emblems and trophies of a king. They were as a series of great historical events; and I beheld behind them, following and followed, an awful and indistinct image, like the vision of Job. It moved on, and I could not discern the form thereof; but there were honours and heraldries, and sorrow and silence, and I heard the stir of a profound homage performing within the breasts of all the witnesses.

But I must not indulge myself further on this subject. I cannot hope to excite in you the emotions with which I was so profoundly affected. In the visible objects of the funeral of George the Third there was but little magnificence: all its sublimity was derived from the trains of thought and currents of feeling which the sight of so many illustrious characters, surrounded by circumstances associated with the greatness and antiquity of the kingdom, was necessarily cal-

culated to call forth. In this respect, however, it was perhaps the sublimest spectacle ever witnessed in this island; and I am sure that I cannot live so long as ever again to behold another that will equally interest me to the same depth and extent.—Yours,                      ANDREW PRINGLE.

We should ill perform the part of faithful historians did we omit to record the sentiments expressed by the company on this occasion. Mrs Glibbans, whose knowledge of the points of orthodoxy had not their equal in the three adjacent parishes, roundly declared that Mr Andrew Pringle's letter was nothing but a peesemeal of clishmaclavers<sup>1</sup>: that there was no sense in it; and that it was just like the writer,—a canary idiot, a touch here and a touch there, without anything in the shape of cordiality or satisfaction.

Miss Isabella Todd answered this objection, with that sweetness of manner and virgin diffidence which so well becomes a youthful member of the Establishment controverting the dogmas of a stoop of the Relief persuasion, by saying that she thought Mr Andrew had shown a fine sensibility. "What is sensibility without judgment," cried her adversary, "but a thrashing in the water and a raising of bells? Couldna the fallow, without a' his parleyvoos, have said that such and such was the case, and that the Lord giveth and

<sup>1</sup> *Clishmaclavers*. Silly talk.

the Lord taketh away? But his clouds, and his spectres, and his visions of Job! Oh, an he could but think like Job! Oh, an he would but think like the patient man! and was obliged to claut his flesh with a bit of a broken crock,<sup>1</sup>—we might have some hope of repentance unto life. But Andrew Pringle, he's a gone dick; I never had comfort or expectation of the freethinker since I heard that he was infected with the blue and yellow calamity of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which, I am credibly told, it is set forth that women have nae souls, but only a gut, and a gaw,<sup>2</sup> and a gizzard, like a pigeon-dove, or a raven-crow, or any other outcast and abominated quadruped."

Here Miss Mally Glencairn interposed her effectual mediation, and said, "It is very true that Andrew deals in the diplomatics of obscurity; but it's well known that he has a nerve for genius, and that, in his own way, he kens the loan from the crown of the causey,<sup>3</sup> as well as the duck does the midden from the adle dib." To this proverb, which we never heard before, a learned friend whom we consulted on the subject has enabled us to state that middens were formerly of great magnitude, and often of no less antiquity in the west of Scotland; in so much

<sup>1</sup> *Claut* . . . *crock*. Scrape . . . crockery.

<sup>2</sup> *Gaw*. Gall.

<sup>3</sup> *Lann* . . . *crown of the causey*. See *The Provost*, Chap. xxvii.

that the Trongate of Glasgow owes all its spacious grandeur to them, it being within the recollection of persons yet living that the said magnificent street was at one time an open road, or highway, leading to the Trone, or market-cross, with thatched houses on each side, such as may still be seen in the pure and immaculate royal burgh of Rutherglen; and that before each house stood a luxuriant midden, by the removal of which, in the progress of modern degeneracy, the stately architecture of Argyle Street was formed. But, not to insist at too great a length on such topics of antiquarian lore, we shall now insert Dr Pringle's account of the funeral, which, patly enough, follows our digression concerning the middens and magnificence of Glasgow, as it contains an authentic anecdote of a manufacturer from that city drinking champagne at the king's dregy.<sup>1</sup>

## LETTER XIII.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D.D., to Mr Mickletham,  
Schoolmaster and Session-clerk of Garnock.*

LONDON.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and it is a great pleasure to me to hear that my people were all so much concerned at our distress in the Leith smack; but what gave me the most con-

<sup>1</sup> *Dregy.* Funeral service.

tentment was the repentance of Tam Glen. I hope, poor fellow, he will prove a good husband; but I have my doubts, for the wife has really but a small share of common sense, and no married man can do well unless his wife will let him. I am, however, not overly pleased with Mr Craig on the occasion, for he should have considered frail human nature, and accepted of poor Tam's confession of a fault, and allowed the bairn to be baptized without any more ado. I think honest Mr Daff has acted like himself; and I trust and hope there will be a great gathering at the christening, and (that my mite may not be wanting) you will slip in a guinea-note when the dish goes round, but in such a manner that it may not be jealousied from whose hand it comes.

Since my last letter, we have been very thrang<sup>1</sup> in the way of seeing the curiosities of London; but I must go on regular, and tell you all which I think it is my duty to do, that you may let my people know. First, then, we have been at Windsor Castle, to see the king lying in state, and afterwards his interment; and, sorry am I to say, it was not a sight that could satisfy any godly mind on such an occasion. We went in a coach of our own, by ourselves, and found the town of Windsor like a cried fair. We were then directed to the castle gate, where a terrible crowd was gathered together; and we had not been long in that crowd till a pocket-picker, as I

<sup>1</sup> *Thrang*. Pressed.

thought, cutted off the tail of my coat, with my pocket-book in my pocket, which I never missed at the time. But it seems the coat-tail was found, and a policeman got it, and held it up on the end of his stick, and cried, "Whose pocket is this?" showing the book that was therein in his hand. I was confounded to see my pocket-book there, and could scarcely believe my own eyes; but Mrs Pringle knew it at the first glance, and said, "It's my gudeman's." At this there was a great shout of derision among the multitude, and we would baith have then been glad to disown the pocket-book; but it was returned to us,—I may almost say, against our will—, and the scorners, when they saw our confusion, behaved with great civility towards us, so that we got into the castle-yard with no other damage than the loss of the flap of my coat-tail.

Being in the castle-yard, we followed the crowd into another gate, and up a stair, and saw the king lying in state, which was a very dismal sight. I thought of Solomon in all his glory, when I saw the coffin, and the mutes, and the mourners; and, reflecting on the long infirmity of mind of the good old king, I said to myself, in the words of the book of Job, "Doth not their excellency which is in them go away? They die even without wisdom!"

When we had seen the sight, we came out of the castle, and went to an inn to get a chack of



dinner<sup>1</sup>; but there was such a crowd that no resting-place could for a time be found for us. Gentle and semple were there, all mingled, and no respect of persons; only there was at a table nigh unto ours a fat Glasgow manufacturer who ordered a bottle of champagne wine, and did all he could, in the drinking of it by himself, to show that he was a man in well-doing circumstances. While he was talking over his wine, a great peer of the realm, with a star on his breast, came into the room, and ordered a glass of brandy and water; and I could see that, when he saw the Glasgow manufacturer drinking champagne wine on that occasion, he greatly marvelled thereat.

When we had taken our dinner, we went out to walk and see the town of Windsor; but there was such a mob of coaches going and coming, and of men and horses, that we left the streets, and went to inspect the king's policy, which is of great compass, but in a careless order, though it costs a world of money to keep it up. Afterwards, we went back to the inns, to get tea for Mrs Pringle and her daughter, while Andrew Pringle, my son, was seeing if we could get tickets to buy to let us into the inside of the castle, to see the burial; but he came back without luck. And I went out myself (being more experienced in the world) and I saw a gentleman's servant with a ticket in his hand, and I asked him to sell it to me, which the man did with thankfulness for five shillings,

<sup>1</sup> *Chack of dinner.* A "snack."

although the price was said to be golden guineas. But as this ticket admitted only one person, it was hard to say what should be done with it when I got back to my family. However, as by this time we were all very much fatigued, I gave it to Andrew Pringle, my son, and Mrs Pringle and her daughter Rachel agreed to bide with me in the inns.

Andrew Pringle, my son, having got the ticket, left us sitting, when shortly after in came a nobleman, high in the Cabinet, as I think he must have been. He having politely asked leave to take his tea at our table, because of the great throng in the house, we fell into a conversation together, and he, understanding thereby that I was a minister of the Church of Scotland, said he thought he could help us into a place to see the funeral. So, after he had drank his tea, he took us with him, and got us into the castle-yard, where we had an excellent place, near to the Glasgow manufacturer that drank the champagne. The drink by this time, however, had got into that poor man's head, and he talked so loud, and so little to the purpose, that the soldiers who were guarding were obliged to make him hold his peace, at which he was not a little nettled, and told the soldiers that he had himself been a soldier, and served the king without pay, having been a volunteer officer. But this had no more effect than to make the soldiers laugh at him, which was not a decent thing at the interment

of their master, our most gracious sovereign that was.

However, in this situation we saw all; and I can assure you it was a very edifying sight. The people demeaned themselves with so much propriety that there was no need for any guards at all: indeed, for that matter, of the two, the guards who had eaten the king's bread were the only ones there (saving and excepting the Glasgow manufacturer) that manifested an irreverent spirit towards the royal obsequies. But they are men familiar with the king of terrors on the field of battle, and it was not to be expected that their hearts would be daunted like those of others by a doing of a civil character.

When all was over, we returned to the inns to get our chaise, to go back to London that night,—for beds were not to be had for love or money at Windsor—, and we reached our temporary home in Norfolk Street about four o'clock in the morning, well satisfied with what we had seen. But all the meantime I had forgotten the loss of the flap of my coat, which caused no little sport when I came to recollect what a pookit-like<sup>1</sup> body I must have been, walking about in the king's policy like a peacock without my tail. But I must conclude, for Mrs Pringle has a letter to put in the frank for Miss Nanny Eydent, which you will send to her by one of your scholars, as it contains information that may be serviceable to

<sup>1</sup> *Pookit-like.* Plucked-looking.

Miss Nanny in her business, both as a mantua-maker and a superintendent of the genteeler sort of burials at Irvine and our vicinity.—So that this is all from your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

“I think,” said Miss Isabella Todd, as Mr Micklewham finished the reading of the doctor’s epistle, “that my friend Rachel might have given me some account of the ceremony; but Captain Sabre seems to have been a much more interesting object to her than the pride and pomp to her brother, or even the Glasgow manufacturer to her father.”

In saying these words, the young lady took the following letter from her pocket, and was on the point of beginning to read it when Miss Becky Glibbans exclaimed,

“I had aye my fears that Rachel was but light-headed, and I’ll no be surprised to hear more about her and the dragoon or a’s done.”

Mr Snodgrass looked at Becky, as if he had been afflicted at the moment with unpleasant ideas; and perhaps he would have rebuked the spitefulness of her insinuations had not her mother sharply snubbed the uncongenial maiden in terms at least as pungent as any which the reverend gentleman would have employed.

“I’m sure I meant no ill,” replied Miss Becky, pertly; “but if Rachel Pringle can write about nothing but this Captain Sabre, she might as well

let it alone, and her letter canna be worth the hearing."

"Upon that," said the clergyman, "we can form a judgment when we have heard it; and I beg that Miss Isabella may proceed,"—which she did accordingly.

#### LETTER XIV.

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR BELL,—I take up my pen with a feeling of disappointment such as I never felt before. Yesterday was the day appointed for the funeral of the good old king, and it was agreed that we should go to Windsor, to pour the tribute of our tears upon the royal hearse. Captain Sabre promised to go with us, as he is well acquainted with the town, and the interesting objects around the castle, so dear to chivalry, and embalmed by the genius of Shakspeare and many a minor bard, and I promised myself a day of unclouded felicity. But the captain was ordered to be on duty, and the crowd was so rude and riotous that I had no enjoyment whatever; but, pining with chagrin at the little respect paid by the rabble to the virtues of the departed monarch, I would fainly have retired into some solemn and sequestered grove, and breathed my sorrows to the listening waste. Nor was the loss of the captain to explain and

illuminate the different baronial circumstances around the castle the only thing I had to regret in this ever-memorable excursion. My tender and affectionate mother was so desirous to see everything in the most particular manner, in order that she might give an account of the funeral to Nanny Eydent, that she had no mercy either upon me or my father, but obliged us to go with her to the most difficult and inaccessible places. How vain was all this meritorious assiduity ! For of what avail can the ceremonies of a royal funeral be to Miss Nanny at Irvine, where kings never die, and where, if they did, it is not at all probable that Miss Nanny would be employed to direct their solemn obsequies ? As for my brother, he was so entranced with his own enthusiasm that he paid but little attention to us, which made me the more sensible of the want we suffered from the absence of Captain Sabre. In a word, my dear Bell, never did I pass a more unsatisfactory day, and I wish it blotted for ever from my remembrance. Let it therefore be consigned to the abysses of oblivion, while I recall the more pleasing incidents that have happened since I wrote you last.

On Sunday, according to invitation, as I told you, we dined with the Argents, and were entertained by them in a style at once most splendid and on the most easy footing. I shall not attempt to describe the consumable materials of the table, but call your attention, my dear friend, to the intellectual portion of the entertainment,

a subject more congenial to your delicate and refined character.

Mrs Argent is a lady of considerable personal magnitude, and of an open and affable disposition. In this respect, indeed, she bears a striking resemblance to her nephew, Captain Sabre, with whose relationship to her we were unacquainted before that day. She received us as friends in whom she felt a peculiar interest ; for when she heard that my mother had got her dress and mine from Cranbury Alley, she expressed the greatest astonishment, and told us that it was not at all a place where persons of fashion could expect to be properly served. Nor can I disguise the fact that the flounced and gorgeous garniture of our dresses was in shocking contrast to the amiable simplicity of hers and the fair Arabella, her daughter,—a charming girl, who, notwithstanding the fashionable splendour in which she has been educated, displays a delightful sprightliness of manner that, I have some notion, has not been altogether lost on the heart of my brother.

When we returned upstairs to the drawing-room after dinner, Miss Arabella took her harp, and was on the point of favouring us with a Mozart ; but her mother, recollecting that we were Presbyterians, thought it might not be agreeable, and she desisted,—which I was sinful enough to regret ; but my mother was so evidently alarmed at the idea of playing on the harp on a Sunday night that I suppressed my own wishes,

in filial veneration for those of that respected parent. Indeed, fortunate it was that the music was not performed ; for, when we returned home, my father remarked with great solemnity that such a way of passing the Lord's night as we had passed it would have been a great sin in Scotland.

Captain Sabre, who called on us next morning, was so delighted when he understood that we were acquainted with his aunt that he lamented he had not happened to know it before, as he would, in that case, have met us there. He is, indeed, very attentive ; but I assure you that I feel no particular interest about him, for, although he is certainly a very handsome young man, he is not such a genius as my brother, and has no literary partialities. But literary accomplishments are, you know, foreign to the military profession, and if the captain has not distinguished himself by cutting up authors in the Reviews, he has acquired an honourable medal by overcoming the enemies of the civilised world at Waterloo.

To-night the playhouses open again, and we are going to the Oratorio, and the captain goes with us—a circumstance which I am the more pleased at as we are strangers, and he will tell us the names of the performers. My father made some scruple of consenting to be of the party ; but when he heard that an oratorio was a concert of sacred music, he thought it would be only a sinless deviation if he did. So he goes likewise. The captain, therefore, takes an early dinner with



us at five o'clock. Alas! to what changes am I doomed: that was the tea-hour at the manse of Garnock. Oh, when shall I revisit the primitive simplicities of my native scenes again! But neither time nor distance, my dear Bell, can change the affection with which I subscribe myself, ever affectionately, yours, RACHEL PRINGLE.

At the conclusion of this letter, the countenance of Mrs Glibbans was evidently so darkened that it daunted the company, like an eclipse of the sun when all nature is saddened.

"What think you, Mr Snodgrass," said that spirit-stricken lady, "what think you of this dining on the Lord's day, this playing on the harp, the carnal Mozarting of that ungodly family with whom the corrupt human nature of our friends has been chambering?"

Mr Snodgrass was at some loss for an answer, and hesitated; but Miss Mally Glencairn relieved him from his embarrassment by remarking that "the harp was a holy instrument," which somewhat troubled the settled orthodoxy of Mrs Glibbans's visage. "Had it been an organ," said Mr Snodgrass, dryly, "there might have been, perhaps, more reason to doubt; but (as Miss Mally justly remarks) the harp has been used from the days of King David in the performances of sacred music, together with the psalter, the timbrel, the sackbut, and the cymbal." The wrath of the polemical Deborah of

the Relief Kirk was somewhat appeased by this explanation, and she inquired in a more diffident tone whether a Mozart was not a metrical paraphrase of the song of Moses after the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea : "in which case, I must own," she observed, "that the sin and guilt of the thing is less grievous in the sight of HIM before whom all the actions of men are abominations."

Miss Isabella Todd, availing herself of this break in the conversation, turned round to Miss Nanny Eydent, and begged that she would read her letter from Mrs Pringle. We should do injustice, however, to honest worth and patient industry, were we, in thus introducing Miss Nanny to our readers, not to give them some account of her lowly and virtuous character.

Miss Nanny was the eldest of three sisters, the daughters of a shipmaster who was lost at sea when they were very young ; and, his all having perished with him, they were indeed, as their mother said, the children of Poverty and Sorrow. By the help of a little credit, the widow contrived, in a small shop, to eke out her days till Nanny was able to assist her. It was the intention of the poor woman to take up a girls' school for reading and knitting ; and Nanny was destined to instruct the pupils in that higher branch of accomplishment, the different stitches of the sampler. But about the time that Nanny was advancing to the requisite degree of perfec-

tion in chain-steek and pie-holes—, indeed, had made some progress in the Lord's prayer between two yew-trees—, tambouring was introduced at Irvine, and Nanny was sent to acquire a competent knowledge of that classic art, honoured by the fair hands of the beautiful Helen and the chaste and domestic Andromache. In this she instructed her sisters; and such was the fruit of their application and constant industry that her mother abandoned the design of keeping school, and continued to ply her little huxtry in more easy circumstances. The fluctuations of trade in time taught them that it would not be wise to trust to the loom, and accordingly Nanny was at some pains to learn mantua-making. And it was fortunate that she did so, for the tambouring gradually went out of fashion, and the flowering which followed suited less the infirm constitution of poor Nanny. The making of gowns for ordinary occasions led to the making of mournings, and the making of mournings naturally often caused Nanny to be called in at deaths, which, in process of time, promoted her to have the management of burials; and in this line of business she has now a large proportion of the genteelst in Irvine and its vicinity. In all her various engagements, her behaviour has been as blameless and obliging as her assiduity has been uniform; insomuch that the numerous ladies to whom she is known take a particular pleasure in supplying her with the newest patterns, and

earliest information respecting the varieties and changes of fashions. To the influence of the same good feelings in the breast of Mrs Pringle, Nanny was indebted for the following letter. How far the information which it contains may be deemed exactly suitable to the circumstances in which Miss Nanny's lot is cast, our readers may judge for themselves; but we are happy to state that it has proved of no small advantage to her. For since it has been known that she had received a full, true, and particular account of all manner of London fashions from so managing and notable a woman as the minister's wife of Garnock, her consideration has been so augmented in the opinion of the neighbouring gentlewomen that she is not only consulted as to funerals, but is often called in to assist in the decoration and arrangement of wedding-dinners, and other occasions of sumptuous banqueting; by which she is enabled, during the suspension of the flowering trade, to earn a lowly but a respected livelihood.

## LETTER XV.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Nanny Eydent, Mantua-maker, Seagate Head, Irvine.*

LONDON.

DEAR MISS NANNY,—Miss Mally Glencairn would tell you all how it happent that I was disabled, by our misfortunes in the ship, from riting to you konserning the London fashions as

I promist; for I wantit to be partikylar, and to say nothing but what I saw with my own eyes, that it might be servisable to you in your bizness. So now I will begin with the old king's burial, as you have sometimes okashon to lend a helping hand in that way at Irvine, and nothing could be more genteeler of the kind than a royal obsakew for a patron; but no living sole can give a distink account of this matter, for you know the old king was the father of his piple, and the croud was so great. Howsomever, we got into our own hired shaze at daylight; and when we were let out at the castel yett of Windsor, we went into the mob, and by-and-by we got within the castel walls, when great was the lamentation for the purdition of shawls and shoos, and the doctor's coat pouch was clippit off by a pocket-picker. We then ran to a wicket-gate, and up an old timber-stair with a rope ravel,<sup>1</sup> and then we got to a great pentit chamber called King George's Hall. After that we were allowt to go into another room full of guns and guards that told us all to be silent. So then we all went like sawlies,<sup>2</sup> holding our tongues in an awful manner, into a dysmal room hung with black cloth, and lighted with dum wax-candles in silver skonses, and men in a row all in mulancholic posters. At length and at last we came to the coffin; but although I was as partikylar as possible I could

<sup>1</sup> *Rope ravel.* Hand-rail of rope.

<sup>2</sup> *Sawlies.* Hired mourners.

see nothing that I would recommend. As for the interment: there was nothing but even-down wastrie—wax-candles blowing away in the wind, and flunkies as fou as pipers, and an unreverent mob that scarsely could demean themselves with decency as the body was going by; only the Duke of York, who carrit the head, had on no hat, which I think was the newest identical thing in the affair. But, really, there was nothing that could be recommended. Howsomever, I understood that there was no draigie,—which was a saving, for the bread and wine for such a multitude would have been a destruction to a lord's living. And this is the only point that the fashon set in the king's feunoral may be follot in Irvine.

Since the burial we have been to see the play, where the leddies were all in deep mourning; but, excepting that some had black gumfloors on their heads, I saw leetil for admiration—only that bugles, I can ashure you, are not worn at all this season. And surely, this murning must be a vast detrimint to bizness, for where there is no verietie there can be but leetil to do in your line. But one thing I should not forget, and that is that in the vera best houses, after tea and coffee after dinner, a cordial dram is handed about; but likewise I could observe that the fruit is not set on with the cheese, as in our part of the country, but comes, after the cloth is drawn, with the wine; and no such a thing as a punch-bowl is to be heard of within the four walls of London. Howsomever,

what I principally notised was that the tea and coffee is not made by the lady of the house, but out of the room : and brought in, without sugar or milk, on servors, every one helping himself : and only plain flimsy loaf and butter is served—no such thing as short-bread, seed-cake, bun, marmlet, or jeelly to be seen, which is an okonomical plan, and well worthy of adaptation in ginteel families with narrow incomes, in Irvine or elsewhere.

But when I tell you what I am now going to say, you will not be surprizt at the great wealth in London. I paid for a bumbeseen gown, not a bit better than the one that was made by you that the sore calamity befell, and no so fine neither, more than three times the price ; so you see, Miss Nanny, if you were going to pouse your fortune, you could not do better than pack up your ends and your awls and come to London. But ye're far better at home, for this is not a town for any creditable young woman like you to live in by herself ; and I am wearying to be back, though it's hard to say when the doctor will get his counts settlet. I wish you, howsomever, to mind the patches for the bed-cover that I was going to patch, for a licht afternoon seam, as the murning for the king will no be so general with you, and the spring fashions will be coming on to help my gathering.<sup>1</sup> So no more at present from your friend and well-wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

<sup>1</sup> *Gathering.* Gathering of patches, for the "licht afternoon seam."

## CHAPTER VI

### *Philosophy and Religion.*

ON Sunday morning, before going to church, Mr Micklewham called at the manse, and said that he wished particularly to speak to Mr Snodgrass. Upon being admitted, he found the young helper engaged at breakfast, with a book lying on his table, very like a volume of a new novel called *Ivanhoe* in its appearance ; but, of course, it must have been sermons done up in that manner to attract fashionable readers. As soon, however, as Mr Snodgrass saw his visitor, he hastily removed the book, and put it into the table-drawer.

The precentor, having taken a seat at the opposite side of the fire, began somewhat diffidently to mention that he had received a letter from the doctor that made him at a loss whether or not he ought to read it to the elders, as usual, after worship, (and therefore was desirous of consulting Mr Snodgrass on the subject), for it recorded, among other things, that the doctor had been at the playhouse, and Mr Micklewham was quite sure that Mr Craig would be neither to bind



nor to hold when he heard that, although the transgression was certainly mollified by the nature of the performance. As the clergyman, however, could offer no opinion until he saw the letter, the precentor took it out of his pocket, and Mr Snodgrass found the contents as follows :—

## LETTER XVI.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D.D., to Mr Micklenham,  
Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.*

LONDON.

DEAR SIR,—You will recollect that about twenty years ago there was a great sound throughout all the west that a playhouse in Glasgow had been converted into a tabernacle of religion. I remember that it was glad tidings to our ears in the parish of Garnock, and that Mr Craig, who had just been ta'en on for an elder that fall, was for having a thanksgiving day on the account thereof, holding it to be a signal manifestation of a new birth in the of-old-godly town of Glasgow, which had become slack in the way of well-doing, and the church therein lukewarm, like that of Laodicea. It was then said, as I well remember, that when the tabernacle was opened there had not been seen, since the Kaimslang wark, such a congregation as was there assembled,—which was a great proof that it's the matter handled, and not the place, that maketh pure; so that when

you and the elders hear that I have been at the theatre of Drury Lane, in London, you must not think that I was there to see a carnal stage play, whether tragical or comical, or that I would so far demean myself and my cloth as to be a witness to the chambering and wantonness of ne'er-do-weel playactors. No, Mr Micklewham, what I went to see was an oratorio, a most edifying exercise of psalmody and prayer, under the management of a pious gentleman of the name of Sir George Smart, who is, as I am informed, at the greatest pains to instruct the exhibitioners, they being, for the most part, before they get into his hands, poor uncultivated creatures from Italy, France, and Germany, and other atheistical and popish countries.

They first sung a hymn together very decently, and really with as much civilised harmony as could be expected from novices ; indeed, so well that I thought them almost as melodious as your own singing-class of the trades' lads from Kilwinning. Then there was one Mr Braham, a Jewish proselyte, that was set forth to show us a specimen of his proficiency. In the praying part, what he said was no objectionable as to the matter ; but he drawled in his manner to such a pitch that I thought he would have broken out into an even-down song, as I sometimes think of yourself when you spin out the last word in reading out the line<sup>1</sup> in a warm summer afternoon. In the hymn by

<sup>1</sup> Note A. *Education.*

himself, he did better ; he was, however, sometimes like to lose the tune, but the people gave him great encouragement when he got back again. Upon the whole, I had no notion that there was any such Christianity in practice among the Londoners, and I am happy to tell you that the house was very well filled, and the congregation wonderful attentive. No doubt that excellent man Mr W—— has a hand in these public strainings after grace ; but he was not there that night. For I have seen him, and, surely, at the sight I could not but say to myself that it's beyond the compass of the understanding of man to see what great things Providence worketh with small means,—for Mr W—— is a small creature. When I beheld his diminutive stature, and thought of what he had achieved for the poor negroes and others in the house of bondage, I said to myself that here the hand of Wisdom is visible, for the load of perishable mortality is laid lightly on his spirit, by which it is enabled to clap its wings and crow so crouselly on the dunghill top of this world, yea, even in the House of Parliament.

I was taken last Thursday morning to breakfast with him in his house at Kensington by an East India man, who is likewise surely a great saint. It was a heart-healing meeting of many of the godly, which he holds weekly in the season ; and we had such a warsle<sup>1</sup> of the spirit among us

<sup>1</sup> *Warsle.* Wrestling, striving.

that the like cannot be told. I was called upon to pray ; and a worthy gentleman said, when I was done, that he never had met with more apostolic simplicity. Indeed, I could see with the tail of my eye, while I was praying, that the chief saint himself was listening with a curious pleasant satisfaction.

As for our doings here anent the legacy, things are going forward in the regular manner ; but the expense is terrible, and I have been obliged to take up money on account. But as it was freely given by the agents, I am in the hopes all will end well ; for, considering that we are but strangers to them, they would not have assisted us in this matter had they not been sure of the means of payment in their own hands.

The people of London are surprising kind to us : we need not, if we thought proper ourselves, eat a dinner in our own lodgings. But it would ill become me, at my time of life, and with the character for sobriety that I have maintained, to show an example in my latter days of riotous living. Therefore, Mrs Pringle and her daughter and me have made a point of going nowhere three times in the week ; but as for Andrew Pringle, my son, he has forgathered with some acquaintance, and I fancy we will be obliged to let him take the length of his tether for a while. But not altogether without a curb neither. For the agent's son, young Mr Argent, had almost persuaded him to become a member of Parlia-

ment, which he said he could get him made for more than a thousand pounds less than the common price, the state of the new king's health having lowered the commodity of seats. But this I would by no means hear of : he is not yet come to years of discretion enough to sit in council, and, moreover, he has not been tried ; and no man, till he has out of doors shown something of what he is, should be entitled to power and honour within. Mrs Pringle, however, thought he might do as well as young Dunure ; but Andrew Pringle, my son, has not the solidity of head that Mr K\*\*\*\*dy has, and is over-free and out-spoken, and cannot take such pains to make his little go a great way, like that well-behaved young gentleman. But you will be grieved to hear that Mr K\*\*\*\*dy is in opposition to the government ; and, truly, I am at a loss to understand how a man of Whig principles can be an adversary to the House of Hanover. But I never meddled much in politick affairs, except at this time when I prohibited Andrew Pringle, my son, from offering to be a member of Parliament, notwithstanding the great bargain that he would have had of the place.

And (since we are on public concerns) I should tell you that I was minded to send you a newspaper at the second hand, every day when we were done with it. But when we came to inquire, we found that we could get the newspaper for a shilling a week every morning but Sunday, to

our breakfast, which was so much cheaper than buying a whole paper that Mrs Pringle thought it would be a great extravagance. And, indeed, when I came to think of the loss of time a newspaper every day would occasion to my people, I considered it would be very wrong of me to send you any at all. For I do think that honest folks in a far-off country parish should not make or meddle with the things that pertain to government—the more especially as it is well known that there is as much falsehood as truth in newspapers, and they have not the means of testing their statements. Not, however, that I am an advocate for passive obedience : God forbid ! On the contrary, if ever the time should come, in my day, of a saint-slaying tyrant attempting to bind the burden of prelatie abominations on our backs, such a blast of the gospel trumpet would be heard in Garnock as it does not become me to say ; but I leave it to you and others, who have experienced my capacity as a soldier of the Word so long, to think what it would then be.

Meanwhile, I remain, my dear Sir, your friend  
and pastor, Z. PRINGLE.

When Mr Snodgrass had perused this epistle, he paused some time, seemingly in doubt, and then he said to Mr Micklewham that, considering the view which the doctor had taken of the matter, and that he had not gone to the play-house for the motives which usually take bad

people to such places, he thought there could be no possible harm in reading the letter to the elders; and that Mr Craig, so far from being displeased, would doubtless be exceedingly rejoiced to learn that the playhouses of London were occasionally so well employed as on the night when the doctor was there.

Mr Mickleham then inquired if Mr Snodgrass had heard from Mr Andrew, and was answered in the affirmative; but the letter was not read. Why it was withheld our readers must guess for themselves; but we have been fortunate enough to obtain the following copy.

#### LETTER XVII.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Mr Charles Snodgrass.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As the season advances, London gradually unfolds, like Nature, all the variety of her powers and pleasures. By the Argents we have been introduced effectually into society, and have now only to choose our acquaintance among those whom we like best. I should employ another word than choose, for I am convinced that there is no choice in the matter. In his friendships and affections, man is subject to some inscrutable moral law, similar in its effects to what the chemists call affinity.

While under the blind influence of this sympathy, we, forsooth, suppose ourselves free agents ! But a truce with philosophy.

The amount of the legacy is now ascertained. The stock, however, in which a great part of the money is vested, being shut, the transfer to my father cannot be made for some time ; and till this is done my mother cannot be persuaded that we have yet got anything to trust to—an unfortunate notion which renders her very unhappy. The old gentleman himself takes no interest now in the business. He has got his mind at ease by the payment of all the legacies ; and, having fallen in with some of the members of that political junto, the Saints, who are worldly enough to link, as often as they can, into their association the powerful by wealth or talent, his whole time is occupied in assisting to promote their humbug ; and he has absolutely taken it into his head that the attention he receives from them for his subscriptions is on account of his eloquence as a preacher, and that, hitherto, he has been altogether in an error with respect to his own abilities. The effect of this is abundantly amusing ; but the source of it is very evident. Like most people who pass a sequestered life, he had formed an exaggerated opinion of public characters, and, on seeing them in reality so little superior to the generality of mankind, he imagines that he was all the time nearer to their level than he had ventured to suppose ;



and the discovery has placed him on the happiest terms with himself. It is impossible that I can respect his manifold excellent qualities and goodness of heart more than I do ; but there is an innocency in this simplicity which, while it often compels me to smile, makes me feel towards him a degree of tenderness somewhat too familiar for that filial reverence that is due from a son.

Perhaps, however, you will think me scarcely less under the influence of a similar delusion when I tell you that I have been somehow or other drawn also into an association, not indeed so public or potent as that of the Saints, but equally persevering in the objects for which it has been formed. The drift of the Saints, as far as I can comprehend the matter, is to procure the advancement to political power of men distinguished for the purity of their lives and the integrity of their conduct ; and in that way, I presume, they expect to effect the accomplishment of that blessed epoch, the Millennium, when the saints are to rule the whole earth. I do not mean to say that this is their decided and determined object : I only infer that it is the necessary tendency of their proceedings ; and I say it with all possible respect and sincerity that, as a public party, the Saints are not only perhaps the most powerful, but the party which, at present, best deserves power.

The association with which I have happened to become connected, however, is of a very dif-

ferent description. Their object is to pass through life with as much pleasure as they can obtain without doing anything unbecoming the rank of gentlemen, and the character of men of honour. We do not assemble such numerous meetings as the Saints, the Whigs, or the Radicals, nor are our speeches delivered with so much vehemence. We even, I think, tacitly exclude oratory. In a word : our meetings seldom exceed the perfect number of the muses ; and our object on these occasions is not so much to deliberate on plans of prospective benefits to mankind as to enjoy the present time for ourselves, under the temperate inspiration of a well-cooked dinner, flavoured with elegant wine, and just so much of mind as suits the fleeting topics of the day. T——, whom I formerly mentioned, introduced me to this delightful society. The members consist of about fifty gentlemen, who dine occasionally at each other's houses, the company being chiefly selected from the brotherhood, if that term can be applied to a circle of acquaintance, who, without any formal institution of rules, have gradually acquired a consistency that approximates to organisation. But the universe of this vast city contains a plurality of systems ; and the one into which I have been attracted may be described as that of the idle intellects. In general society, the members of our party are looked up to as men of taste and refinement, and are received with a degree of deference that bears some resemblance to the

respect paid to the hereditary endowment of rank. They consist either of young men who have acquired distinction at college, or of gentlemen of fortune who have a relish for intellectual pleasures, free from the acerbities of politics, or the dull formalities which so many of the pious think essential to their religious pretensions. The wealthy furnish the entertainments, which are always in a superior style, and the ingredient of birth is not requisite in the qualifications of a member, although some jealousy is entertained of professional men, and not a little of merchants. T——, to whom I am also indebted for this view of that circle of which he is the brightest ornament, gives a felicitous explanation of the reason. He says that professional men who are worth anything at all are always ambitious, and endeavour to make their acquaintance subservient to their own advancement; while merchants are liable to such casualties that their friends are constantly exposed to the risk of being obliged to sink them below their wonted equality by granting them favours in times of difficulty, or (what is worse) by refusing to grant them.

I am much indebted to you for the introduction to your friend G——. He is one of us; or, rather, he moves in an eccentric sphere of his own, which crosses, I believe, almost all the orbits of all the classed and classifiable systems of London. I found him exactly what you described, and we were on the frankest footing of old friends in the

course of the first quarter of an hour. He did me the honour to fancy that I belonged, as a matter of course, to some one of the literary fraternities of Edinburgh, and that I would be curious to see the associations of the learned here. What he said respecting them was highly characteristic of the man. "They are," said he, "the dullest things possible. On my return from abroad, I visited them all, expecting to find something of that easy disengaged mind which constitutes the charm of those of France and Italy. But in London, among those who have a character to keep up, there is such a vigilant circumspection that I should as soon expect to find nature in the ballets of the opera-house as genius at the established haunts of authors, artists, and men of science. Banks gives, I suppose officially, a public breakfast weekly, and opens his house for conversations on the Sundays. I found, at his breakfasts, tea and coffee, with hot rolls, and men of celebrity afraid to speak. At the conversations there was something even worse. A few plausible, talking fellows created a buzz in the room; and the merits of some paltry nicksack of mechanism or science was discussed. The party consisted, undoubtedly, of the most eminent men of their respective lines in the world; but they were each and all so apprehensive of having their ideas purloined that they took the most guarded care never to speak of anything that they deemed of the slightest consequence, or to hazard an opinion that might be called in question. The

man who either wishes to augment his knowledge, or to pass his time agreeably, will never expose himself to a repetition of the fastidious exhibitions of engineers and artists who have their talents at market. But such things are among the curiosities of London ; and if you have any inclination to undergo the initiating mortification of being treated as a young man who may be likely to interfere with their professional interests, I can easily get you introduced."

I do not know whether to ascribe these strictures of your friend to humour or misanthropy ; but they were said without bitterness,—indeed, so much as matters of course that at the moment I could not but feel persuaded they were just. I spoke of them to T——, who says that undoubtedly G——'s account of the exhibitions is true in substance ; but that it is his own sharp-sightedness which causes him to see them so offensively, for that ninety-nine out of the hundred in the world would deem an evening spent at the conversations of Sir Joseph Banks a very high intellectual treat.

G—— has invited me to dinner, and I expect some amusement ; for T——, who is acquainted with him, says that it is his fault to employ his mind too much on all occasions, and that, in all probability, there will be something, either in the fare or in the company, that I shall remember as long as I live. However, you shall hear all about it in my next.—Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

On the same Sunday on which Mr Micklewham consulted Mr Snodgrass as to the propriety of reading the doctor's letter to the elders, the following epistle reached the post-office of Irvine, and was delivered by Saunders Dickie himself at the door of Mrs Glibbans, to her servant lassie, who, as her mistress had gone to the Relief Church, told him that he would have to come for the postage the morn's morning. "Oh!" said Saunders, "there's naething to pay but my ain trouble, for it's frankit; but aiblins<sup>1</sup> the mistress will gi'e me a bit drappie, and so I'll come betimes i' the morning."

## LETTER XVIII.

*Mrs Pringle to Mrs Glibbans.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR MRS GLIBBANS,—The breking up of the old parliament has been the cause why I did not right you before, it having taken it out of my poor to get a frank for my letter till yesterday; and I do ashure you that I was most extraordinar uneasy at the great delay, wishing much to let you know the decayt state of the gospel in thir perts, which is the pleasure of your life to study by day, and meditate on in the watches of the night.

There is no want of going to church: if that

<sup>1</sup> *Aiblins.* Perhaps.

was a sign of grease and peese in the kingdom of Christ, the toun of London might hold a high head in the tabernacles of the faithful and true witnesses. But (saving Dr Nichol of Swallo Street, and Dr Manuel of London Wall) there is nothing sound in the way of preeching here; and when I tell you that Mr John Gant, your friend, and some other flea-lugged fallows, have set up a Heelon congregation, and got a young man to preach Erse to the English, ye maun think in what a state sinful souls are left in London. But what I have been the most consarned about is the state of the dead. I am no meaning those who are dead in trespasses and sins, but the true dead. Ye will hardly think that they are buried in a popish-like manner, with prayers, and white gowns, and ministers, and spadefuls of yerd<sup>1</sup> cast upon them, and laid in vaults, like kists of orangers in a grocery seller; and I am told that after a time they are taken out when the vault is shurfeeted, and their bones brunt, (if they are no made into lamp-black by a secret wark),—which is a clean proof to me that a right doctrine cannot be established in this land, there being so little respec shone to the dead.

The worst point, howsomever, of all is—What is done with the prayers? I have heard you say that, although there was nothing more to objec to the wonderful Doctor Chammers of Glasgou, his reading of his sermons was testimony against

<sup>1</sup> Yerd. Earth.

him in the great controversy of sound doctrine ; but what will you say to reading of prayers, and no only reading of prayers, but printed prayers, as if the contrite heart of the sinner had no more to say to the Lord, in the hour of fasting and humiliation, than what a bishop can indite and a bookseller make profit o' ? " Verily," as I may say, in a word of scripiter, I doobt if the glad tidings of salvation have yet been preeched in this land of London ; but the ministers have good stipends, and where the ground is well manured it may in time bring forth fruit meet for repentance.

There is another thing that behoves me to mention, and that is that an elder is not to be seen in the churches of London, which is a sore signal that the piple are left to themselves. And in what state the morality can be, you may guess with an eye of pity. But on the Sabbath nights there is such a going and coming that it's more like a cried fair than the Lord's night—all sorts of poor people, instead of meditating on their bygane toil and misery of the week, making the Sunday their own day, as if they had not a greater Master to serve on that day than the earthly man whom they served in the week-days. It is, howsomever, past the poor of nature to tell you of the sinfulness of London ; and you may well think what is to be the end of all things when I ashure you that there is a newspaper sold every Sabbath morning, and read by those that never look at



their Bibles. Our landlady asked us if we would take one; but I thought the doctor would have fired the house,—and you know it is not a small thing that kindles his passion. In short: London is not a place to come to hear the tidings of salvation preached; no that I mean to deny that there is not herine more than five righteous persons in it,—and I trust the cornal's hagent is one, for if he is not, we are undone, having been obligated to take on already more than a hundred pounds of debt to the account of our living, and the legacy yet in the dead-throws.<sup>1</sup> But, as I mean this for a spiritual letter, I will say no more about the root of all evil (as it is called in the words of truth and holiness); so, referring you to what I have told Miss Mally Glencairn about the legacy, and other things nearest my heart, I remain, my dear Mrs Glibbans, your fellou Christian and sinner,

JANET PRINGLE.

Mrs Glibbans received this letter between the preachings, and it was observed by all her acquaintance during the afternoon service that she was a laden woman. Instead of standing up at the prayers, as her wont was, she kept her seat, sitting with downcast eyes, and ever and anon her left hand, which was laid over her book on the reading-board of the pew, was raised and allowed to drop with a particular moral emphasis, bespeaking the mournful cogitations of her spirit. On leaving

<sup>1</sup> *In the 'dead-throws.* Left unsettled.

the church, somebody whispered to the minister that surely Mrs Glibbans had heard some sore news; upon which that meek, mild, and modest good soul hastened towards her, and inquired, with more than his usual kindness, How she was? Her answer was brief and mysterious; and she shook her head in such a manner that showed him all was not right.

"Have you heard lately of your friends the Pringles?" said he, in his sedate manner. "When do they think of leaving London?"

"I wish they may ever get out o't," was the agitated reply of the afflicted lady.

"I am very sorry to hear you say so," responded the minister. "I thought all was in a fair way to an issue of the settlement. I'm very sorry to hear this."

"Oh, sir!" said the mourner, "don't think that I am grieved for them and their legacy—filthy lucre! No, sir; but I have had a letter that has made my hair stand on end. Be none surprised if you hear of the earth opening, and London swallowed up, and a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Woe, woe!'"

The gentle priest was much surprised by this information: it was evident that Mrs Glibbans had received a terrible account of the wickedness of London, and that the weight upon her pious spirit was owing to that cause. He accompanied her home, therefore, and administered all the consolation he was able to give, assuring her that it

was in the power of Omnipotence to convert the stony heart into one of flesh and tenderness, and to raise the British metropolis out of the miry clay, and place it on a hill, as a city that could not be hid ; which Mrs Glibbans was so thankful to hear, that, as soon as he had left her, she took her tea in a satisfactory frame of mind, and went the same night to Miss Mally Glencairn to hear what Mrs Pringle had said to her. No visit ever happened more opportunely, for, just as Mrs Glibbans knocked at the door, Miss Isabella Todd made her appearance. She also had received a letter from Rachel, in which it will be seen that reference was made likewise to Mrs Pringle's epistle to Miss Mally.

## LETTER XIX.

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

LONDON.

MY DEAR BELL,—How delusive are the flatteries of fortune ! The wealth that has been showered upon us, beyond all our hopes, has brought no pleasure to my heart ; and I pour my unavailing sighs for your absence when I would communicate the cause of my unhappiness. Captain Sabre has been most assiduous in his attentions ; and I must confess to your sympathising bosom that I do begin to find that he has an interest in mine. But my mother will not listen to his proposals,

nor allow me to give him any encouragement till the fatal legacy is settled. What can be her motive for this I am unable to divine; for the captain's fortune is far beyond what I could ever have expected without the legacy, and equal to all I could hope for with it. If, therefore, there is any doubt of the legacy being paid, she should allow me to accept him; and if there is none, what can I do better? In the meantime, we are going about seeing the sights; but the general mourning is a great drawback on the splendour of gaiety. It ends, however, next Sunday, and then the ladies, like the spring flowers, will be all in full blossom. I was with the Argents at the opera on Saturday last, and it far surpassed my ideas of grandeur. But the singing was not good: I never could make out the end or the beginning of a song, and it was drowned with the violins; the scenery, however, was lovely; but I must not say a word about the dancers, only that the females behaved in a manner so shocking that I could scarcely believe it was possible for the delicacy of our sex to do. They are, however, all foreigners, who are, you know, naturally of a licentious character, especially the French women.

We have taken an elegant house in Baker Street where we go on Monday next, and our own new carriage is to be home in the course of the week. All this, which has been done by the advice of Mrs Argent, gives my mother great

uneasiness,—in case anything should yet happen to the legacy. My brother, however, who knows the law better than she, only laughs at her fears; and my father has found such a wonderful deal to do in religion here that he is quite delighted, and is busy from morning to night in writing letters and giving charitable donations. I am soon to be no less busy, but in another manner. Mrs Argent has advised us to get in accomplished masters for me; so that, as soon as we are removed into our own local habitation, I am to begin with drawing and music and the foreign languages. I am not to learn much of the piano, however: Mrs A. thinks it would take up more time than I can now afford; but I am to be cultivated in my singing, and she is to try if the master that taught Miss Stephens has an hour to spare, and to use her influence to persuade him to give it to me, although he only receives pupils for perfectioning, except they belong to families of distinction.

My brother had a hankering to be made a member of Parliament, and got Mr Charles Argent to speak to my father about it; but neither he nor my mother would hear of such a thing,—which I was very sorry for, as it would have been so convenient to me for getting franks, and I wonder my mother did not think of that, as she grudges nothing so much as the price of postage. But nothing do I grudge so little, especially when it is a letter from you. Why

do you not write me oftener, and tell me what is saying about us, particularly by that spiteful toad Becky Glibbans, who never could hear of any good happening to her acquaintance without being as angry as if it was obtained at her own expense?

I do not like Miss Argent so well on acquaintance as I did at first. Not that she is not a very fine lassie; but she gives herself such airs at the harp and piano, because she can play every sort of music at the first sight, and sing, by looking at the notes, any song, although she never heard it, which may be very well in a playactor or a governess that has to win her bread by music. But I think the education of a modest young lady might have been better conducted.

Through the civility of the Argents, we have been introduced to a great number of families, and been much invited; but all the parties are so ceremonious that I am never at my ease. My brother says this is owing to my rustic education,—which I cannot understand; for although the people are finer dressed, and the dinners and rooms grander, than what I have seen, either at Irvine or at Kilmarnock, the company are no wiser, and I have not met with a single literary character among them. And what are ladies and gentlemen without mind but a well-dressed mob! It is to mind alone that I am at all disposed to pay the homage of diffidence.

The acquaintance of the Argents are all of the first circle, and we have got an invitation to a rout from the Countess of J\*\*\*\*y, in consequence of meeting her with them. She is a charming woman, and I anticipate great pleasure. Miss Argent, however, says she is ignorant and presuming; but how is it possible that she can be so, as she was an earl's daughter, and bred up for distinction? Miss Argent may be presuming; but a countess is necessarily above that. At least, it would only become a duchess or marchioness to say so. This, however, is not the only occasion in which I have seen the detraactive disposition of that young lady, who, with all her simplicity of manners and great accomplishments, is, you will perceive, just like ourselves, rustic, as she doubtless thinks our breeding has been.

I have observed that nobody in London inquires about who another is, and that in company every one is treated on an equality, unless when there is some remarkable personal peculiarity; so that one really knows nothing of those whom one meets. But my paper is full, and I must not take another sheet as my mother has a letter to send in the same frank to Miss Mally Glencairn.—Believe me, ever affectionately, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

The three ladies knew not very well what to make of this letter. They thought there was a

change in Rachel's ideas, and that it was not for the better; and Miss Isabella expressed, with a sentiment of sincere sorrow, that the acquisition of fortune seemed to have brought out some unamiable traits in her character, which, perhaps, had she not been exposed to the companions and temptations of the great world, would have slumbered, unfelt by herself and unknown to her friends.

Mrs Glibbans declared that it was a waking of original sin, which the iniquity of London was bringing forth, as the heat of summer causes the rosin and sap to issue from the bark of the tree. In the meantime, Miss Mally had opened her letter, of which we subjoin a copy.

## LETTER XX.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

LONDON.

DEAR MISS MALLY,—I greatly stand in need of your advise and counsel at this time. The doctor's affair comes on at a fearful slow rate, and the money goes like snow off a dyke. It is not to be told what has been paid for legacy-duty, and no legacy yet in hand; and we have been obligated to lift a whole hundred pounds out of the residue,—and what that is to be the Lord only knows. But Miss Jenny Macbride, she has got her thousand pound, all in one bank-



bill, sent to her; Thomas Bowie, the doctor in Ayr, he has got his five hundred pounds; and auld Nanse Sorrel, that was nurse to the cornal, she has got the first year of her twenty pounds a year; but we have gotten nothing, and I jealouse that, if things go on at this rate, there will be nothing to get. And what will become of us then, after all the trubble and outlay that we have been pot to by this coming to London?

Howsomever, this is the black side of the story. For Mr Charles Argent, in a jocose way, proposed to get Andrew made a parliament member for three thousand pounds, which he said was cheap,—and surely he would not have thought of such a thing, had he not known that Andrew would have the money to pay for't; and, over and above this, Mrs Argent has been recommending Captain Sabre to me for Rachel, and she says he is a stated gentleman, with two thousand pounds rental, and her nephew,—and surely she would not think Rachel a match for him unless she had an inkling from her gudeman of what Rachel's to get. But I have told her that we would think of nothing of the sort till the counts war settled; which she may tell to her gudeman, and, if he approves the match, it will make him hasten on the settlement. For really I am growing tired of this London, whar I am just like a fish out of the water. The Englishers are sae obstinate in their own way that I can get them to do nothing like Christians; and, what is most provoking of all,

their ways are very good when you know them, but they have no instink to teach a body how to learn them. Just this very morning I told the lass to get a jiggot of mutton for the morn's dinner, and she said there was not such a thing to be had in London, and threepit<sup>1</sup> it till I couldna stand her; and, had it not been that Mr Argent's French servan' man happened to come with a cart (inviting us to a ball) and understood what a jiggot was, I might have reasoned till the day of doom without redress. As for the doctor, I declare he's like an enchantit person, for he has fallen in with a party of the elect here (as he says), and they have a kilfud yoking<sup>2</sup> every Thursday at the house of Mr W——, where the doctor has been, and was asked to pray, and did it with great effec, which has made him so up in the buckle that he does nothing but go to Bible socceyetis, and mishonary meetings, and cherity sarmons, which cost a poor of money.

But what consarns me more than all is that the temptations of this vanity fair have turnt the head of Andrew, and he has bought two horses, with an English man servan', which, you know, is an eating moth. But how he payt for them, and whar he is to keep them, is past the compass of my understanding. In short, if the legacy does not cast up soon, I see nothing left for us but to leave the world as a legacy to you all, for my

<sup>1</sup> *Threepit*. Kept insisting.

<sup>2</sup> *Kilfud yoking*. Literally, disputation round the kiln fire.

heart will be broken ; and I often wish that the cornal hadna made us his residees, but only given us a clean soom, like Miss Jenny Macbride, although it had been no more. For, my dear Miss Mally, it does not doo for a woman of my time of life to be taken out of her element, and, instead of looking after her family with a thrifty eye, to be sitting dressed all day seeing the money fleeing like sclate stanes. But what I have to tell is worse than all this : we have been persuaded to take a furnisht house, where we go on Monday ; and we are to pay for it, for three months, no less than a hundred and fifty pounds, which is more than the half of the doctor's whole stipend is, when the meal is twentypence the peck ; and we are to have three servan' lassies, beside Andrew's man, and the coachman that we have hired altogether for ourselves (having been persuaded to trist a new carriage of our own by the Argents, which I trust the Argents will find money to pay for) ; and masters are to come in to teach Rachel the fashionable accomplishments, Mrs Argent thinking she was rather old now to be sent to a boarding-school. But what I am to get to do for so many vorashous servants is dreadful to think, there being no such thing as a wheel within the four walls of London ; and, if there was, the Englishers know nothing about spinning. In short, Miss Mally, I am driven dimentit. I wish I could get the doctor to come home with me to our manse, and leave all to Andrew and

Rachel, with kurators ; but, as I said, he's as mickle by himself as onybody, and says that his candle has been hidden under a bushel at Garnock more than thirty years, which looks as if the poor man was fey.<sup>1</sup> Howsomever, he's happy in his delooshon ; for if he was afflictit with that forethought and wisdom that I have, I know not what would be the upshot of all this calamity. But we maun hope for the best ; and, happen what will, I am, dear Miss Mally, your sincere friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

Miss Mally sighed as she concluded, and said, " Riches do not always bring happiness ; and poor Mrs Pringle would have been far better looking after her cows and her butter, and keeping her lassies at their wark, than with all this galravitching<sup>2</sup> and grandeur."

" Ah !" added Mrs Glibbans, " she's now a testifyer to the truth — she's now a testifyer. Happy it will be for her if she's enabled to make a sanctified use of the dispensation."

<sup>1</sup> *Fey*. Near his end.

<sup>2</sup> *Galravitching*. Wasteful ongoing.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Discoveries and Rebellions.*

ONE evening as Mr Snodgrass was taking a solitary walk towards Irvine, for the purpose of calling on Miss Mally Glencairn to inquire what had been her latest accounts from their mutual friends in London, and to read to her a letter which he had received two days before from Mr Andrew Pringle, he met, near Eglintoun Gates, that pious woman, Mrs Glibbans, coming to Garnock, brimful of some most extraordinary intelligence. The air was raw and humid, and the ways were deep and foul; she was, however, protected without, and tempered within, against the dangers of both. Over her venerable satin mantle, lined with cat-skin, she wore a scarlet duffle<sup>1</sup> Bath cloak, with which she was wont to attend the tent sermons of the Kilwinning and Dreghorn preachings<sup>2</sup> in cold and inclement weather. Her black silk petticoat was pinned up that it might not receive injury from the nimble paddling of her short steps in the mire; and she carried her best shoes

<sup>1</sup> *Duffle.* A coarse woollen cloth with a thick nap.

<sup>2</sup> Note A. *Communion Services.*

and stockings in a handkerchief to be changed at the manse, and had fortified her feet for the road in coarse worsted hose, and thick plain-soled leather shoes.

Mr Snodgrass proposed to turn back with her; but she would not permit him. "No, sir," said she: "what I am about you cannot meddle in. You are here but a stranger—come to-day and gane to-morrow—; and it does not pertain to you to sift into the doings that have been done before your time. Oh dear! But this is a sad thing—nothing like it since the silencing of M'Auly of Greenock. What will the worthy doctor say when he hears tell o't? Had it fa'n out with that neighering body, James Daff, I wouldna hae car't a snuff of tobacco; but wi' Mr Craig, a man so gifted wi' the power of the Spirit, as I hae often had a delightful experience! Ay, ay, Mr Snodgrass, take heed lest ye fall: we maun all lay it to heart; but I hope the trooper is still within the jurisdiction of church censures. She shouldna be spair't. Nae doubt, the fault lies with her, and it is that I am going to search, —yea, as with a lighted candle."

Mr Snodgrass expressed his inability to understand to what Mrs Glibbans alluded, and a very long and interesting disclosure took place, the substance of which may be gathered from the following letter. The immediate and instigating cause of the lady's journey to Garnock was the alarming intelligence which she had that day

received of Mr Craig's servant-damsel, Betty, having, by the style and title of Mrs Craig, sent for Nanse Swaddle, the midwife, to come to her in her own case ; which seemed to Mrs Glibbans nothing short of a miracle, Betty having, the very Sunday before, helped the kettle when she drank tea with Mr Craig, and sat at the room-door, on a buffet-stool brought from the kitchen, while he performed family worship, to the great solace and edification of his visitor.

## LETTER XXI.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D.D., to Mr Micklenwham,  
Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.*

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 24th, which has given me a great surprise to hear that Mr Craig was married, as far back as Christmas, to his own servant-lass Betty, and me to know nothing of it, nor you neither, until it was time to be speaking to the midwife. To be sure, Mr Craig, who is an elder and a very rigid man in his animadversions on the immoralities that come before the Session, must have had his own good reasons for keeping his marriage so long a secret. Tell him from me, however, that I wish both him and Mrs Craig much joy and felicity ; but that he should be milder for the future on the thoughtlessness of youth and headstrong passions. Not that I insinuate that there has

been any occasion in the conduct of such a godly man to cause a suspicion ;— but it's wonderful how he was married in December, and I cannot say that I am altogether so proud to hear it as I am at all times of the well-doing of my people. Really, the way that Mr Daff has comported himself in this matter is greatly to his credit ; and I doubt that, if the thing had happened with him, Mr Craig would have sifted with a sharp eye how he came to be married in December, and without bridal and banquet. For my part, I could not have thought it of Mr Craig ; but it's done now, and the less we say about it the better. So I think, with Mr Daff, that it must be looked over ; but when I return, I will speak to both the husband and wife, and not without letting them have an inkling of what I think about their being married in December, which was a great shame, even if there was no sin in it. But I will say no more. For truly, Mr Micklewham, the longer we live in this world, and the farther we go, and the better we know ourselves, the less reason have we to think slightly of our neighbours ; but the more to convince our hearts and understandings that we are all prone to evil and desperately wicked. For where does hypocrisy not abound ? And I have had my own experience here that what a man is to the world, and to his own heart, is a very different thing.

In my last letter, I gave you a pleasing notification of the growth, as I thought, of spirituality in



this Babylon of deceitfulness, thinking that you and my people would be gladdened with the tidings of the repute and estimation in which your minister was held ; and I have dealt largely in the way of public charity. But I doubt that I have been governed by a spirit of ostentation, and not with that lowly-mindedness without which all almsgiving is but a serving of the altars of Belzebub ; for the chastening hand has been laid upon me, but with the kindness and pity which a tender father hath for his dear children.

I was requested by those who come so cordially to me with their subscription papers, for schools and suffering worth, to preach a sermon to get a collection. I have no occasion to tell you, when I exert myself, what effect I can produce ; and I never made so great an exertion before, which in itself was a proof that it was with the two bladders, pomp and vanity, that I had committed myself to swim on the uncertain waters of London, for surely my best exertions were due to my people. But when the Sabbath came upon which I was to hold forth, how were my hopes withered and my expectations frustrated ! Oh, Mr Micklewham, what an inattentive congregation was yonder ! Many slumbered and slept, and I sowed the words of truth and holiness in vain upon their barren and stony hearts. There is no true grace among some that I shall not name, for I saw them whispering and smiling like the scorers, and altogether heedless unto the precious things of

my discourse: which could not have been the case had they been sincere in their professions, for I never preached more to my own satisfaction on any occasion whatsoever,—and, when I return to my own parish, you shall hear what I said, as I will preach the same sermon over again, for I am not going now to print it, as I did once think of doing, and to have dedicated it to Mr W——.

We are going about in an easy way, seeing what is to be seen in the shape of curiosities; but the whole town is in a state of ferment with the election of members to Parliament. I have been to see't, both in the Guildhall and at Covent Garden, and it's a frightful thing to see how the Radicals roar like bulls of Bashan, and put down the speakers in behalf of the Government. I hope no harm will come of yon; but I must say that I prefer our own quiet, canny, Scotch way at Irvine. Well do I remember (for it happened in the year I was licensed) that the Town Council, the Lord Eglinton that was shot<sup>1</sup> being then Provost, took in the late Thomas Bowet to be a councillor; and Thomas, not being versed in election matters, yet minding to please his lordship (for, like the rest of the Council, he had always a proper veneration for those in power), he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting; whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him, "Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say what Bailie Shaw says, for

<sup>1</sup> As related in the *Annals of the Parish*.

he will do what my Lord bids him." Which was as peaceful a way of sending up a member to Parliament as could well be devised.

But you know that politics are far from my hand: they belong to the temporalities of the community, and the ministers of peace and goodwill to man should neither make nor meddle with them. I wish, however, that these tumultuous elections were well over, for they have had an effect on the per cents., where our bit legacy is funded, and it would terrify you to hear what we have thereby already lost. We have not, however, lost so much but that I can spare a little to the poor among my people; so you will, in the dry weather, after the seed-time, hire two-three thackers to mend the thack on the roofs of such of the cottars' houses as stand in need of mending, and banker M——y will pay the expense. And I beg you to go to him on receipt hereof, for he has a line for yourself, which you will be sure to accept as a testimony from me for the great trouble that my absence from the parish has given to you among my people; and I am, dear Sir, your friend and pastor, Z. PRINGLE.

As Mrs Glibbans would not permit Mr Snodgrass to return with her to the manse, he pursued his journey alone to the Kirkgate of Irvine, where he found Miss Mally Glencairn on the eve of sitting down to her solitary tea. On seeing her visitor enter, after the first compliments on the

state of health and weather were over, she expressed her hopes that he had not drank tea; and, on receiving a negative, (which she did not quite expect, as she thought he had been perhaps invited by some of her neighbours), she put in an additional spoonful on his account, and brought from her corner cupboard with the glass door an ancient French pickle-bottle, in which she had preserved, since the great tea-drinking formerly mentioned, the remainder of the two ounces of carvey, the best, Mrs Nanse bought for that memorable occasion. A short conversation then took place relative to the Pringles; and, while the tea was masking,—for Miss Mally said it took a long time to draw,—she read to him the following letter.

## LETTER XXII.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

MY DEAR MISS MALLY,—Trully, it may be said that the crown of England is upon the downfal, and surely we are all seething in the pot of revolution, for the scum is mounting uppermost. Last week, no farther gone than on Mononday, we came to our new house heer in Baker Street; but it's nather to be bakit nor brewt what I hav sin syne suffert. You no my way, and that I like a bein<sup>1</sup> house, but no wastrie, and so I needna

<sup>1</sup> *Bein.* Well-provided.

tell yoo that we hav had good diners ;—to be sure, there was not a meerakle left to fill five baskets every day, but an abundance, with a proper kitchen of breed, to fill the bellies of four dumasticks. Howsomever, lo and behold ! what was clecking<sup>1</sup> downstairs. On Saturday morning, as we were sitting at our breakfast, the doctor reading the newspapers, who shoud com intil the room but Andrew's grum, follo't by the rest, to give us warning that they were all going to quat our sairvice, becas they were starvit. I thocht that I would hav fentit cauld deed ; but the doctor, who is a consiederat man, inquirt what made them starve, and then there was such an approbrious cry about cold meet and bare bones, and no beer. It was an evendoun resurection : a rebellion waur than the forty-five. In short, Miss Mally, to make a leetle of a lang tail, they would have a hot joint day and day about, and a tree of yill<sup>2</sup> to stand on the gauntress for their draw and drink, with a cock and a pail ; and we were obligated to evacuate to their terms, and to let them go to their wark with flying colors. So you see how dangerous it is to live among this piple, and their noshans of liberty.

You will see by the newspapers that there's a lection going on for parliament. It maks my corruption to rise to hear of such doings ; and if I

<sup>1</sup> *Clecking.* Hatching.

<sup>2</sup> *A tree of yill.* A barrel of ale.

was a government, as I'm but a woman, I would put them doon with the strong hand, just to be revenged on the proud stomaks of these het and fou English.

We have gotten our money in the pesents put into our name; but I have had no peese since, for they have fallen in price three eight parts, (which is very near a half); and if they go at this rate, where will all our legacy soon be? I have no goo<sup>1</sup> of the pesents; so we are on the look-out for a landed estate, being a shure thing.

Captain Saber is still sneking after Rachel, and, if she were awee perfited in her accomplugments, it's no saying what might happen, for he's a fine lad; but she's o'er young to be the heed of a family. Howsomever, the Lord's will maun be done; and if there is to be a match, she'll no have to fight for gentility with a straitent circumstance.

As for Andrew, I wish he was weel settlt; and we have our hopes that he's beginning to draw up with Miss Argent, who will have, no doobt, a great fortune, and is a treasure of a creature in herself, being just as simple as a lamb. But, to be sure, she has had every advantage of edication, being brought up in a most fashionable boarding-school.

I hope you have got the box I sent by the smak, and that you like the patron of the goon.—So no more at present, but remains, dear Miss Mally, your sinsaire friend, JANET PRINGLE.

<sup>1</sup> Goo. Fr. *Gout*; favour.

"The box that Mrs Pringle speaks about," said Miss Mally, "came last night. It contains a very handsome present to me and to Miss Bell Todd. The gift to me is from Mrs P. herself, and Miss Bell's from Rachel; but that ettercap,<sup>1</sup> Becky Glibbans, is flying through the town like a spunky,<sup>2</sup> mislikening the one and misca'ing the other. Everybody, however, kens that it's only spite that gars her speak. It's a great pity that she could na be brought to a sense of religion, like her mother, who, in her younger days, they say, was na to seek at a clashing."<sup>3</sup>

Mr Snodgrass expressed his surprise at this account of the faults of that exemplary lady's youth; but he thought of her holy anxiety to sift into the circumstances of Betty, the elder's servant, becoming in one day Mrs Craig and the same afternoon sending for the midwife. And he prudently made no other comment; for the characters of all preachers were in her hands, and he had the good fortune to stand high in her favour, as a young man of great promise. In order, therefore, to avoid any discussion respecting moral merits, he read the following letter from Andrew Pringle.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ettercap*. A spider; then, a venomous body.

<sup>2</sup> *Spunky*. Will o' the wisp.

<sup>3</sup> *Was na to seek at a clashing*. Took a leading place at a gossiping.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—London, undoubtedly, affords the best and the worst specimens of the British character; but there is a certain townish something about the inhabitants in general of which I find it extremely difficult to convey any idea. Compared with the English of the country, there is apparently very little difference between them; but still there is a difference, and of no small importance in a moral point of view. The country peculiarity is like the bloom of the plum, or the down of the peach, which the fingers of infancy cannot touch without injuring; but this felt but not describable quality of the town character is as the varnish which brings out more vividly the colours of a picture, and may be freely and evenly rudely handled. The women, for example, although as chaste in principle as those of any other community, possess none of that innocent, untempted simplicity which is more than half the grace of virtue; many of them, and even young ones, too, “in the first freshness of their virgin beauty,” speak of the conduct and vocation of “the erring sisters of the sex” in a manner that often amazes me, and has, in more than one instance, excited unpleasant feelings towards the



fair satirists. This moral taint (for I can consider it as nothing less) I have heard defended; but only by men who are supposed to have had a large experience of the world, and, perhaps, on that account, are not the best judges of female delicacy. Every woman may be at heart a rake, as Pope says; but it is for the interests of the domestic affections, which are the very elements of virtue, to cherish the notion that women, as they are physically more delicate than men, are also so morally.

But the absence of delicacy,—the bloom of virtue,—is not peculiar to the females: it is characteristic of all the varieties of the metropolitan mind. The artifices of the medical quacks are things of universal ridicule; but the sin, though in a less gross form, pervades the whole of that sinister system by which much of the superiority of this vast metropolis is supported. The state of the periodical press—that great organ of political instruction—the unruly tongue of liberty—strikingly confirms the justice of this misanthropic remark.

G—— had the kindness, by way of a treat to me, to collect, the other day at dinner, some of the most eminent editors of the London journals. I found them men of talent, certainly, and much more men of the world than “the cloistered student from his paling lamp;” but I was astonished to find it considered, tacitly, as a sort of maxim among them, that an intermediate

party was not bound by any obligation of honour to withhold, further than his own discretion suggested, any information of which he was the accidental depositary, whatever the consequences might be to his informant, or to those affected by the communication. In a word, they seemed all to care less about what might be true than what would produce effect, and that effect for their own particular advantage. It is impossible to deny that, if interest is made the criterion by which the confidences of social intercourse are to be respected, the persons who admit this doctrine will have but little respect for the use of names, or not deem it any reprehensible delinquency to suppress truth, or to blazon falsehood. In a word, man in London is not quite so good a creature as he is out of it. The rivalry of interests here is too intense: it impairs the affections, and occasions speculations, both in morals and in politics, which I much suspect it would puzzle a casuist to prove blameless. Can anything, for example, be more offensive to the calm spectator than the elections which are now going on? Is it possible that this country, so much smaller in geographical extent than France, and so inferior in natural resources, restricted, too, by those ties and obligations which were thrown off as fetters by that country during the late war, could have attained, in despite of her, such a lofty pre-eminence,—become the foremost of all the world,—had it not been governed in a manner

congenial to the spirit of the people, and with great practical wisdom? It is absurd to assert that there are no corruptions in the various modifications by which the affairs of the British Empire are administered; but it would be difficult to show that, in the present state of morals and interests among mankind, corruption is not a necessary evil. I do not mean necessary as evolved from those morals and interests, but necessary to the management of political trusts. I am afraid, however, to insist on this, as the natural integrity of your own heart, and the dignity of your vocation, will alike induce you to condemn it as Machiavellian. It is, however, an observation forced on me by what I have seen here.

It would be invidious, perhaps, to criticise the different candidates for the representation of London and Westminster very severely. I think it must be granted that they are as sincere in their professions as their opponents, which at least bleaches away much of that turpitude of which their political conduct is accused by those who are of a different way of thinking. It is quite evident, at least to me, that no Government could exist a week, managed with that subjection to public opinion to which Sir Francis Burdett and Mr Hobhouse apparently submit; and it is no less certain that no Government ought to exist a single day that would act in complete defiance of public opinion.

I was surprised to find Sir Francis Burdett an uncommonly mild and gentlemanly-looking man. I had pictured somehow to my imagination a dark and morose character; but, on the contrary, in his appearance, deportment, and manner of speaking, he is eminently qualified to attract popular applause. His style of speaking is not particularly oratorical, but he has the art of saying bitter things in a sweet way. In his language, however, although pungent, and sometimes even eloquent, he is singularly incorrect. He cannot utter a sequence of three sentences without violating common grammar in the most atrocious way; and his tropes and figures are so distorted, hashed, and broken,—such a patchwork of different patterns,—that you are bewildered if you attempt to make them out. But the earnestness of his manner, and a certain fitness of character in his observations, a kind of Shaksperian pithiness, redeem all this. Besides, his manifold blunders of syntax do not offend the taste of those audiences where he is heard with the most approbation.

Hobhouse speaks more correctly; but he lacks the conciliatory advantages of personal appearance, and his physiognomy, though indicating considerable strength of mind, is not so prepossessing. He is evidently a man of more education than his friend, (that is, of more reading, perhaps also of more various observation), but he has less genius. His tact is coarser, and,

though he speaks with more vehemence, he seldom touches the sensibilities of his auditors. He may have observed mankind in general more extensively than Sir Francis; but he is far less acquainted with the feelings and associations of the English mind. There is also a wariness about him which I do not like so well as the imprudent ingenuousness of the baronet. He seems to me to have a cause in hand—Hobhouse *versus* Existing Circumstances—and to consider the multitude as the jurors on whose decision his advancement in life depends. But in this I may be uncharitable. I should, however, think more highly of his sincerity as a patriot if his stake in the country were greater; and yet I doubt, if his stake were greater, if he is that sort of man who would have cultivated popularity in Westminster. It seems to me that he has qualified himself for Parliament as others do for the Bar, and that he will probably be considered in the House, for some time, merely as a political adventurer. But if he has the talent and prudence requisite to ensure distinction in the line of his profession, the mediocrity of his original condition will reflect honour on his success, should he hereafter acquire influence and consideration as a statesman. Of his literary talents I know you do not think very highly, nor am I inclined to rank the powers of his mind much beyond those of any common well-educated English gentleman. But it will soon

be ascertained whether his pretensions to represent Westminster be justified by a sense of conscious superiority, or only prompted by that ambition which overleaps itself.

Of Wood, who was twice Lord Mayor, I know not what to say. There is a queer and wily cast in his pale countenance that puzzles me exceedingly. In common parlance, I would call him an empty, vain creature; but when I look at that indescribable spirit, which indicates a strange and out-of-the-way manner of thinking, I humbly confess that he is no common man. He is evidently a person of no intellectual accomplishments: he has neither the language nor the deportment of a gentleman, in the usual understanding of the term; and yet there is something that I would almost call genius about him. It is not cunning, it is not wisdom, it is far from being prudence; and yet it is something as wary as prudence, as effectual as wisdom, and not less sinister than cunning. I would call it intuitive skill: a kind of instinct by which he is enabled to attain his ends, in defiance of a capacity naturally narrow, a judgment that topples with vanity, and an address at once mean and repulsive. To call him a great man, in any possible approximation of the word, would be ridiculous; that he is a good one will be denied by those who envy his success or hate his politics; but nothing save the blindness of fanaticism can call in question his

possession of a rare and singular species of ability, let it be exerted in what cause it may.

But my paper is full, and I have only room to subscribe myself, faithfully yours,

A. PRINGLE.

"It appears to us," said Mr Snodgrass, as he folded up the letter to return it to his pocket, "that the Londoners, with all their advantages of information, are neither purer nor better than their fellow-subjects in the country."

"As to their betterness," replied Miss Mally: "I have a notion that they are far waur; and I hope you do not think that earthly knowledge of any sort has a tendency to make mankind, or womankind either, any better, for was not Solomon, who had more of it than any other man, a type and testification that knowledge without grace is but vanity?"

The young clergyman was somewhat startled at this application of a remark on which he laid no particular stress, and was thankful in his heart that Mrs Glibbans was not present. He was not aware that Miss Mally had an orthodox corn or bunion that could as little bear a touch from the royne-slippers<sup>1</sup> of philosophy as the inflamed gout of polemical controversy which had gumfiated<sup>2</sup> every mental joint and member of that zealous prop of the Relief Kirk. This was indeed the

<sup>1</sup> *Royne-slippers.* Slippers with uppers of *rinds*, or narrow lists, plaited.

<sup>2</sup> *Gumfiated.* Swelled.

tender point of Miss Mally's character : for she was left unplucked on the stalk of single blessedness owing entirely to a conversation on this very subject with the only lover she ever had, Mr Dalgleish, formerly helper in the neighbouring parish of Dintonknow. He happened incidentally to observe that education was requisite to promote the interests of religion. But Miss Mally on that occasion jocularly maintained that education had only a tendency to promote the sale of books. This, Mr Dalgleish thought, was a sneer at himself, he having some time before unfortunately published a short tract, entitled "The Moral Union of our Temporal and Eternal Interests Considered, with respect to the Establishment of Parochial Seminaries," which fell still-born from the press. He, therefore, retorted with some acrimony ; until, from less to more, Miss Mally ordered him to keep his distance, upon which he bounced out of the room, and they were never afterwards on speaking terms. Saving, however, and excepting this particular dogma, Miss Mally was on all other topics as liberal and beneficent as could be expected from a maiden lady who was obliged to eke out her stinted income with a nimble needle and a close-clipping economy. The conversation with Mr Snodgrass was not, however, lengthened into acrimony, for, immediately after the remark which we have noticed, she proposed that they should call on Miss Isabella Todd to see Rachel's letter.



Indeed, this was rendered necessary by the state of the fire, for, after boiling the kettle, she had allowed it to fall low. It was her nightly practice after tea to take her evening seam, in a friendly way, to some of her neighbours' houses, by which she saved both coal and candle, while she acquired the news of the day, and was occasionally invited to stay supper.

On their arrival at Mrs Todd's, Miss Isabella understood the purport of their visit, and immediately produced her letter, receiving, at the same time, a perusal of Mr Andrew Pringle's. Mrs Pringle's to Miss Mally she had previously seen.

#### LETTER XXIV.

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

MY DEAR BELL,—Since my last we have undergone great changes and vicissitudes. Last week we removed to our present house, which is exceedingly handsome and elegantly furnished; and on Saturday there was an insurrection of the servants, on account of my mother not allowing them to have their dinners served up at the usual hour for servants at other genteel houses. We have also had the legacy in the funds transferred to my father, and only now wait the settling of the final accounts, which will yet take some time. On the day that the transfer took place, my mother made me a present of a twenty-pound

note, to lay out in any way I thought fit, and in so doing I could not but think of you. I have, therefore, in a box which she is sending to Miss Mally Glencairn, sent you an evening-dress from Mrs Bean's, one of the most fashionable and tasteful dressmakers in town, which I hope you will wear with pleasure for my sake. I have got one exactly like it, so that, when you see yourself in the glass, you will behold in what state I appeared at Lady ——'s rout.

Ah! my dear Bell, how much are our expectations disappointed! How often have we, with admiration and longing wonder, read the descriptions in the newspapers of the fashionable parties in this great metropolis, and thought of the Grecian lamps, the ottomans, the promenades, the ornamented floors, the cut-glass, the *coup-d'œil*, and the *tout-ensemble*! "Alas!" as Young the poet says, "the things unseen do not deceive us." I have seen more beauty at an Irvine ball than all the fashionable world could bring to market at my Lady ——'s emporium for the disposal of young ladies,—for indeed I can consider it as nothing else.

I went with the Argents. The hall-door was open, and filled with the servants in their state liveries; but although the door was open, the porter, as each carriage came up, rung a peal upon the knocker, to announce to all the square the successive arrival of the guests. We were shown upstairs to the drawing-rooms. They

were very well, but neither so grand nor so great as I expected. As for the company, it was a suffocating crowd of fat elderly gentlewomen, and misses that stood in need of all the charms of their fortunes. One thing I could notice (for the press was so great, little could be seen)—it was that the old ladies wore rouge. The white satin sleeve of my dress was entirely ruined by coming in contact with a little round, dumpling duchess's cheek—as vulgar a body as could well be. She seemed to me to have spent all her days behind a counter, smirking thankfulness to bawbee customers.

When we had been shown in the drawing-rooms to the men for some time, we adjourned to the lower apartments, where the refreshments were set out. This, I suppose, is arranged to afford an opportunity to the beaux to be civil to the belles, and thereby to scrape acquaintance with those whom they approve, by assisting them to the delicacies. Altogether, it was a very dull, well-dressed affair; and yet I ought to have been in good spirits, for Sir Marmaduke Towler, a great Yorkshire baronet, was most particular in his attentions to me: indeed, so much so, that I saw it made poor Sabre very uneasy. I do not know why it should, for I have given him no positive encouragement to hope for anything. Not that I have the least idea that the baronet's attentions were more than commonplace politeness; but he has since called. I cannot, however,





say that my vanity is at all flattered by this circumstance. At the same time, there surely could be no harm in Sir Marmaduke making me an offer, for you know I am not bound to accept it. Besides, my father does not like him, and my mother thinks he's a fortune-hunter, but I cannot conceive how that may be, for, on the contrary, he is said to be rather extravagant.

Before we return to Scotland, it is intended that we shall visit some of the watering-places; and, perhaps, if Andrew can manage it with my father, we may even take a trip to Paris. The doctor himself is not averse to it; but my mother is afraid that a new war may break out, and that we may be detained prisoners. This fantastical fear we shall, however, try to overcome.

But I am interrupted. Sir Marmaduke is in the drawing-room, and I am summoned.—Yours truly,  
RACHEL PRINGLE.

When Mr Snodgrass had read this letter, he paused for a moment, and then said dryly, in handing it to Miss Isabella, "Miss Pringle is improving in the ways of the world."

The evening by this time was far advanced, and the young clergyman was not desirous to renew the conversation. He, therefore, almost immediately took his leave, and walked sedately towards Garnock, debating with himself as he went along whether Dr Pringle's family were likely to be benefited by their legacy. But he

had scarcely passed the minister's carse, when he met with Mrs Glibbans returning.

"Mr Snodgrass! Mr Snodgrass!" cried that ardent matron from her side of the road to the other where he was walking; and he obeyed her call. "Yon's no sic a black story as I thought. Mrs Craig is, to be sure, far gane; but they were married in December, and it was only because she was his sarvan'-lass that the worthy man didna like to own her at first for his wife. It would have been dreadful had the matter been jealousied at the first. She gaed to Glasgow to see an auntie that she has there, and he gaed in to fetch her out, and it was then the marriage was made up; which I was glad to hear: for oh! Mr Snodgrass, it would have been an awfu' judgment had a man like Mr Craig turn't out no better than a Tam Paine or a Major Weir.<sup>1</sup> But a's for the best; and Him that has the power of salvation can blot out all our iniquities. So good-night—ye'll have a lang walk."

<sup>1</sup> Major Weir was one of the "Bowhead Saints," and covered a life of villainy with a cloak of sanctity. For his sins, which were of his own discovering, and to which he contrived to add that of witchcraft, he was "strangled and burnt between Edinburgh and Leith." That was in 1670; and his name carried terror with it through Scotland for a century thereafter, and might well be a by-word with Mrs Glibbans even, to whom, of course, Tam Paine stood for all that was evil.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *The Queen's Trial.*

AS the spring advanced, the beauty of the country around Garnock was gradually unfolded: the blossom was unclosed, while the church was embraced within the foliage of more umbrageous boughs. The schoolboys from the adjacent villages were, on the Saturday afternoons, frequently seen angling along the banks of the Lugton, which ran clearer beneath the churchyard wall and the hedge of the minister's glebe; and the evenings were so much lengthened that the occasional visitors at the manse could prolong their walk after tea. These, however, were less numerous than when the family were at home; but still Mr Snodgrass, when the weather was fine, had no reason to deplore the loneliness of his bachelor's court.

It happened that one fair and sunny afternoon Miss Mally Glencairn and Miss Isabella Todd came to the manse. Mrs Glibbans and her daughter Becky were the same day paying their first ceremonious visit (as the matron called it) to Mr and Mrs Craig, with whom the whole party



were invited to take tea; and, for lack of more amusing chit-chat, the reverend young gentleman read to them the last letter which he had received from Mr Andrew Pringle. It was conjured naturally enough out of his pocket by an observation of Miss Mally's. "Nothing surprises me," said that amiable maiden lady, "so much as the health and good humour of the commonality. It is a joyous refutation of the opinion that the comfort and happiness of this life depend on the wealth of worldly possessions."

"It is so," replied Mr Snodgrass; "and I do often wonder, when I see the blithe and hearty children of the cottars frolicking in the abundance of health and hilarity, where the means come from to enable their poor industrious parents to supply their wants."

"How can you wonder at ony sic things, Mr Snodgrass?" said Mrs Glibbans. "Do they not come from on high, whence cometh every good and perfect gift? Is there not the flowers of the field, which neither card nor spin; and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these?"

"I was not speaking in a spiritual sense," interrupted the other; "but merely made the remark as introductory to a letter which I have received from Mr Andrew Pringle, respecting some of the ways of living in London."

Mrs Craig, who had been so recently translated from the kitchen to the parlour, pricked up her

ears at this, not doubting that the letter would contain something very grand and wonderful, and exclaimed, "Gude safe's, let's hear't! I'm unco fond to ken about London, and the king and the queen; but I believe they are baith dead noo."

Miss Becky Glibbans gave a satirical keckle at this, and showed her superior learning by explaining to Mrs Craig the unbroken nature of the kingly office. Mr Snodgrass then read as follows :—

#### LETTER XXV.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You are not aware of the task you impose when you request me to send you some account of the general way of living in London. Unless you come here and actually experience yourself what I would call the "London ache," it is impossible to supply you with any adequate idea of the necessity that exists in this wilderness of mankind to seek refuge in society, without being over-fastidious with respect to the intellectual qualifications of your occasional associates. In a remote desert, the solitary traveller is subject to apprehensions of danger; but still he is the most important thing "within the circle of that lonely waste," and the sense of his own dignity enables him to sustain the shock of considerable hazard with spirit and

fortitude. But, in London, the feeling of self-importance is totally lost and suppressed in the bosom of a stranger. A painful conviction of insignificance, of nothingness, I may say, is sunk upon his heart and murmured in his ear by the million who divide with him that consequence which he unconsciously before supposed he possessed in a general estimate of the world. While elbowing my way through the unknown multitude that flows between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange, this mortifying sense of my own insignificance has often come upon me with the energy of a pang; and I have thought that, after all we can say of any man, the effect of the greatest influence of an individual on society at large is but as that of a pebble thrown into the sea. Mathematically speaking, the undulations which the pebble causes continue until the whole mass of the ocean has been disturbed to the bottom of its most secret depths and farthest shores; and, perhaps, with equal truth, it may be affirmed that the sentiments of the man of genius are also infinitely propagated. But how soon is the physical impression of the one lost to every sensible perception, and the moral impulse of the other swallowed up from all practical effect!

But though London, in the general, may be justly compared to the vast and restless ocean, or to any other thing that is either sublime, incomprehensible, or affecting, it loses all its

influence over the solemn associations of the mind when it is examined in its details. For example, living on the town, (as it is slangishly called), the most friendless and isolated condition possible, is yet fraught with an amazing diversity of enjoyment. Thousands of gentlemen who have survived the relish of active fashionable pursuits pass their life in that state without tasting the delight of one new sensation. They rise in the morning merely because nature will not allow them to remain longer in bed. They begin the day without motive or purpose, and close it after having performed the same unvaried round as the most thoroughbred domestic animal that ever dwelt in manse or manor-house. If you ask them at three o'clock where they are to dine, they cannot tell you; but about the wonted dinner-hour batches of these forlorn bachelors find themselves diurnally congregated, as if by instinct, around a cozy table in some snug coffee-house, where, after inspecting the contents of the bill of fare, they discuss the news of the day, reserving the scandal, by way of dessert, for their wine. Day after day their respective political opinions give rise to keen encounters, but without producing the slightest shade of change in any of their old ingrained and particular sentiments.

Some of their haunts,—I mean those frequented by the elderly race,—are shabby enough in their appearance and circumstances, except, perhaps, in the quality of the wine. Everything in them

is regulated by an ancient and precise economy, and you perceive, at the first glance, that all is calculated on the principle of the house giving as much for the money as it can possibly afford, without infringing those little etiquettes which persons of gentlemanly habits regard as essentials. At half-price the junior members of these unorganised or natural clubs retire to the theatres, while the elder brethren mend their potations till it is time to go home. This seems a very comfortless way of life; but I have no doubt it is the preferred result of a long experience of the world, and that the parties, upon the whole, find it superior, according to their early formed habits of dissipation and gaiety, to the sedate, but not more regular, course of a domestic circle.

The chief pleasure, however, of living on the town consists in accidentally falling in with persons whom it might be otherwise difficult to meet in private life. I have several times enjoyed this. The other day I fell in with an old gentleman,—evidently a man of some consequence, for he came to the coffee-house in his own carriage. It happened that we were the only guests; and he proposed therefore that we should dine together. In the course of conversation it came out that he had been familiarly acquainted with Garrick, and had frequented the Literary Club in the days of Johnson and Goldsmith. In his youth, I conceive, he must have been an amusing companion; for his fancy was exceedingly lively, and his manners

altogether afforded a very favourable specimen of the old, the gentlemanly, school. At an appointed hour his carriage came for him, and we parted, perhaps never to meet again.

Such agreeable incidents, however, are not common, as the frequenters of the coffee-houses are, I think, usually taciturn characters, and averse to conversation. I may, however, be myself in fault. Our countrymen, in general, whatever may be their address in improving acquaintance to the promotion of their own interests, have not the best way, in the first instance, of introducing themselves. A raw Scotchman, contrasted with a sharp Londoner, is very inadroit and awkward, be his talents what they may; and I suspect that even the most brilliant of your old class-fellows have, in their professional visits to this metropolis, had some experience of what I mean.

ANDREW PRINGLE.

When Mr Snodgrass paused, and was folding up the letter, Mrs Craig, bending with her hands on her knees, said, emphatically, "Noo, sir, what think you of that?" He was not, however, quite prepared to give an answer to a question so abruptly propounded, nor, indeed, did he exactly understand to what particular the lady referred. "For my part," she resumed, recovering her previous posture, "for my part, it's a very caldrife way of life to dine every day on coffee; broth and beef would put mair smeddum in the men.

They're just a wheen auld foggies that Mr Andrew describes, an' no worth a single woman's pains."

"Wheesht, wheesht, mistress," cried Mr Craig: "ye maunna let your tongue rin awa with your sense in that gait."

"It has but a licht load," said Miss Becky, whispering Isabella Todd.

In this juncture, Mr Micklewham happened to come in, and Mrs Craig, on seeing him, cried out, "I hope, Mr Micklewham, ye have brought the doctor's letter;—he's such a funny man, and touches off the Londoners to the nines!"

"He's a good man," said Mrs Glibbans, in a tone calculated to repress the forwardness of Mrs Craig; but Miss Mally Glencairn having, in the meanwhile, taken from her pocket an epistle which she had received the preceding day from Mrs Pringle, Mr Snodgrass silenced all controversy on that score by requesting her to proceed with the reading.

"She's a clever woman, Mrs Pringle," said Mrs Craig, who was resolved to cut a figure in the conversation in her own house. "She's a discreet woman, and may be as godly, too, as some that make mair wark about the elect."

Whether Mrs Glibbans thought this had any allusion to herself is not susceptible of legal proof; but she turned round and looked at their "most kind hostess" with a sneer that might almost merit the appellation of a snort. Mrs Craig, however, pacified her by proposing that before hearing

the letter they should take a dram of wine, or pree her cherry bounce; adding, "Our maister likes a bein house, and ye a' ken that we are providing for a handling." The wine was, accordingly, served, and, in due time, Miss Mally Glencairn edified and instructed the party with the contents of Mrs Pringle's letter.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

DEAR MISS MALLY,—You will have heard, by the peppers, of the gret hobleshow heer aboot the queen's coming over contrary to the will of the nation; and that the king and parlement are so angry with her that they are going to put her away by giving to her a bill of divorce. The doctor, who has been searchin the Scriptures on the okashon, says this is not in their poor, although she was found guilty of the fact; but I tell him that, as the king and parlement of old took upon them to change our religion, I do not see how they will be hampered now by the word of God.

You may well wonder that I have no ritten to you about the king, and what he is like; but we have never got a sight of him at all, whilk is a gret shame, paying so dear as we do for a king, who shurely should be a publik man. But we have seen her majesty, who stays not far from our



house heer in Baker Street, in dry lodgings, which, I am creditably informed, she is obligated to pay for by the week, for nobody will trust her; so you see what it is, Miss Mally, to have a light character. Poor woman! They say she might have been going from door to door, with a staff and a meal-pock, but for ane Mr Wood, who is a baillie of London, that has ta'en her by the hand. She's a woman advanced in life, with a short neck and a pented face; housomever, that, I suppose, she canno help, being a queen, and obligated to set the fashons to the court, where it is necessar to hide their faces with pent (our Andrew says) that their looks may not betray them—there being no shurer thing than a false-hearted courtier.

But what concerns me the most in all this is that there will be no coronashon till the queen is put out of the way; and nobody can take upon them to say when that will be, as the law is so dootful and endless—which I am verra sorry for, as it was my intent to rite Miss Nanny Eydent a true account of the coronashon, in case there had been any partiklars that might be servisable to her in her bisness.

The doctor and me, by ourselves, since we have been settlt, go about at our convenience, and have seen far mae farlies than baith Andrew and Rachel, with all the acquaintance they have forgathert with. But, you no, old heeds canno be expectit on young shouthers, and they have

not had the experience of the world that we have had.

The lamps in the streets here are lighted with gauze, and not with crusies like those that have lately been put up in your toun; and it is brought in pips aneath the ground from the manufactors, which the doctor and me have been to see,—an awful place and, they say, as fey to a spark as poother, which made us glad to get out o't when we heard so. And we have been to see a brewhouse, where they mak the London porter; but it is a sight not to be told. In it we saw a barrel whilk, the doctor said, was by gauging bigger than the Irvine muckle kirk, and a masking fat, like a barn for mugnited. But all thae were as nothing to a curiosity of a steam-engine that minches minch-collops as natural as life, and stuffs the sosogeas itself, in a manner past the poor of nature to consiv. They have, to be shure, in London, many things to help work; for in our kitchen there is a smoking-jack to roast the meat, that gangs of its oun free will, and the brisker the fire the faster it runs. But a potatoe-beetle is not to be had within the four walls of London, which is a great want in a house. Mrs Argent never hard of sic a thing.

Me and the doctor have likewise been in the houses of parliament, and the doctor since has been again to heer the argolbargoling aboot the queen. But, cepting the king's throne, which is all gold and velvet, with a croun on the top, and

stars all round, there was nothing worth the looking at in them baith. Howsomever, I sat in the king's seat, and in the preses chair of the House of Commons, which, you no, is something for me to say; and we have been to see the printing of books, where the very smallest dividual syllib is taken up by itself and made into words by the hand, so as to be quite confounding how it could ever read sense. But there is ane piece of industry and froughalaty I should not forget: whilk is wives going about with whirl-barrows, selling horses flesh to the cats and dogs by weight, and the cats and dogs know them very well by their voices. In short, Miss Mally, there is nothing heer that the hand is not turnt to; and there is, I can see, a better order and method really among the Londoners than among our Scotch folks, notwithstanding their advantages of edicashion. But my pepper will hold no more at present, from your true friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

There was a considerable diversity of opinion among the commentators on this epistle. Mrs Craig was the first who broke silence, and displayed a great deal of erudition on the minch-collop engine and the potato-beetle, in which she was interrupted by the indignant Mrs Glibbans, who exclaimed—

“I am surprised to hear you, Mrs Craig, speak of sic baubles when the Word of God's in danger

of being controverted by an Act of Parliament ! But, Mr Snodgrass, dinna ye think that this painting of the Queen's face is a Jezebitical testification against her ? ”

Mr Snodgrass replied, with an unwonted sobriety of manner, and with an emphasis that showed he intended to make some impression on his auditors : “ It is impossible to judge correctly of strangers by measuring them according to our own notions of propriety. It has certainly long been a practice in courts to disfigure the beauty of the human countenance with paint ; but what, in itself, may have been originally assumed for a mask or disguise, may, by usage, have grown into a very harmless custom. I am not, therefore, disposed to attach any criminal importance to the circumstance of her Majesty wearing paint. Her late Majesty did so herself.”

“ I do not say it was criminal,” said Mrs Glibbans ; “ I only meant it was sinful, and I think it is.”

The accent of authority in which this was said prevented Mr Snodgrass from offering any reply ; and, a brief pause ensuing, Miss Mally Glencairn observed that it was a surprising thing how the doctor and Mrs Pringle managed their matters so well.

“ Ay,” said Mrs Craig : “ but we a' ken what a manager the mistress is : she's the bee that mak's the hiney : she does not gang bizzing about, like a thriftless wasp, through her neighbours' houses.”

"I tell you, Betty, my dear," cried Mr Craig, "that you shouldna make comparisons. What's past is gane; and Mrs Glibbans and you maun now be friends."

"They're a' friends to me that's no faes, and I'm very glad to see Mrs Glibbans sociable in my house; but she needna hae made sae light of me when she was here before."

And, in saying this, the amiable hostess burst into a loud sob of sorrow, which induced Mr Snodgrass to beg Mr Micklewham to read the doctor's letter, by which a happy stop was put to the further manifestation of the grudge which Mrs Craig harboured against Mrs Glibbans for the lecture she had received on what the latter called "the incarnated effect of a more than Potipharian claught<sup>1</sup> o' the godly Mr Craig."

## LETTER XXVII.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D.D., to Mr Micklenham,  
Schoolmaster and Session-clerk of Garnock.*

DEAR SIR,—I had a great satisfaction in hearing that Mr Snodgrass, in my place, prays for the Queen on the Lord's day, liberty to do which in our national Church is a thing to be upholden with a fearless spirit, even with the spirit of martyrdom, that we may not bow down in Scot-

<sup>1</sup> *Claught*. Seizure.

land to the prelatie Baal of an order in council, whereof the Archbishop of Canterbury, that is cousin-german to the Pope of Rome, is art and part. Verily, the sending forth of that order to the General Assembly was treachery to the solemn oath of the new King, whereby he took the vows upon him, conform to the Articles of the Union, to maintain the Church of Scotland as by law established ; so that for the Archbishop of Canterbury to meddle therein was a shooting out of the horns of aggressive domination.

I think it is right of me to testify thus much, through you, to the Session, that the elders may stand on their posts to bar all such breaking in of the Episcopalian boar into our corner of the vineyard.

Anent the Queen's case and condition I say nothing ; for, be she guilty, or be she innocent, we all know that she was born in sin, and brought forth in iniquity—prone to evil, as the sparks fly upwards, and desperately wicked, like you and me, or any other poor Christian sinner, which is reason enough to make us think of her in the remembering prayer.

Since she came over, there has been a wonderful work doing here, and it is thought that the crown will be taken off her head by a strong handling of the Parliament ; and, really, when I think of the Bishops sitting high in the peerage, like owls and rooks in the bartisans of an old tower, I have my fears that they can bode her

no good. I have seen them in the House of Lords, clothed in their idolatrous robes; and when I looked at them, so proudly placed at the right hand of the King's throne, and on the side of the powerful, egging on, as I saw one of them doing in a whisper, the Lord Liverpool before he rose to speak against the Queen, the blood ran cold in my veins; and I thought of their woeful persecutions of our national Church, and prayed inwardly that I might be kept in the humility of a zealous presbyter, and that the corruption of the frail human nature within me might never be tempted by the pampered whoredoms of prelacy.

Saving the Lord Chancellor, all the temporal peers were just as they had come in from the crown of the causey, none of them having a judicial garment, which was a shame; and as for the Chancellor's long robe,—it was not so good as my own gown. But he is said to be a very narrow man. What he spoke, however, was no doubt sound law; yet I could observe he has a bad custom of taking the name of God in vain, which I wonder at, considering he has such a kittle conscience, which, on less occasions, causes him often to shed tears.

Mrs Pringle and me, by ourselves, had a fine, quiet, canny sight of the Queen out of the window of a pastry-baxter's shop, opposite to where her Majesty stays. She seems to be a plump and jocose little woman: gleg, blithe, and throwgaun

for her years, and on an easy footing with the lower orders, coming to the window when they call for her, and becking to them, which is very civil of her, and gets them to take her part against the Government.

The baxter in whose shop we saw this told us that her Majesty said, on being invited to take her dinner at an inn on the road from Dover, that she would be content with a mutton-chop at the King's Arms in London,<sup>1</sup> which shows that she is a lady of a very hamely disposition. Mrs Pringle thought her not big enough for a queen; but we cannot expect every one to be like that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, whose effigy we have seen preserved in armour in the Tower of London, and in wax in Westminster Abbey, where they have a living-like likeness of Lord Nelson, in the very identical regimentals that he was killed in. They are both wonderful places; but it costs a power of money to get through them, and all the folk about them think of nothing but money, for when I inquired, with a reverent spirit, seeing around me the tombs of great and famous men, the mighty and wise of their day, what department it was of the Abbey—"It's the eighteenpence department," said an uncircumcised Philistine, with as little respect as if we

<sup>1</sup> The honest doctor's version of this *bon-mot* of her Majesty is not quite correct; her expression was, "I mean to take a chop at the King's Head when I get to London."—*Author's Note*.



had been treading the courts of the darling Dagon.

Our concerns here are now drawing to a close ; but, before we return, we are going for a short time to a town on the seaside, which they call Brighton. We had a notion of taking a trip to Paris, but that we must leave to Andrew Pringle, my son, and his sister Rachel, if the bit lassie could get a decent gudeman, which, may be, will cast up for her before we leave London. Nothing, however, is settled as yet upon that head ; so I can say no more at present anent the same.

Since the affair of the sermon, I have withdrawn myself from trafficking so much as I did in the missionary and charitable ploys that are so in vogue with the pious here, which will be all the better for my own people, as I will keep for them what I was giving to the unknown ; and it is my design to write a book on almsgiving, to show in what manner that Christian duty may be best fulfilled, which I doubt not will have the effect of opening the eyes of many in London to the true nature of the thing by which I was myself beguiled in this Vanity Fair, like a bird ensnared by the fowler.

I was concerned to hear of poor Mr Wither-spoon's accident, in falling from his horse in coming from the Dalmailing occasion.<sup>1</sup> How thankful he must be that the Lord made his

<sup>1</sup> Note A. *Communion Services.*

head of a durability to withstand the shock, which might otherwise have fractured his skull! What you say about the promise of the braird,<sup>1</sup> gives me pleasure on account of the poor; but what will be done with the farmers and their high rents, if the harvest turn out so abundant? Great reason have I to be thankful that the legacy has put me out of the reverence<sup>2</sup> of my stipend; for, when the meal was cheap, I own to you that I felt my carnality grudging the horn of abundance that the Lord was then pouring into the lap of the earth. In short, Mr Micklewham, I doubt it is o'er true with us all that the less we are tempted the better we are. So with my sincere prayers that you may be delivered from all evil, and led out of the paths of temptation, whether it is on the highway, or on the footpaths, or beneath the hedges, I remain, dear Sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

"The doctor," said Mrs Glibbans, as the schoolmaster concluded, "is there like himself—a true orthodox Christian, standing up for the Word, and overflowing with charity even for the sinner. But, Mr Snodgrass, I did not ken before that the Bishops had a hand in the making of the Acts of the Parliament. I think, Mr Snodgrass, if that be the case, there should

<sup>1</sup> *Braird*. First sprouting of the grain.

<sup>2</sup> *Reverence*. Power.

be some doubt in Scotland about obeying them. However that may be, sure am I that the Queen, though she was a perfect Deliah, has nothing to fear from them; for have we not read in the *Book of Martyrs*, and other Church histories, of their concubines, and indulgences, in the papist times, to all manner of carnal iniquity? But if she be that noghty woman that they say——”

“Gude safe’s,” cried Mrs Craig, “if she be a noghty woman, awa’ wi’ her, awa’ wi’ her! Wha kens the cantrips she may play us?”

Here Miss Mally Glencairn interposed, and informed Mrs Craig that a noghty woman was not, as she seemed to think, a witch-wife.

“I am sure,” said Miss Becky Glibbans, “that Mrs Craig might have known that.”

“Oh, ye’re a spiteful deevil!” whispered Miss Mally, with a smile to her; and, turning in the same moment to Miss Isabella Todd, begged her to read Miss Pringle’s letter—a motion which Mr Snodgrass seconded, chiefly to abridge the conversation, during which, though he wore a serene countenance, he often suffered much.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

MY DEAR BELL,—I am much obliged by your kind expressions for my little present. I hope soon to send you something better, and gloves

at the same time ; for Sabre has been brought to the point by an alarm for the Yorkshire baronet that I mentioned as showing symptoms of the tender passion for my fortune. The friends on both sides being satisfied with the match, it will take place as soon as some preliminary arrangements are made. When we are settled, I hope your mother will allow you to come and spend some time with us at our country-seat in Berkshire ; and I shall be happy to repay all the expenses of your journey, as a jaunt to England is what your mother would, I know, never consent to pay for.

It is proposed that, immediately after the ceremony, we shall set out for France, accompanied by my brother, where we are to be soon after joined at Paris by some of the Argents, who, I can see, think Andrew worth the catching for Miss. My father and mother will then return to Scotland ; but whether the doctor will continue to keep his parish, or give it up to Mr Snodgrass, will depend greatly on the circumstances in which he finds his parishioners. This is all the domestic intelligence I have got to give ; but its importance will make up for other deficiencies.

As, to the continuance of our discoveries in London, I know not well what to say. Every day brings something new ; but we lose the sense of novelty. Were a fire in the same street where we live, it would no longer alarm me. A few nights ago, as we were sitting in the parlour after

supper, the noise of an engine passing startled us all ; we ran to the windows—there was haste, and torches, and the sound of other engines, and all the horrors of a conflagration reddening the skies. My father sent out the footboy to inquire where it was ; and when the boy came back, he made us laugh by snapping his fingers and saying the fire was not worth so much—although, upon further inquiry, we learned that the house in which it originated was burned to the ground. You see, therefore, how the bustle of this great world hardens the sensibilities ; but I trust its influence will never extend to my heart.

The principal topic of conversation at present is about the Queen. The Argents, who are our main instructors in the proprieties of London life, say that it would be very vulgar in me to go to look at her, which I am sorry for, as I wish above all things to see a personage so illustrious by birth, and renowned by misfortune. The doctor and my mother, who are less scrupulous, and, in consequence, somehow, by themselves, contrive to see and get into places that are inaccessible to all gentility, have had a full view of her Majesty. My father has since become her declared partisan, and my mother, too, has acquired a leaning likewise towards her side of the question ; but neither of them will permit the subject to be spoken of before me, as they consider it detrimental to good morals. I, however, read the newspapers.

What my brother thinks of her Majesty's case

is not easy to divine ; but Sabre is convinced of the Queen's guilt, upon some private and authentic information which a friend of his, who has returned from Italy, heard when travelling in that country. This information he has not, however, repeated to me ; so that it must be very bad. We shall know all when the trial comes on. In the meantime, his Majesty, who has lived in dignified retirement since he came to the throne, has taken up his abode, with rural felicity, in a cottage in Windsor Forest, where he now, contemning all the pomp and follies of his youth and this metropolis, passes his days amidst his cabbages, like Dioclesian, with innocence and tranquillity, far from the intrigues of courtiers, and insensible to the murmuring waves of the fluctuating populace that set in with so strong a current towards "the mob-led Queen," as the divine Shakespeare has so beautifully expressed it.

You ask me about Vauxhall Gardens. I have not seen them : they are no longer in fashion. The theatres are quite vulgar. Even the Opera-House has sunk into a second-rate place of resort. Almack's balls, the Argyle Rooms, and the Philharmonic Concerts, are the only public entertainments frequented by people of fashion ; and this high superiority they owe entirely to the difficulty of gaining admission. London, as my brother says, is too rich, and grown too luxurious, to have any exclusive place of fashionable resort, where price alone is the obstacle. Hence the

institution of these select aristocratic assemblies. The Philharmonic Concerts, however, are rather professional than fashionable entertainments ; but everybody is fond of music, and, therefore, everybody that can be called anybody is anxious to get tickets to them, and this anxiety has given them a degree of *éclat* which, I am persuaded, the performance would never have excited had the tickets been purchasable at any price. The great thing here is, either to be somebody, or to be patronised by a person that is a somebody. Without this, though you were as rich as Croesus, your golden chariots, like the comets of a season, blazing and amazing, would speedily roll away into the obscurity from which they came, and be remembered no more.

At first when we came here, and when the amount of our legacy was first promulgated, we were in a terrible flutter. Andrew became a man of fashion, with all the haste that tailors, and horses, and dinners, could make him. My father, honest man, was equally inspired with lofty ideas, and began a career that promised a liberal benefaction of good things to the poor ; and my mother was almost distracted with calculations about laying out the money to the best advantage, and the sum she would allow to be spent. I alone preserved my natural equanimity ; and, foreseeing the necessity of new accomplishments to suit my altered circum-

stances, applied myself to the instructions of my masters with an assiduity that won their applause. The advantages of this I now experience. My brother is sobered from his champagne fumes; my father has found out that charity begins at home; and my mother, though her establishment is enlarged, finds that her happiness, notwithstanding the legacy, still lies within the little circle of her household cares. Thus, my dear Bell, have I proved the sweets of a true philosophy; and, unseduced by the blandishments of rank, rejected Sir Marmaduke Towler, and accepted the humbler but more disinterested swain, Captain Sabre, who requests me to send you his compliments, not altogether content that you should occupy so much of the bosom of your affectionate

RACHEL PRINGLE.

"Rachel had aye a gude roose<sup>1</sup> of hersel'," said Becky Glibbans, as Miss Isabella concluded. In the same moment, Mr Snodgrass took his leave, saying to Mr Micklewham that he had something particular to mention to him.

"What can it be about?" inquired Mrs Glibbans at Mr Craig, as soon as the helper and schoolmaster had left the room: "do you think it can be concerning the doctor's resignation of the parish in his favour?"

"I'm sure," interposed Mrs Craig, before her husband could reply, "it winna be wi' my gude-

<sup>1</sup> *Roose*. Conceit.



will that he shall come in upon us—a pridefu' wight, whose saft words, and a' his politeness, are but lip-deep. Na, na, Mrs Glibbans, we maun hae another on the leet forbye him."

"And wha would ye put on the leet noo, Mrs Craig, you that's sic a judge?" said Mrs Glibbans, with the most ineffable consequentiality.

"I'll be for young Mr Dirlton, who is baith a sappy preacher of the Word, and a substantial hand at every kind of civility."

"Young Dirlton!—young Deevilton!" cried the orthodox Deborah of Irvine. "A fallow that knows no more of a gospel dispensation than I do of the Arian heresy, which I hold in utter abomination. No, Mrs Craig: you have a godly man for your husband—a sound and true follower. Tread ye in his footsteps, and no try to set up yoursel' on points of doctrine. But it's time, Miss Mally, that we were taking the road; Becky and Miss Isabella, make yourselves ready. Noo, Mrs Craig, ye'll no be a stranger; you see I have no been lang of coming to give you my countenance. But, my leddy, ca' canny: it's no easy to carry a fu' cup: ye hae gotten a great gift in your gudeman. Mr Craig, I wish you a good-night; I would fain have stopped for your evening exercise, but Miss Mally was beginning, I saw, to weary—so good-night; and, Mrs Craig, ye'll take tent of what I have said—it's for your gude."

So *exeunt* Mrs Glibbans, Miss Mally, and the two young ladies.

"Her bark's waur than her bite," said Mrs Craig, as she returned to her husband, who felt already some of the ourie<sup>1</sup> symptoms of a hen-pecked destiny.

<sup>1</sup> *Ourie.* Melancholy.

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Marriage.*

MR SNODGRASS was obliged to walk into Irvine one evening, to get rid of a raging tooth which had tormented him for more than a week. The operation was so delicately and cleverly performed by the surgeon to whom he applied,—one of those young medical gentlemen, who, after having been educated for the army or navy, are obliged, in this weak piping time of peace, to glean what practice they can amid their native shades,—that the amiable divine found himself in a condition to call on Miss Isabella Todd.

During this visit, Saunders Dickie, the postman, brought a London letter to the door for Miss Isabella; and Mr Snodgrass, having desired the servant to inquire if there were any for him, had the good fortune to get the following from Mr Andrew Pringle:—

## LETTER XXIX.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq., to the Rev. Mr Charles Snodgrass.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I never receive a letter from you without experiencing a strong emotion of regret that talents like yours should be wilfully consigned to the sequestered vegetation of a country pastor's life. But we have so often discussed this point that I shall only offend your delicacy if I now revert to it more particularly. I cannot, however, but remark that, although a private station may be the happiest, a public is the proper sphere of virtue and talent, so clear, superior, and decided, as yours. I say this with the more confidence, as I have, really, from your letter, obtained a better conception of the Queen's case than from all that I have been able to read and hear upon the subject in London. The rule you lay down is excellent. Public safety is certainly the only principle which can justify mankind in agreeing to observe and enforce penal statutes; and, therefore, I think with you that, unless it could be proved in a very simple manner that it was requisite for the public safety to institute proceedings against the Queen, her sins or indiscretions should have been allowed to remain in the obscurity of her private circle.

I have attended the trial several times. For a judicial proceeding it seems to me too long, and

for a legislative, too technical. Brougham, it is allowed, has displayed even greater talent than was expected; but he is too sharp: he seems to me more anxious to gain a triumph than to establish truth. I do not like the tone of his proceedings, while I cannot sufficiently admire his dexterity. The style of Denman is more lofty, and impressed with stronger lineaments of sincerity. As for their opponents, I really cannot endure the Attorney-General as an orator: his whole mind consists, as it were, of a number of little hands and claws, each of which holds some scrap or portion of his subject; but you might as well expect to get an idea of the form and character of a tree, by looking at the fallen leaves, the fruit, the seeds, and the blossoms, as anything like a comprehensive view of a subject from an intellect so constituted as that of Sir Robert Gifford. He is a man of application, but of meagre abilities, and seems never to have read a book of travels in his life. The Solicitor-General is somewhat better; but he is one of those who think a certain artificial gravity requisite to professional consequence, and this renders him somewhat obtuse in the tact of propriety.

Within the bar, the talent is superior to what it is without; and I have been often delighted with the amazing fineness (if I may use the expression) with which the Chancellor discriminates the shades of difference in the various points on which he is called to deliver his

opinion. I consider his mind as a curiosity of no ordinary kind. It deceives itself by its own acuteness. The edge is too sharp; and, instead of cutting straight through, it often diverges, alarming his conscience with the dread of doing wrong. This singular subtlety has the effect of impairing the reverence which the endowments and high professional accomplishments of this great man are otherwise calculated to inspire. His eloquence is not effective: it touches no feeling, nor effects any passion; but still it affords wonderful displays of a lucid intellect. I can compare it to nothing but a pencil of sunshine, which, although one sees countless motes flickering and fluctuating, yet illuminates, and steadily brings into the most satisfactory distinctness, every object on which it directly falls.

Lord Erskine is a character of another class; and, whatever difference of opinion may exist with respect to their professional abilities and attainments, it will be allowed, by those who contend that Eldon is the better lawyer, that Erskine is the greater genius. Nature herself, with a constellation in her hand, playfully illuminates his path to the temple of reasonable Justice; while Precedence with her guide-book, and Study with a lantern, cautiously show the road in which the Chancellor warily plods his weary way to that of legal Equity. The sedateness of Eldon is so remark-

able that it is difficult to conceive that he was ever young ; but Erskine cannot grow old : his spirit is still glowing and flushed with the enthusiasm of youth. When impassioned, his voice acquires a singularly elevated and pathetic accent ; and I can easily conceive the irresistible effect he must have had on the minds of a jury when he was in the vigour of his physical powers, and the case required appeals of tenderness or generosity. As a parliamentary orator, Earl Grey is undoubtedly his superior ; but there is something much less popular and conciliating in his manner. His eloquence is heard to most advantage when he is contemptuous, and he is then, certainly, dignified, ardent, and emphatic ; but it is apt, I should think, to impress those who hear him for the first time with an idea that he is a very supercilious personage, and this unfavourable impression is liable to be strengthened by the elegant aristocratic languor of his appearance.

I think that you once told me you had some knowledge of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he was Lord Henry Petty. I can hardly hope that, after an interval of so many years, you will recognise him in the following sketch.—His appearance is much more that of a Whig than Lord Grey—stout and sturdy—but still withal gentlemanly ; and there is a pleasing simplicity, with somewhat of good-nature, in the expression of his countenance that renders

him, in a quiescent state, the more agreeable character of the two. He speaks exceedingly well—is clear, methodical, and argumentative—; but his eloquence, like himself, is not so graceful as it is upon the whole manly. There is a little tendency to verbosity in his language, as there is to corpulency in his figure; but nothing turgid, while it is entirely free from affectation. The character of “respectable” is very legibly impressed in everything about the mind and manner of his lordship. I should, now that I have seen and heard him, be astonished to hear such a man represented as capable of being factious.

I should say something about Lord Liverpool, not only on account of his rank as a Minister, but, also, on account of the talents which have qualified him for that high situation. The greatest objection that I have to him as a speaker is owing to the loudness of his voice; in other respects, what he does say is well digested. But I do not think that he embraces his subject with so much power and comprehension as some of his opponents; and he has evidently less actual experience of the world. This may doubtless be attributed to his having been almost constantly in office since he came into public life, than which nothing is more detrimental to the unfolding of natural ability, while it induces a sort of artificial talent connected with forms and technicalities, which, though



useful in business, is but of minor consequence in a comparative estimate of moral and intellectual qualities. I am told that in his manner he resembles Mr Pitt; be this, however, as it may, he is evidently a speaker formed more by habit and imitation than one whom nature prompts to be eloquent. He lacks that occasional accent of passion, the melody of oratory; and I doubt if, on any occasion, he could at all approximate to that magnificent intrepidity which was admired as one of the noblest characteristics of his master's style.

But all the display of learning and eloquence and intellectual power and majesty, of the House of Lords, shrinks into insignificance when compared with the moral attitude which the people have taken on this occasion. You know how much I have ever admired the attributes of the English national character : that boundless generosity, which can only be compared to the impartial benevolence of the sunshine; that heroic magnanimity, which makes the hand ever ready to succour a fallen foe; and that sublime courage, which rises with the energy of a conflagration, roused by a tempest, at every insult or menace of an enemy. The compassionate interest taken by the populace in the future condition of the Queen is worthy of this extraordinary people. There may be many among them actuated by what is called the Radical spirit; but malignity alone would dare to ascribe the bravery of their

compassion to a less noble feeling than that which has placed the kingdom so proudly in the van of all modern nations. There may be an amiable delusion, as my Lord Castlereagh has said, in the popular sentiments with respect to the Queen. Upon that, as upon her case, I offer no opinion. It is enough for me to have seen, with the admiration of a worshipper, the manner in which the multitude have espoused her cause.

But my paper is filled, and I must conclude. I should, however, mention that my sister's marriage is appointed to take place to-morrow, and that I accompany the happy pair to France.  
—Yours truly, ANDREW PRINGLE.

"This is a dry letter," said Mr Snodgrass, and he handed it to Miss Isabella, who, in exchange, presented the one which she had herself at the same time received; but just as Mr Snodgrass was on the point of reading it, Miss Becky Glibbans was announced.

"How lucky this is," exclaimed Miss Becky, "to find you both thegither! Now, you maun tell me all the particulars; for Miss Mally Glencairn is no in, and her letter lies unopened. I am just gasping to hear how Rachel conducted herself at being married in the kirk before all the folk. Married to the hussar captain, too, after all! Who would have thought it?"

"How, have you heard of the marriage already?" said Miss Isabella.

"Oh, it's in the newspapers!" replied the amiable inquisitant, "like ony tailor or weaver's: a' weddings maun now-a-days gang into the papers. The whole toun, by this time, has got it; and I woudna wonder if Rachel Pringle's marriage ding the Queen's divorce out of folk's heads for the next nine days to come. But only to think of her being married in a public kirk. Surely her father would never submit to hae't done by a bishop? And then, to put it in the London paper, as if Rachel Pringle had been somebody of distinction. Perhaps it might have been more to the purpose, considering what dragoon officers are, if she had got the doited<sup>1</sup> doctor, her father, to publish the intended marriage in the papers beforehand."

"Haud that condumacious tongue of yours," cried a voice, panting with haste as the door opened; and Mrs Glibbans entered. "Becky, will you never devawl<sup>2</sup> wi' your backbiting. I wonder frae whom the misleart lassie takes a' this passion of clashing?"

The authority of her parent's tongue silenced Miss Becky, and Mrs Glibbans, having seated herself, continued—"Is it your opinion, Mr Snodgrass, that this marriage can hold good, contracted, as I am told it is mentioned in the papers to hae been, at the horns of the altar of Episcopalian apostasy?"

"I can set you right as to that," said Miss Isabella.

<sup>1</sup> *Doited.* Doted.

<sup>2</sup> *Devawl.* Cease.

"Rachel mentions that after returning from the church the doctor himself performed the ceremony anew, according to the Presbyterian usage."

"I am glad to hear't, very glad indeed," said Mrs Glibbans. "It would have been a judgment-like thing had a bairn of Doctor Pringle's—than whom, although there may be abler, there is not a sounder man in a' the west of Scotland—been sacrificed to Moloch, like the victims of prelatie idolatry."

At this juncture, Miss Mally Glencairn was announced; she entered, holding a letter from Mrs Pringle in her hand, with the seal unbroken. Having heard of the marriage from an acquaintance in the street, she had hurried home, in the well-founded expectation of hearing from her friend and well-wisher; and, taking up the letter, which she found on her table, came with all speed to Miss Isabella Todd to commune with her on the tidings.

Never was any confluence of visitors more remarkable than on this occasion. Before Miss Mally had well explained the cause of her abrupt intrusion, Mr Micklewham made his appearance. He had come to Irvine to be measured for a new coat, and, meeting by accident with Saunders Dickie, got the doctor's letter from him, after reading which he thought he could do no less than call at Mrs Todd's, to let Miss Isabella know the change which had taken place in the condition of her friend.

Thus were all the correspondents of the Pringles assembled, by the merest chance, like the *dramatis personæ* at the end of a play. After a little harmless bantering, it was agreed that Miss Mally should read her communication first, as all the others were previously acquainted with the contents of their respective letters; and Miss Mally read as follows:—

## LETTER XXX.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

DEAR MISS MALLY,—I hav a cro to pik with you consarning your comishon aboot the partickels for your friends. You can hav no noshon what the doctor and me suffert on the head of the flooring shrubs. We took your Nota Beny as it was spilt, and went from shop to shop enquirin' in a most partiklar manner for "a Gardner's Bell, or the least of all flowering plants;" but sorrow a gardner in the whole tot here in London ever had heard of sic a thing, so we gave the porshoot up in despare. Howsomever, one of Andrew's acquaintance—a decent lad, who is only son to a saddler in a bein way (that keeps his own carriage, and his son a coryikel)—happent to call, and the doctor told him what ill socsess we had in our serch for the gardner's bell; upon which he sought a

sight of your yepissle, and read it as a thing that was just wonderful for its whorsogroffie, and then he sayid that, looking at the prinsipol of your spilling, he thought we should reed "a gardner's bill, or a list of all flooring plants;" whilk being no doot your intent, I have proquert the same, and it is included heerin. But, Miss Mally, I would advize you to be more exac in your inditing, that no sic torbolashon may hip-pen on a future okashon.

What I hav to say for the present is that you will, by a smak, get a bocks of kumoddisities, whilk you will destraboot as derekit on every on of them; and you will before have resievit by the post-offis an account of what has been don. I need say no forther at this time, knowin' your discreshon and prooduns, septs that our Rachel and Captain Sabor will, if it pleese the Lord, be off to Parish, by way of Bryton, as man and wife, the morn's morning. What her father the doctor gives for tocher,<sup>1</sup> what is settlt on her for jontor, I will tell you all about when we meet; for it's our dishire, noo, to lose no tim in retorning to the manse, this being the last of our diplomaticals in London, where we have found the Argents a most discrit family, payin' to the last farding the cornal's legacy, and most seevil and well bred to us.

As I am naterally gretly okypt with this

<sup>1</sup> *Tocher.* Dowry.

matteromoneal afair, you cannot expect ony news; but the queen is going on with a dreadful rat, by which the pesents hav falen more than a whole entirr pesent. I wish our fonds were well oot of them, and in yird and stane, which is a constansie. But what is to become of the poor donsie woman, no one can expound. Some think she will be pot in the Toor of London, and her head chappit off; others think she will raise sic a stramash that she will send the whole government into the air, like peelings of ingons, by a gunpoother plot. But it's my opinion,—and I have weighed the matter well in my understanding,—that she will hav to fight with sword in hand, be she ill, or be she good. How els can she hop to get the better of more than two hundred lords (as the doctor, who has seen them, tells me), with princes of the blood-royal, and the prelatie bishops, whom, I need not tell you, are the worst of all?

But the thing I grudge most is to be so long in Lunden and no to see the king. Is it not a hard thing to come to London, and no to see the king? I am not pleased with him, I assure you, becose he does not set himself out to public view, like ony other curiosity, but stays in his palis, they say, like one of the anshent wooden images of idolatry, the which is a great peety, he beeing, as I am told, a beautiful man, and more the gentleman than all the coortiers of his court.

The doctor has been minting<sup>1</sup> to me that there is an address from Irvine to the queen ; and he, being so near a neighbour to your toun, has been thinking to pay his respects with it, to see her near at hand. But I will say nothing : he may take his own way in matters of gospel and spiritualty ; yet I have my scroopols of consence, how this may not turn out a rebellyon against the king, and I would hav him to sift and see who are at the address, before he pits his han' to it. For, if it's a radikol job, as I jealoos it is, what will the doctor then say, who is an orthodox man, as the world nose ?

In the maitre of our dumenticks, no new axcident has cast up ; but I have seen such a wonder as could not have been forethocht. Having a washin', I went down to see how the lassies were doing ; but judge of my feelings when I saw them triomphing on the top of pattons, standing upright before the boyns on chairs, rubbin' the clothes to juggins between their hands, above the sapples,<sup>2</sup> with their gouns and stays on, and round-eared mutches. What would you think of such a miracle at the washing-house in the Goffields, or the Gallowsknows of Irvine ? The cook, howsomever, has shown me a way to make rice-puddings without eggs, by putting in a bit of shoohet, which is as good ; and this you will tell Miss Nanny Eydent,—likewise, that, the most fashionable way of boiling green pis is to pit a

<sup>1</sup> *Minting.* Hinting.

<sup>2</sup> *Sapples.* Soap-suds.



blade of spearmint in the pot, which gives a fine flavour.

But this is a long letter, and my pepper is done ; so no more, but remains your friend and well-wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

“A great legacy and her dochtir married in ae journey to London is doing business,” said Mrs Glibbans with a sigh, as she looked to her only get, Miss Becky ; “but the Lord’s will is to be done in a’ thing. Sooner or later, something of the same kind will come, I trust, to all our families.”

“Ay,” replied Miss Mally Glencairn, “marriage is like death—it’s what we are a’ to come to.”

“I have my doubts of that,” said Miss Becky, with a sneer. “Ye have been lang spair’t from it, Miss Mally.”

“Ye’re a spiteful puddock ; and if the men hae the een and lugs they used to hae, gude pity him whose lot is cast with thine, Becky Glibbans,” replied the elderly maiden ornament of the Kirkgate, somewhat tartly.

Here Mr Snodgrass interposed, and said he would read to them the letter which Miss Isabella had received from the bride ; and, without waiting for their concurrence, opened and read as follows :—

## LETTER XXXI.

*Mrs Sabre to Miss Isabella Todd.*

MY DEAREST BELL, — Rachel Pringle is no more! My heart flutters as I write the fatal words. This morning, at nine o'clock precisely, she was conducted in bridal array to the new church of Mary-le-bone; and there, with ring and book, sacrificed to the minotaur, Matrimony, who devours so many of our bravest youths and fairest maidens.

My mind is too agitated to allow me to describe the scene. The office of handmaid to the victim, which, in our young simplicity, we had fondly thought one of us would perform for the other, was gracefully sustained by Miss Argent.

On returning from church to my father's residence in Baker Street, where we breakfasted, he declared himself not satisfied with the formalities of the English ritual, and obliged us to undergo a second ceremony from himself, according to the wonted forms of the Scottish Church. All the advantages and pleasures of which, my dear Bell, I hope you will soon enjoy.

But I have no time to enter into particulars. The captain and his lady, by themselves, in their own carriage, set off for Brighton in the course of less than an hour. On Friday they are to be followed by a large party of their

friends and relations; and, after spending a few days in that emporium of salt-water pleasures, they embark, accompanied with their beloved brother, Mr Andrew Pringle, for Paris, where they are afterwards to be joined by the Argents. It is our intention to remain about a month in the French capital. Whether we shall extend our tour will depend on subsequent circumstances; in the meantime, however, you will hear frequently from me.

My mother, who has a thousand times during these important transactions wished for the assistance of Nanny Eydent, transmits to Miss Mally Glencairn a box containing all the requisite bridal recognizances for our Irvine friends. I need not say that the best is for the faithful companion of my happiest years. As I had made a vow in my heart that Becky Glibbans should never wear gloves for my marriage, I was averse to sending her any at all; but my mother insisted that no exceptions should be made. I secretly took care, however, to mark a pair for her so much too large that I am sure she will never put them on. The asp will be not a little vexed at the disappointment. Adieu for a time, and believe that, although your affectionate Rachel Pringle be gone that way in which she hopes you will soon follow, one not less sincerely attached to you, though it be the first time she has so subscribed herself, remains in

RACHEL SABRE.

Before the ladies had time to say a word on the subject, the prudent young clergyman called immediately on Mr Micklewham to read the letter which he had received from the doctor, and this the worthy dominie did without delay, in that rich and full voice with which he is accustomed to teach his scholars elocution by example.

## LETTER XXXII.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D.D., to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.*

LONDON.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much longer of replying to your letter of the 3rd of last month than I ought in civility to have been; but, really, time, in this town of London, runs at a fast rate, and the day passes before the darg's<sup>1</sup> done. What with Mrs Pringle and her daughter's concernments anent the marriage to Captain Sabre, and the trouble I felt myself obliged to take in the Queen's affair, I assure you, Mr Micklewham, that it's no to be expressed how I have been occupied for the last four weeks. But all things must come to a conclusion in this world. Rachel Pringle is married; and the Queen's weary trial is brought to an end: upon the subject and motion of the

<sup>1</sup> *Darg.* The day's work.

same I offer no opinion, for I made it a point never to read the evidence, being resolved to stand by THE WORD from the first, which is clearly and plainly written in the Queen's favour, and it does not do in a case of conscience to stand on trifles. Putting, therefore, out of consideration the fact libelled, and looking both at the head and the tail of the proceeding, I was of a firm persuasion that all the sculduddery<sup>1</sup> of the business might have been well spared from the eye of the public, which is of itself sufficiently prone to keek and kook,<sup>2</sup> in every possible way, for a glimpse of a black story; and, therefore, I thought it my duty to stand up in all places against the trafficking that was attempted with a divine institution. And I think, when my people read how their prelatie enemies, the Bishops, (the heavens defend the poor Church of Scotland from being subjected to the weight of their paws!), have been visited with a constipation of the understanding on that point, it must to them be a great satisfaction to know how clear and collected their minister was on this fundamental of society. For it has turned out (as I said to Mrs Pringle as well as others it would do) that a sense of grace and religion would be manifested in some quarter before all was done, by which the devices for an unsanctified repudiation or divorce would be set at nought.

<sup>1</sup> *Sculduddery*. The investigation of the scandal.

<sup>2</sup> *To keek and kook*. To find fresh points from which to spy.

As often as I could, deeming it my duty as a minister of the Word and gospel, I got into the House of Lords, and heard the trial. And I cannot think how ever it was expected that justice could be done yonder, for, although no man could be more attentive than I was, every time I came away I was more confounded than when I went, and, when the trial was done, it seemed to me just to be clearing up for a proper beginning—all which is a proof that there was a foul conspiracy. Indeed, when I saw Duke Hamilton's daughter coming out of the coach with the Queen, I never could think after that a lady of her degree would have countenanced the Queen had the matter laid to her charge been as it was said. Not but in any circumstance it behoved a lady of that ancient and royal blood to be seen beside the Queen in such a great historical case as a trial.

I hope, in the part I have taken, my people will be satisfied ; but, whether they are satisfied or not, my own conscience is content with me. I was in the House of Lords when her Majesty came down for the last time, and saw her handed up the stairs by the usher of the black rod,—a little stumpy man, wonderful particular about the rules of the House, insomuch that he was almost angry with me for stopping at the stair-head. The afflicted woman was then in great spirits ; and I saw no symptoms of the swelled legs that Lord Lauderdale, that jooking man, spoke about, for she skippit up the steps like a lassie. But

my heart was wae for her when all was over, for she came out like an astonished creature, with a wild steadfast look, and a sort of something in the face that was as if the rational spirit had fled away ; and she went down to her coach as if she had submitted to be led to a doleful destiny. Then the shouting of the people began, and I saw and shouted too in spite of my decorum,—which I marvel at sometimes, thinking it could be nothing less than an involuntary testification of the spirit within me.

Anent the marriage of Rachel Pringle, it may be needful in me to state, for the satisfaction of my people, that although by stress of law we were obligated to conform to the practice of the Episcopalians,—by taking out a bishop's license, and going to their church, and vowing, in a pagan fashion, before their altars, which are an abomination to the Lord,—yet, when the young folk came home, I made them stand up and be married again before me, according to all regular marriages in our national Church. For this I had two reasons : first, to satisfy myself that there had been a true and real marriage ; and, secondly, to remove the doubt of the former ceremony being sufficient, for marriage being of divine appointment, and the English form and ritual being a thing established by Act of Parliament, which is of human ordination, I was not sure that marriage performed according to a human enactment could be a fulfilment of a divine ordinance. I,

therefore, hope that my people will approve what I have done; and, in order that there may be a sympathising with me, you will go over to Banker M——y, and get what he will give you, as ordered by me, and distribute it among the poorest of the parish, according to the best of your discretion, my long absence having taken from me the power of judgment in a matter of this sort. I wish, indeed, for the glad sympathy of my people. For I think that our Saviour turning water into wine at the wedding was an example set that we should rejoice and be merry at the fulfilment of one of the great obligations imposed on us as social creatures; and I have ever regarded the unhonoured treatment of a marriage occasion as a thing of evil bodement, betokening heavy hearts and light purses to the lot of the bride and bridegroom. You will hear more from me by-and-by; in the meantime, all I can say is that, when we have taken our leave of the young folks, who are going to France, it is Mrs Pringle's intent, as well as mine, to turn our horses' heads northward, and make our way with what speed we can, for our own quiet home among you.—So no more at present from your friend and pastor,

Z. PRINGLE.

Mrs Todd, the mother of Miss Isabella, a respectable widow lady, who had quiescently joined the company, proposed that they should now drink health, happiness, and all manner of pros-



perity, to the young couple; and, that nothing might be wanting to secure the favourable auspices of good omens to the toast, she desired Miss Isabella to draw fresh bottles of white and red. When all manner of felicity was duly wished in wine to the captain and his lady, the party rose to seek their respective homes. But a bustle at the street-door occasioned a pause. Mrs Todd inquired the matter; and three or four voices at once replied that an express had come from Garnock for Nanse Swaddle the midwife, Mrs Craig being taken with her pains.

"Mr Snodgrass," said Mrs Glibbans, instantly and emphatically, "ye maun let me go with you, and we can spiritualise on the road; for I hae promist Mrs Craig to be wi' her at the crying, to see the upshot. So I hope you will come awa'."

It would be impossible in us to suppose that Mr Snodgrass had any objections to spiritualise with Mrs Glibbans on the road between Irvine and Garnock; but, notwithstanding her urgency, he excused himself from going with her. However, he recommended her to the special care and protection of Mr Micklewham, who was at that time on his legs to return home.

"Oh! Mr Snodgrass," said the lady, looking slyly at him and Miss Isabella, as she adjusted her cloak, "there will be marrying and giving in marriage till the day of judgment." And with these oracular words she took her departure.

## CHAPTER X

### *The Return.*

ON Friday, Miss Mally Glencairn received a brief note from Mrs Pringle, informing her that she and the doctor would reach the manse, "God willing," in time for tea on Saturday, and begging her, therefore, to go over from Irvine, and see that the house was in order for their reception. This note was written from Glasgow, where they had arrived, in their own carriage, from Carlisle on the preceding day, after encountering, as Mrs Pringle said, "more hardships and extorshoning than all the dangers of the sea which they met with in the smack of Leith that took them to London."

As soon as Miss Mally received this intelligence, she went to Miss Isabella Todd, and requested her company for the next day to Garnock; where they arrived betimes to dine with Mr Snodgrass. Mrs Glibbans and her daughter Becky were then on a consolatory visit to Mr Craig. We mentioned in the last chapter that the crying of Mrs Craig had come on, and that Mrs Glibbans, according to promise,

and with the most anxious solicitude, had gone to wait the upshot. The upshot was most melancholy : Mrs Craig was soon no more : she was taken, as Mrs Glibbans observed on the occasion, from the earthly arms of her husband to the spiritual bosom of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, which was far better. But the baby survived ; so that, what with getting a nurse, and the burial, and all the work and handling that a birth and death in one house at the same time cause, Mr Craig declared that he could not do without Mrs Glibbans ; and she, with all that Christianity by which she was so zealously distinguished, sent for Miss Becky, and took up her abode with him, till it would please Him, without whom there is no comfort, to wipe the eyes of the pious elder. In a word, she stayed so long that a rumour began to spread that Mr Craig would need a wife to look after his bairn ; and that Mrs Glibbans was destined to supply the desideratum.

Mr Snodgrass, after enjoying his dinner society with Miss Mally and Miss Isabella, thought it necessary to despatch a courier, in the shape of a barefooted servant-lass, to Mr Micklewham, to inform the elders that the doctor was expected home in time for tea, leaving it to their discretion to greet his safe return, either at the manse, or in any other form or manner that would be most agreeable, to themselves. This important news was soon diffused through the clachan. Mr Micklewham dismissed his school

an hour before the wonted time, and there was a universal interest and curiosity excited to see the doctor coming home in his own coach. All the boys of Garnock assembled at the Braehead, which commands an extensive view of the Kilmarnock road, the only one from Glasgow that runs through the parish; the wives with their sucklings were seated on the large stones at their respective door-cheeks; while their cats were calmly reclining on the window-soles. The lassie weans, like clustering bees, were mounted on the carts that stood before Thomas Birlpenny (the vintner)'s door, churming<sup>1</sup> with anticipated delight; the old men took their stations on the dyke that encloses the side of the vintner's kail-yard; and "a batch of wabster<sup>2</sup> lads," with green aprons and thin yellow faces, planted themselves at the gable of the malt-kiln, where they were wont, when trade was better, to play at the hand-ball, (but, poor fellows! since the trade fell off, they have had no heart for the game, and the vintner's half-mutchkin stoups glitter in empty splendour unrequited, on the shelf below the brazen sconce above the bracepiece, amidst the idle pewter pepper-boxes, the bright copper tea-kettle, the coffee-pot that has never been in use, and lids of sauce-pans that have survived their principals—the wonted ornaments of every trig<sup>3</sup> change-house kitchen).

<sup>1</sup> *Churming.* Humming.

<sup>2</sup> *Wabster.* Weaver.

<sup>3</sup> *Trig.* Tidy.

The season was far advanced ; but the sun shone at his setting with a glorious composure, and the birds in the hedges and on the boughs were again gladdened into song. The leaves had fallen thickly, and the stubble-fields were bare ; but Autumn, in a many-coloured tartan plaid, was seen still walking with matronly composure in the woodlands, along the brow of the neighbouring hills.

About half-past four o'clock a movement was seen among the callans at the Braehead, and a shout announced that a carriage was in sight. It was answered by a murmuring response of satisfaction from the whole village. In the course of a few minutes the carriage reached the turnpike : it was of the darkest green and the gravest fashion ; a large trunk, covered with Russian matting, and fastened on with cords, prevented from chafing it by knots of straw rope, occupied the front ; behind, other two were fixed in the same manner, the lesser of course uppermost ; and deep beyond a pile of light bundles and band-boxes that occupied a large portion of the interior, the blithe faces of the doctor and Mrs Pringle were discovered. The boys huzzaed, the doctor flung them penny-pieces, and the mistress bawbees.

As the carriage drove along, the old men on the dyke stood up and reverently took off their hats and bonnets. The weaver-lads gazed with a melancholy smile ; the lassies on the carts

clapped their hands with joy ; the women on both sides of the street acknowledged the recognising nods ; while all the village dogs, surprised by the sound of chariot-wheels, came baying and barking forth, and sent off the cats, that were so *doucely*<sup>1</sup> sitting on the window-soles, clambering and scampering over the roofs in terror of their lives.

When the carriage reached the manse door, Mr Snodgrass, the two ladies, with Mr Micklewham and all the elders except Mr Craig, were there ready to receive the travellers. But over this joy of welcoming we must draw a veil ; for the first thing that the doctor did on entering the parlour, and before sitting down, was to return thanks for his safe restoration to his home and people.

The carriage was then unloaded ; and, as package, bale, box, and bundle were successively brought in, Miss Mally Glencairn expressed her admiration at the great capacity of the chaise.

“Ay,” said Mrs Pringle ; “but you know not what we have suffert for’t in coming through among the English taverns on the road. Some of them would not take us forward when there was a hill to pass, unless we would take four horses ; and every one after another reviled us for having no mercy in loading the carriage like a waggon ; and then the drivers were so *gleg*<sup>2</sup> and impudent that it was worse than martyrdom

<sup>1</sup> *Doucely*. Sedately.

<sup>2</sup> *Gleg*. Pert.

to come with them. Had the doctor taken my advice, he would have brought our own civil London coachman, whom we hired with his own horses by the job ; but he said it behoved us to gi'e our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws, and that he designed to fee Thomas Birlpenny's hostler for our coachman, being a lad of the parish. This obliged us to post it from London ; but oh, Miss Mally, what an outlay it has been !”

The doctor, in the meantime, had entered into conversation with the gentlemen, and was inquiring, in the most particular manner, respecting all his parishioners, and expressing his surprise that Mr Craig had not been at the manse with the rest of the elders. “It does not look well,” said the doctor. Mr Daff, however, offered the best apology for his absence that could be made. “He has had a gentle dispensation, sir. Mrs Craig has won awa' out of this sinful world, poor woman : she had a large experience o't. But the bairn's to the fore ; and Mrs Glibbans, that has such a cast of grace, has ta'en charge of the house since before the interment. It's thought, considering what's bygone, Mr Craig may do waur than make her mistress ; and I hope, sir, your exhortation will no be wanting to egg the honest man to think o't seriously.”

Mr Snodgrass, before delivering the household keys, ordered two bottles of wine, with glasses and biscuit, to be set upon the table ; while Mrs

Pringle produced from a paper package that had helped to stuff one of the pockets of the carriage a piece of rich plum-cake, brought all the way from a confectioner's in Cockspur Street, London, not only for the purpose of being eaten, but, as she said, to let Miss Nanny Eydent pree,<sup>1</sup> in order to direct the Irvine bakers how to bake others like it.

Tea was then brought in; and, as it was making, the doctor talked aside to the elders, while Mrs Pringle recounted to Miss Mally and Miss Isabella the different incidents of her adventures subsequent to the marriage of Miss Rachel.

"The young folk," said she, "having gone to Brighton, we followed them in a few days,—for we were told it was a curiosity, and that the King has a palace there, just a world's wonder. And, truly, Miss Mally, it is certainly not like a house for a creature of this world, but for some Grand Turk or Chinaman. The doctor said it put him in mind of Miss Jenny Macbride's side-board in the Stockwell of Glasgow, where all the pepper-boxes, poories,<sup>2</sup> and tea-pots, punch-bowls, and china-candlesticks of her progenitors are set out for a show that tells her visitors they are but seldom put to use. As for the town of Brighton, it's what I would call a gawky<sup>3</sup> piece of London.

<sup>1</sup> *Pree*. Make trial of.

<sup>2</sup> *Poories*. Vessels for liquids.

<sup>3</sup> *Gawky*. Silly.



I could see nothing in it but a wheen idlers, hearing twa lads, at night, crying, 'Five, six, seven for a shilling,' in the booksellers' shops, with a playactor lady singing in a corner, because her voice would not do for the players' stage. Therefore, having seen the Captain and Mrs. Sabre off to France, we came home to London; but it's not to be told what we had to pay at the hotel where we stayed in Brighton. Howsomever, having come back to London, we settled our 'counts, and, buying a few necessars, we prepared for Scotland:—and here we are. But travelling has, surely, a fine effect in enlarging the understanding; for both the doctor and me thought, as we came along, that everything had a smaller and poorer look than when we went away, and I dinna think this room is just what it used to be. What think ye o't, Miss Isabella? How would ye like to spend your days in't?"

Miss Isabella reddened at this question; but Mrs Pringle, who was as prudent as she was observant, affecting not to notice this, turned round to Miss Mally Glencairn, and said softly in her ear: "Rachel was Bell's confidante, and has told us all about what's going on between her and Mr Snodgrass. We have agreed no to stand in their way, as soon as the doctor can get a mailing<sup>1</sup> or two to secure his money upon."

Meantime, the doctor received from the elders

<sup>1</sup> *Mailing*. A farm, or small property.

a very satisfactory account of all that had happened among his people, both in and out of the Session, during his absence ; and he was vastly pleased to find there had been no inordinate increase of wickedness. At the same time, he was grieved for the condition in which the poor weavers still continued, saying that among other things of which he had been of late meditating was the setting up of a lending bank in the parish for the labouring classes, where, when they were out of work, "bits of loans for a house-rent, or a brat<sup>1</sup> of claes, or sic like, might be granted, to be repaid when trade grew better, and thereby take away the objection that an honest pride had to receiving help from the Session."

Then some lighter general conversation ensued, in which the doctor gave his worthy counsellors a very jocose description of many of the lesser sort of adventures which he had met with ; and, the ladies having retired to inspect the great bargains that Mrs Pringle had got, and the splendid additions she had made to her wardrobe, out of what she denominated the dividends of the pesent portion of the legacy, the doctor ordered in the second biggest toddy-bowl, the guardevine<sup>2</sup> with the old rum, and told the lassie to see if the tea-kettle was still boiling.

<sup>1</sup> *Brat*. Odds and ends.

<sup>2</sup> *Guardevine*. A guardevine in Ayrshire was a big square bottle. It is said to have held two quarts.

"Ye maun drink our welcome hame," said he to the elders; "it would nae otherwise be canny. But I'm sorry Mr Craig has nae come."

At these words the door opened, and the absent elder entered, with a long face and a deep sigh.

"Ha!" cried Mr Daff: "this is very droll. Speak of the Evil One, and he'll appear;"—which words dinted on the heart of Mr Craig, who thought his marriage in December had been the subject of their discourse. The doctor, however, went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and said, "Now I take this very kind, Mr Craig; for I could not have expected you, considering ye have got, as I am told, your jo in the house;" at which words the doctor winked pawkily to Mr Daff, who rubbed his hands with fainness, and gave a good-humoured sort of keckling laugh. This facetious stroke of policy was a great relief to the afflicted elder, for he saw by it that the doctor did not mean to trouble him with any inquiries respecting his deceased wife; and, in consequence, he put on a blither face, and really affected to have forgotten her already more than he had done in sincerity.

Thus the night passed in decent temperance and a happy decorum; insomuch that the elders, when they went away, either by the influence of the toddy-bowl, or the doctor's funny stories about the Englishers, declared that he was an

excellent man, and, being none lifted up, was worthy of his rich legacy.

At supper, the party, besides the minister and Mrs Pringle, consisted of the two Irvine ladies and Mr Snodgrass. Miss Becky Glibbans came in, when it was about half over, to express her mother's sorrow at not being able to call that night, "Mr Craig's bairn having taken an ill turn." The truth, however, was that the worthy elder had been rendered somewhat tozy<sup>1</sup> by the minister's toddy, and wanted an opportunity to inform the old lady of the joke that had been played upon him by the doctor calling her his jo, and to see how she would relish it. So by a little address Miss Becky was sent out of the way, with the excuse we have noticed; at the same time, as the night was rather sharp, it is not to be supposed that she would have been the bearer of any such message had her own curiosity not enticed her.

During supper the conversation was very lively. Many "pickant jokes," as Miss Becky described them, were cracked by the doctor; but, soon after the table was cleared, he touched Mr Snodgrass on the arm, and, taking up one of the candles, went with him to his study, where he then told him that Rachel Pringle, now Mrs Sabre, had informed him of a way in which he could do him a service.

"I understand, sir," said the doctor, "that you

<sup>1</sup> *Tozy*. Slightly intoxicated.

have a notion of Miss Bell Todd, but that until ye get a kirk there can be no marriage. But the auld horse may die waiting for the new grass; and, therefore, as the Lord has put it in my power to do a good action both to you and my people—whom I am glad to hear you have pleased so well—if it can be brought about that you could be made helper and successor, I'll no object to give up to you the whole stipend, and, by-and-by, maybe, the manse to the bargain. But that is if you marry Miss Bell, for it was a promise that Rachel gar't me make to her on her wedding morning. Ye know she was a forecasting lassie, and, I have reason to believe, has said nothing anent this to Miss Bell herself; so that, if you have no partiality for Miss Bell, things will just rest on their own footing. But if you have a notion, it must be a satisfaction to you to know this, as it will be a pleasure to me to carry it as soon as possible into effect."

Mr Snodgrass was a good deal agitated: he was taken by surprise, and without words the doctor might have guessed his sentiments; he, however, frankly confessed that he did entertain a very high opinion of Miss Bell, but that he was not sure if a country parish would exactly suit him.

"Never mind that," said the doctor; "if it does not fit at first, you will get used to it; and if a better casts up, it will be no obstacle."

The two gentlemen then rejoined the ladies,

and, after a short conversation, Miss Becky Glibbans was admonished to depart, by the servants bringing in the Bibles for the worship of the evening. This was usually performed before supper; but, owing to the bowl being on the table, and the company jocose, it had been postponed till all the guests who were not to sleep in the house had departed.

The Sunday morning was fine and bright for the season: the hoar-frost, till about an hour after sunrise, lay white on the grass and tomb stones in the churchyard; but, before the bell rang for the congregation to assemble, it was exhaled away, and a freshness, that was only known to be autumnal by the fallen and yellow leaves that strewed the church-way path from the ash and plane trees in the avenue, encouraged the spirits to sympathise with the universal cheerfulness of all nature.

The return of the doctor had been bruited through the parish with so much expedition that, when the bell rang for public worship, none of those who were in the practice of stopping in the churchyard to talk about the weather, was so ignorant as not to have heard of this important fact. In consequence, before the time at which the doctor was wont to come from the back-gate which opened from the manse-garden into the churchyard, a great majority of his people were assembled to receive him.

At the last jingle of the bell, the back-gate

was usually opened, and the doctor was wont to come forth as punctually as a cuckoo of a clock at the striking of the hour; but a deviation was observed on this occasion. Formerly, Mrs Pringle and the rest of the family came first, and a few minutes were allowed to elapse before the doctor, laden with grace, made his appearance. But at this time,—either because it had been settled that Mr Snodgrass was to officiate, or for some other reason,—there was a breach in the observance of this time-honoured custom.

As the ringing of the bell ceased, the gate unclosed, and the doctor came forth. He was of that easy sort of feather-bed corpulency of form that betokens good nature, and had none of that smooth, red, well-filled protuberancy, which indicates a choleric humour and a testy temper. He was, in fact, what Mrs Glibbans denominated “a man of a gawsy<sup>1</sup> external.” And some little change had taken place during his absence in his visible equipage. His stockings, which were wont to be of worsted, had undergone a translation into silk. His waistcoat, instead of having the venerable Presbyterian flap-covers to the pockets, which were of Johnsonian magnitude, was become plain. His coat, in all times single-breasted, with no collar, still, however, maintained its ancient characteristics: only, instead of the former bright black cast-horn, the

<sup>1</sup> *Gawsy*. Portly.

buttons were covered with cloth. But the chief alteration was discernible in the furniture of the head. He had exchanged the simplicity of his own respectable grey hairs for the cauliflower hoariness of a PARRISH<sup>1</sup> wig, on which he wore a broad-brimmed hat, turned up a little at each side behind, in a portentous manner, indicatory of Episcopalian predilections. This, however, was not justified by any alteration in his principles, being merely an innocent variation of fashion, the natural result of a doctor of divinity buying a hat and wig in London.

The moment that the doctor made his appearance his greeting and salutation was quite delightful: it was that of a father returned to his children, and a king to his people.

Almost immediately after the doctor, Mrs Pringle, followed by Miss Mally Glencairn and Miss Isabella Todd, also debouched from the gate; and the assembled females remarked, with no less instinct, the transmutation which she had undergone. She was dressed in a dark blue cloth pelisse, trimmed with a dyed fur, which, as she told Miss Mally, "looked quite as well as sable, without costing a third of the money." A most matronly muff, that, without being of sable, was of an excellent quality, contained her hands; and she wore a very large Leghorn straw bonnet, decorated richly, but far from excess, with a most

<sup>1</sup> See the *Edinburgh Review* for an account of our old friend Dr Parr's wig and Spital Sermon.—*Author's note.*



substantial band and bow of a broad crimson satin riband around her head.

If the doctor was gratified to see his people so gladly thronging around him, Mrs Pringle had no less pleasure also in her thrice-welcome reception. It was an understood thing that she had been mainly instrumental in enabling the minister to get his great Indian legacy; and, in whatever estimation she may have been previously held for her economy and management, she was now looked up to as a personage skilled in the law, and particularly versed in testamentary erudition. Accordingly, in the customary testimonials of homage with which she was saluted in her passage to the church-door, there was evidently a sentiment of veneration mingled, such as had never been evinced before, which was neither unobserved nor unappreciated by that acute and perspicacious lady.

The doctor himself did not preach, but sat in the minister's pew till Mr Snodgrass had concluded an eloquent and truly an affecting sermon; at the end of which the doctor rose and went up into the pulpit, where he publicly returned thanks for the favours and blessings he had obtained during his absence, and for the safety in which he had been restored, after many dangers and tribulations, to the affections of his parishioners.

Such were the principal circumstances that marked the return of the family. In the course

of the week after, the estate of Moneypennies being for sale, it was bought for the doctor as a great bargain. It was not, however, on account of the advantageous nature of the purchase that our friend valued this acquisition, but entirely because it was situated in his own parish, part of the lands marching with the glebe.

The previous owner of Moneypennies had built an elegant house on the estate, to which Mrs Pringle is at present actively preparing to remove from the manse; and it is understood that, as Mr Snodgrass was last week declared helper and successor to the doctor, his marriage with Miss Isabella Todd will take place with all convenient expedition. There is also reason to believe that any scruple which Mrs Glibbans had to a second marriage is now removed, and that as soon as decorum will permit she will soon again grace the happy circle of wives by the name of Mrs Craig. Indeed, we are assured that Miss Nanny Eydent is actually at this time employed in making up her wedding garments. For, last week, that worthy and respectable young person was known to have visited Bailie Delap's shop, at a very early hour in the morning, and to have priced many things of a bridal character, besides getting swatches; after which she was seen to go to Mrs Glibbans's house (where she remained a very considerable time), and to return straight therefrom to the shop, and purchase

divers of the articles which she had priced and inspected. All of which constitutes sufficient grounds for the general opinion in Irvine that the union of Mr Craig with Mrs Glibbans is a happy event drawing near to consummation.

# NOTES



## NOTES

### NOTE A.—THE KIRK

IT may be well to give here just so much explanation of the government of the Scottish Kirk as the text of the *Annals* and of the *Ayrshire Legatees* seems to require. For full information on this subject the reader is referred to Dr Edgar's two volumes on *Old Church Life in Scotland*, which draw their illustrations mainly from the Kirk Session records in Ayrshire parishes, and are, therefore, peculiarly apt authorities on points relating to the Kirk raised in Galt's works.

*The Patron.*—Lay Patronage was accepted more or less for a century after 1567. It was restored at the Restoration, to be abolished at the Revolution; and in 1712, under the influence of the Jacobite revival, the weight of which was thrown for Episcopacy, it was re-restored. Both Mr Balwhidder and Dr Pringle discover the loyalty of Presbytery to the reigning House. Thirty years before the placing of Mr Balwhidder the Patronage Act was being accepted rapidly, and the heritors and elders were given the right to "elect and call" instead of to "name and propose to the whole congregation to be approved or disapproved." Between 1749 and 1780, we are told, "a melancholy catalogue of forced settlements marked the annals of the Church." The Dalmailing settlement was a case in point, and was not entirely peculiar in requiring military force to assist the "riding Committee" of the Presbytery.

*The Heritors.*—In connection with parochial law, the heritors are the proprietors of such heritable subjects as are liable in

payment of public burdens. Heritors may be corporations, companies, and burghs, as well as individuals.

The duties of heritors, in the time of the *Annals*, in the matter of provision for the poor and for education, are noted under these heads. Heritors were bound to keep and maintain in good condition and repair "the kirk and kirkyard dykes," etc. (*Annals*, Chap. vii.),—including the pulpit, which explains the saying of the pawkie about Dr Pringle's powers as a preacher. And the maintenance of the manse was on their shoulders (*Annals*, Chap. xxvii.).

In view of the doings at Dalmailing recorded in Chaps. xxvii. and xxviii. of the *Annals*, something ought to be said about the minister's stipend. At the Reformation, the teinds (as tithes are called in Scotland), which were entirely in the hands of the Romish Church, were scattered, and were held by lay titulars for their own benefit. Soon after the Reformation, however, changes were made whereby a certain portion of them was set apart in each parish as the stipend of the clergyman holding the charge. Originally, teind was made effectual by the beneficiary coming into the field, after the crop was reaped, and separating every tenth sheaf from the others, and carrying it off. After the Reformation, this old system, known as "drawing the teind," was abolished, and a valuation of lands was made and teind fixed at one-fifth of the rent. Although stipend is always considered as so much grain, and the heritors' liabilities are fixed in grain, payment is made in money in settling with the minister (*Annals*, Chap. xxviii.).

*The Session.*—The four ecclesiastical courts of the Scottish Kirk,—the Assembly, the Synod, the Presbytery, and the Session,—are mentioned in the *Annals*. Naturally, we hear most of the Session, the lowest of them, composed of the elders of the parish; that is, of the minister, who preached and administered the sacraments and solemnised marriages as well as exercised authority, and of ruling elders, or laymen elected to "rule," or exercise authority, only. At the present day, Kirk Sessions have stripped themselves or have been stripped of certain of their original functions; but in the periods covered by the *Annals* and the *Ayrshire Legatees* they still were clothed with power to administer discipline, to take charge of the poor, to look after education, and to superintend arrangements for burial.

*The Session and Discipline.*—In the *Annals* and the *Ayrshire Legatees* several cases of discipline are mentioned—all of them dealing with sins of impurity. Mrs Pringle's lament that "an elder is not to be seen in the churches of London, which is a sore signal that the piple are left to themselves," is a signal that she was used to elders at home who did not leave their people to themselves. That indeed would have been to have departed from the traditions of their office. On the contrary, both in Dalmailing and in Garnock the elders kept a shrewd eye—Mrs Glibbans's assisting—upon the conduct of the parishioners and of one another. When they came to the manse "about a fact that was found out in the clachan," they knew their duty if their minister did not, and Lady Macadams and their tantrums had to be faced. Clearly, however, the *Annals* and the *Ayrshire Legatees* picture periods when discipline was being relaxed. At an earlier date, when the Kirk held to the letter of its demand "to treat in an ecclesiastical way of greatest and smallest, from the king's throne that should be established in righteousness to the merchant's balance that should be used in faithfulness," its censures and punishments should have been set in process against Lord Eaglesham for his "Miss" and Mr Cayenne for his contumely, and Mr Balwhidder himself certainly had not escaped for allowing his daughter to go to see play-actors. Mention is made in Chapter xlv. of the *Annals* of a compromise in 1804 in the matter of Kirk discipline "in conformity with the altered fashions of the age." The fashions had altered still more in the age of the *Ayrshire Legatees*, when Dr Pringle commended the jocose moderation of Mr Daff, which tempered the older spirit lingering in Mr Craig; they have altered so much nowadays, fortunately, that you are as little likely to meet with a Mr Daff in a Session as with a Mr Craig. The authority of the Sessions, of which even their authority in the period covered by the *Annals* was a shadow only, was just as wide as the sphere of conduct it claimed the right to supervise, and that was the affections and actions of every parishioner. Sessions established a perfect system of espionage: their members had "quarters" allotted to them for oversight, and made themselves acquainted with the antecedents of their inhabitants; and the inhabitants were charged to report on the backslidings of one another. It may be said that there was no offence which did not come before them, and



no action which they might not cite before them as an offence. They conducted their inquiries like civil courts, swearing-in witnesses ; unlike civil courts, however, they did not give defendants the benefit of the doubt, but kept slander hanging over their heads, not infrequently for a lifetime, awaiting clearer proof or disproof. Their punishments ranged from "the joughs" and the "cutty-stool" to the greater excommunication with its civil penalties that made it almost impossible to live. These civil penalties may not have been inflicted always ; but the authority of the Kirk must have received its heaviest blow when, in 1690, the Act enjoining them upon sentences of excommunication was repealed. "What care I?" one parishioner was reported to have said when threatened with the shorn sentence, "What care I? The Pope of Rome excommunicates you every year, and what the waur are ye o' that?" Gradually Kirk discipline was conditioned by the fashions of the age ; and the process is admirably suggested in the *Annals*. In some degree, no doubt, it was so conditioned all along. The generations become more sensitive, and, consequently, tenderer in their methods. Only, movements in conformity with the fashions of the age must be made in *échelon*, and the latest occupation of the old ground is often more noticed than the farthest advance into the new. Where so many held the power, all could not be wise in their day and generation. Under the gentle rule of a Mr Balwhidder, one might say that "the only complaint of profane people was that the government was too strict, and that they had not liberty to sin." But while Mr Balwhidder was incumbent at Dalmailing, Daddy Auld thundered in Mauchline, and there was a Burns to denounce the inquisition.

*The Session and the Poor.*—The basis of the Scottish Poor Law was the Act of 1579, which directed an inquiry into the number of the poor, made provision to "tax and stent" the inhabitants for its support, and established a system of licensing beggars. By it, the working of the Poor Law was placed in the hands of the Magistrates in burghs, and of the Justices in landward parishes. Various strengthening Acts followed, authorising the Kirk Sessions to take steps in the case of any remissness of the civil officers, and to erect more "joughs"; until, in 1597, the Kirk Sessions became the sole administrators of the law for the relief of the aged and infirm poor, and the chief administrators of the law for the putting down of

idlers and vagabonds. Apparently the Sessions also required strengthening, for a year or two later the presbyteries were enjoined to aid them; and an Act of 1617 brought back the powers to the Justices. There was a break in legislation until 1661, when Kirk Sessions are mentioned as acting under the supervision of the Justices; and the ultimate enactment of 1698 was that upon which the relief of the poor was for long after based.

The power of assessment, however, whether in the hands of the Justices or of the Kirk Sessions, was scarcely ever used. It was not in Galt's own country. In 1725 an Act of the local Justices of Ayrshire directed Kirk Sessions to "provide for the poor of the parish by weekly collections, rents, and interests of mortifications, and begging with certificates within the parish"; and, by order of the Presbytery of Ayr, this was read in all pulpits within its jurisdiction. Begging with certificates, as we have seen, was the outcome of earlier Acts, directing that, when contributions at the church were insufficient to maintain the poor, deserving paupers should be supplied with badges or tickets. No doubt Tammy Daidles carried a certificate with him on his horse. The Act of the local Justices, however, was not followed. Many parishes reported that there was no necessity for a stent, on account of their own richness, or because they had few paupers, as was the case at Dalmailing (*Annals*, Chap. i.). By 1771 vagrant begging had so increased that the former Acts anent the poor were, with certain modifications, renewed; but even then, it appears, no assessment for the poor was general in Ayrshire.

When the cotton-mill stopped in Cayenneville, there evidently was no system of "stent" to cope with the distress; and Dr Pringle's reflections on the poor-rates levied in England seem to show that Garnock was like Dalmailing. Otherwise, there is no mention of assessment in the *Annals* or in the *Legatees*; and none of church collections,—the main provision for the poor in olden time,—which, generally, were taken up on entry to the church (*Sir Andrew Wylie*, Chap. lxxxvi.) or to the churchyard. Other sources of provision for the poor were fines, inflicted by the Kirk Sessions, and others inflicted by the civil courts; certain fees; the bell-penny, or the due for tolling the church-bell at funerals; the hire of mort-cloths; benefactions, often, as was Miss Betty Pawkie's, recorded on a mortification board put up as a "testification and an

example"; the sale of paupers' effects. Mr Balwhidder's action in the matter of Nanse Banks (*Annals*, Chap. viii.) shows how cases of extraordinary relief could be dealt with.

*The Session and Education.*—From the Reformation (previously to which there were schools in many parishes) to about the middle of the seventeenth century the State did not directly concern itself with education. It was the Kirk's claim to make herself responsible for the moral as well as the spiritual condition of her people. She demanded, therefore, the right of supervision of schools and schoolmasters; and got it. The Kirk, and not the State, devised the scheme, more or less thoroughly carried out, of establishing in every considerable parish a school for the teaching "of the grammar and the Latin tongue." In parishes where, for one reason or another, there was no such school, the minister sometimes would take the teaching upon his own shoulders, and sometimes, even, would endow a school out of his own pocket—such was the zeal for education;—and in certain poorer parishes the experiment was tried, though not with great success apparently, of uniting in one person the offices of minister and schoolmaster. So long as the Kirk was given this free hand, the appointment of the parish schoolmaster lay with the Session; and a modern state of matters was anticipated in a system, aimed at, if not always enforced, by the Kirk, of compulsory education and the payment out of the fees at her command for the education of the children of the poor.

This, however, was an impulse for education rather than a system. Its mainspring was a zeal which moderated, until, in the first half of the seventeenth century, the State, itself awakening to a sense of the new needs of the people, interfered to systematise the education in the schools. From then until 1873, when the State took over entire control of education, Church and State were associated to this end. It was under their conjoint authority that education lay in the periods covered by the *Annals* and the *Ayrshire Legatees*. Patrick Dilworth's appointment to Dalmailing parochial school, which dated, as his wife said, "from the time of Anna Regina and before the Rexes came to the throne," would probably be made under the provisions of the Act of 1696, which ordained that "a schoolmaster be appointed in every parish, not already provided, by advice of the heritors and ministers of the parish."

At any rate, when Patrick was doited, the heritors could prevent the Session appointing a new teacher, as appears to have been its wish ; and, later, the heritors came to loggerheads with the Session concerning the question of a new school, which was only settled by the "advised" course of the tactful Mr Balwhidder. In all likelihood, the divided authority would in many cases resolve itself into some such veto placed by the heritors on the Session's educational projects. We know that the heritors did not always fulfil the provisions of the Act of 1696 by the establishment of a school in their parishes ; while, on the other hand, the traditions of the Kirk were urgent upon the Sessions to be zealous for education. As a rule, the appointment of the schoolmaster would be left to the parish minister, who (at the time of the *Annals* at any rate) was likely to consult his Session on such a matter, even as the Town Councils consulted the parish minister in similar cases. In the Town Council records of Kirkcaldy, for example, there is an interesting report by the parish minister, Dr Martin, Irving's father-in-law to be, upon the acquirements and qualifications of Thomas Carlyle, then an applicant for the office of schoolmaster in that town. Dr Martin was good enough to say that Carlyle's "education in classical literature has been as thorough and complete as in mathematics and natural science ; indeed, from the conversations I have had with him, I am of opinion there are few young men of his standing who have directed their studies to greater variety of objects and have acquired a more extensive range of knowledge."

Schoolmasters in those days frequently were taken from the ranks of "stickit ministers." One of Galt's most finished portraits is that of Dominie Tannyhill (in *Sir Andrew Wylie*), a pathetic figure, one of those "meek and modest novices of the Scottish priesthood who, never happening to meet any such stroke of good fortune as the lot of a tutor in a laird's family, wear out the even tenor of their blameless lives in the little troubles of a village school." The Presbytery held fast to the right to examine the nominee and to prevent his appointment before it had given him a certificate. And sometimes, at any rate, the Presbytery met its match. Dr Paul tells of a schoolmaster who, on being examined, was informed by one member of the Presbytery that a phrase used by him was not good Latin. "It is used by Cæsar, Reverend Sir," he replied, "and it's generally thoct that he doesna write ill Laetin."

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The Act which bound the heritors in the upkeep of the school fixed also the minimum salary which they were to pay the master at 100 marks (a small sum), and the maximum at 200. Previously to that, the Sessions had to provide, in part at least, for the maintenance of the teacher; and where they did not continue to do so after the passing of this Act, he was often driven to hard straits for a living, for it took long to convince the heritors of their legal duty towards him. His salary, however, (which, by the way, subsequent Acts more than doubled), did not represent the schoolmaster's whole remuneration. A considerable sum came to him in those Candlemas offerings by which Miss Sabrina Hooky's income was eked out. Dr Edgar says that these varied in magnitude from the smallest to the largest of silver coins from each pupil, and sometimes were paid in gold. "Pupils were cheered according to the amount of their donations. When a half-crown was laid on the table the dominie shouted *Vivat*, when a whole crown was produced he cried *Floreat bis*, and when gold was tendered he gave vent to his delighted feelings in a jubilant exclamation of *Gloriat!*" Cock-fighting on Fasten-e'en, by which the dominies of old made a little money, is not mentioned in the *Annals*. The practice, however, survived in Mauchline until 1782, and in other parts of Scotland until a much later date. More reputable additions were made to the teacher's income by setting him in other parochial offices. Patrick Dilworth was session-clerk and precentor, and these Mr Lorimore, his successor in the school, became in time; and a sly reference by Dr Pringle shows us that his session-clerk and schoolmaster, Mr Micklewham, read the line.

*The Session and Burials.*—The Session, we have seen, added something to its poor-fund by the hire of mort-cloths and the exaction of burial fees. When any of the poor themselves died, the Session provided the coffin and made arrangements for the burial, as in the case of Jenny Gaffaw. The kirk neither prescribed nor recommended a religious service at burials. The funeral service, of which much is said in the *Annals*, was something very different. Meg Gaffaw's ceremonies show of what it consisted among the very poorest, and there was an ascending scale of magnificence with the increased social condition of the dead. See *The Entail*, Chap. ix.

In his *Reminiscences of Seventy Years Ago*, Dr Paul writes:

“When I came to this parish, and for a considerable time afterwards, the corpse was, immediately after death, laid on the table, two lighted candles were set beside it, and a plate with salt upon it. Some of the relatives or neighbours sat up in the apartment where the corpse lay the whole of each night in succession till the day of interment, and the parties relieved one another till that took place. On the occasion of the lyke-wake, a portion of the Bible was generally read and psalms were sung, and, as there were refreshments both in meat and drink, it not infrequently happened, when the watchers were not religiously disposed, that the decorum necessary on such occasions was not observed. It was not considered respectful to the memory of a deceased friend if a quantity of strong drink was not disposed of at his funeral—a mark of respect which was often too faithfully paid to him. . . . I well remember the first funeral which I attended in this parish upwards of fifty years ago [*i.e.*, about 1830]. I was told that the hour of meeting was eleven. When I went to the place, I learned that the guests were to meet in the barn, on entering which a glass of whisky was offered to me before taking my seat. The seats consisted of deals, supported by turf or blocks of wood, running round the walls all round the barn. There was a deal table in the middle, upon which were placed one plate with clay pipes and another with coarse tobacco shred down and ready for use, and a candle burning for lighting the pipes. This candle and the light admitted by the door were the only means by which the apartment was lighted. The guests came straggling in for about an hour, and, as each entered, whisky was presented to him; and as he passed by the table he took up a pipe, filled it from the cut tobacco, lighted it at the candle, took his seat, and began to smoke. When the guests were all assembled, two men came in, one with a corn-sieve containing oat-cakes and cheese; the other with a pailful of small-beer in one hand and a drinking-jug in the other. All having partaken of this refreshment, the smoking commenced again with renewed vigour. About half-an-hour later, a glass of whisky and a piece of plain biscuit were presented and taken by each guest. After this the smoking recommenced, and continued till another service was brought in, consisting of a glass of rum and a better description of biscuit called bun; and lastly a glass of wine, with what used to be termed sugar-biscuits. Up to this time little was spoken,

but after this last service many of the guests became loquacious, and, forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, talked as gaily as if it were a marriage-feast or a baptism." Captain Burt, writing nearly a century earlier, noted as necessary at these services "several pyramids of plum-cake, sweetmeats, and several dishes," with pipes and tobacco,—the last according to an old custom, "for it is very rare to see anybody smoke in Scotland." The *drudgy*, he says, was the stowing away of the sweetmeats into your hat or pocket, "which enables you to make a great compliment to the women of your acquaintance."

The same writer found the custom of summoning to burial by bell, alluded to by "Andrew Pringle, my son," (*Ayrshire Legatees*, Chap. ii.), common throughout lowland Scotland.

*The Session and Marriages.*—In Scotland, marriage with a religious service, although not a sacrament, was regarded as a Church privilege. A marriage might be legal and yet irregular in the eyes of the Church, and the irregularity was a matter to be "dealt with" by the Sessions, according to its degree, or, rather, according to the degree of heinousness with which they happened to regard it. Mr Craig's was an irregular marriage. The young laird Macadam's was regular, for it was celebrated according to the Church's regulations. One of these, it is true, was that parties "should be proclaimed three several Sundays." But this might be dispensed with when there were "necessarie exigents," and Mr Balwhidder was able to satisfy his Session that these existed in the case of "the young couple" (*Annals*, Chap. xv.). There was no irregularity in the performance of the marriage ceremony in the house. Mr Henry Melcomb was "married from" Mr Cayenne's. It is the general practice in Scotland to-day, and most people there, no doubt, consider that marriage in church is the irregularity rather, and has been since the Reformation. But this seems not to be the case. Previously to the beginning of last century, ministers who celebrated chamber marriages were liable to deposition, and several actually were deposed; and the written law of the Church has not been altered, although it has been ignored. The pay-wedding, so admirably sketched in the *Annals* (Chap. xlviii.), was a tenacious institution in Scotland, accompanied by abuses which sorely "exercised" the Sessions. It was a sign of changed times that the minister of Dalmailing should consider it his duty to give countenance

to the jollity at Tibby Banes', even although, as a servant in the manse and a daughter of the betherel, she was in a special sense one of the Kirk folk.

*Communion Services.*—We gather from the "memorables" of the year 1770 that in Dalmailing parish, early in Mr Balwhidder's ministry, there were two sacraments in the year,—in spring and at the end of harvest. Mr Cayenne's outbreak in 1785 was in connection with a *Summer Occasion* or Sacrament. It is possible that by that date there were Communion Services three or four times a year; but it is unlikely. For, although the wish of the Kirk was always for frequent sacraments, the difficulty in the way was the protracted special services at them to which the people had become accustomed, and these special services evidently had not been discontinued in Dalmailing. The arrangements to which Mr Cayenne objected provided for the *Fast-Day* and for the *Saturday* preceding the Sacrament; the "old stoops" no doubt were to assist at the serving of the tables and at the *Preachings*, and, possibly, at a Monday's Thanksgiving.

The service on the Saturday, with its preparation sermon, was of old institution. So, also, was an examination of the whole congregation on one day in the same week. The examination was discontinued, but not the practice of examining or "purging" the communicant roll. The communicant required three qualifications: a clean life, submission to kirk discipline, and a good measure of knowledge. With the discontinuance of the examination the third would in some degree fail to be a test. In addition to the purging of the roll, the tables were fenced. The *Fast-Day* in the week preceding the Sacrament appears to have been of spontaneous growth. Before it was generally discontinued it had ceased to be a day of fasting, or even, with many, to be a day for attending church service. At these *Fast-Day* and *Preparation-Day* services, the tokens of admittance to the Sunday's tables were distributed. Later, as now, the elders distributed them in their own districts.

On the Sunday, a service similar to that on ordinary Sabbaths preceded the administration of the Sacrament. The sermon preached then was known as the *Action Sermon*. Saturday's had been the sermon in preparation; this was the sermon at the action. Then came the fencing of the tables, the reading



of the words of institution, and the prayer of consecration. The communicants did not kneel when receiving the Sacrament, but sat,—sometimes, as now, in their own pews, or at pews linked together to resemble a table, and sometimes at tables specially kept for the purpose. On these Occasions there were present others besides members of the congregation. There was nothing unusual in the table being “filled by the pious from many a neighbouring parish,” as was the case at Dalmailing in 1770. As all could not sit down at once, many tables had to be served,—an exercise for some of the “old stoops,”—and the services would last for a long day. Outside, meanwhile, those who were not communicating, or had done so already, might listen to the preaching from the tent—not a pitched tent, but a pulpit erected for the Occasion. For example, Dr Edgar had an informant who, as a boy at Mauchline, heard the beadle call to the preacher in the tent to “fire away, for the seventeenth table was filling, and there was no end to the work.” The sermons in the kirkyard were known as the *Preachings*.

#### NOTE B.—THE GREAT SMUGGLING TRADE

In 1743, a few years after the passing of the first Smuggling Act, according to one authority, the consumption of tea in Great Britain was computed at 1,500,000 pounds weight per annum, while duty was paid on 650,000 pounds only on the average. In the great smuggling trade, of which these figures concerning the one article, tea, give an indication, Scotland had not her own share: it would seem that the conscience of the country, of individuals and of corporations, was earlier awake to the evils attending it. Nevertheless, on the south-west coast especially, the free-traders were active. The small farmers in particular had their hands deep in the illicit traffic, which explains Mr Balwhidder's remark “that many a mailing was sold to pay for the triumphs of the cutters and gaugers.” That was in 1778; and by that year their doings all over the country had become so notorious that a second Smuggling Act was passed.

A pamphlet published about that time states that fair-dealers

everywhere were suffering from the efforts of the smugglers, who carried their trade into the very heart of the country. And no wonder, if the author is correct in his statement that the greater part of the 3,867,000 gallons distilled annually at Schiedam was to be smuggled into England, and that the French imported between five and six millions of pounds of tea, most of which found its way by illicit means into Great Britain. In *Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways*, Lieutenant Shore, who cites this pamphlet, gives also the statement of an officer of excise at Wigtown, that, when a boy, in 1777 (that is, in the year previous to Betty Pawkie's escapade as related in the *Annals*), he counted 210 horses laden with tea, spirits, and tobacco, accompanied by half that number of men, passing within a mile of the town of Wigtown, in open defiance of the supervisor, two excise officers, and about thirty soldiers, stationed at Wigtown to assist the revenue officers in the suppression of smuggling. There was not at this time, nor, indeed, until the conclusion of the peace in the early years of the next century, any established body, such as the Coast Guard, responsible for the protection of the revenue. The smuggling craft which landed the goods had to elude the vigilance (such as it was) of the revenue cutters, aided by others of the king's ships. No doubt (as Mr Balwhidder says) the fact of these "king's ships being out and about," owing to the American war, made their enterprises more difficult to the smugglers; on the other hand, the struggle with France which was soon to begin had an effect entirely contrary. Inland, again, the movements of the "riders,"—the cadgers who distributed the goods among the resellers,—were watched by the officers of customs and excise. Hence the allusion to the cutters and gaugers.

#### NOTE C.—NATURALS

By now, poorhouses and asylums of all kinds have hidden away, and, it may be, blotted out, the race of Naturals—weak-minded persons, "innocents,"—who were of considerable importance in the social economy of an earlier day. We have it on the authority of the major-domo of Tully-Veolan that there was one such in every town in the country. Inter-

course with towns and villages beyond their own being restricted, their eccentricity was not easily rubbed out, and, indeed, it was fostered by the freedom that was allowed them.

Davie Gellatley is the type of the class: Davie was "no just like other folk, puir fellow;" but he was "no sae silly as folk tak' him for." But Daft Jamie in *Sir Andrew Wyllie* perhaps recalls more nearly the "naturals" of a later date, stories of whom are current still in every country-side. "There was much like the inner side of wisdom in the pattern of their sayings, many of which are still preserved as proverbs." Meg Gaffaw in the *Annals* also exhibits the admixture of cunning, observation, craziness, and sentiment which these haverels discovered, and the use made of her by Lady Macadam in the affair of Miss Betty Wudrife exactly illustrates the place they took in a leisurely society greatly daring in practical joking.

#### NOTE D.—A CADDY

Jamieson says that the term *caddy*, which applies to any young fellow gaining a livelihood by going errands, [as a golf caddy], is "appropriated to a society in Edinburgh, instituted for this purpose." It is recorded that this society of caddies had officers and a common fund, and a system of fines.

In his *Letters from the North*, in 1740, Captain Burt writes of a *corps of cawdys*, "a very useful blackguard, who attend the coffee-houses and public places to go of errands, . . . know everybody in the town who is of any kind of note, so that one would have been a ready guide to the place I wanted to find." Smollett made the journey upon which *Humphry Clinker* is based in 1766; and in that work the caddies are spoken of as a corporation "plying in the streets by night with paper lanterns, and very serviceable in carrying messages." "These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute," he writes, "and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a caddie's having betrayed his trust. Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by the time he has been four-and-twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their

notice." And this is borne out by Fergusson and other writers. A year or two before Mr and Mrs Balwhidder were conducted by a caddie to Widow M'Vicar's, at the head of the Covenanters' Close, Major Topham wrote: "The Cadies are a society of men who constantly attend the Cross in the High Street, and whose office it is to do anything that anybody may want, and discharge any kind of business. On this account it is necessary for them to make themselves acquainted with the residence and negotiation of all the inhabitants; and they are of great utility, as without them it would be very difficult to find anybody, on account of the great height of the houses, and the number of families in every building."

#### NOTE E.—LORD EAGLESHAM

Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton, was mortally wounded on October 24, 1769, by a gun fired by Mungo Campbell, an excise officer. The narrative of Lord Eaglesham's death in the *Annals*, however, is not to be taken as an accurate account of that affair. Campbell declared that the gun went off accidentally; and at any rate the Earl seems to have been the aggressor, although Dr Johnson somewhat noisily approved his action. There was great excitement over the trial of Campbell, who, after his conviction, committed suicide to escape the indignity of execution. The Earl of Eglinton was active in the management of his estates, and by his measures for agricultural improvement in Ayrshire made himself rather unpopular with the country-folks.

#### NOTE F.—A WHISKY

"... A vehicle, which, had it appeared in Piccadilly, would have furnished unremitted laughter for a week, and conversation for a twelvemonth. It was a two-wheeled vehicle, which claimed none of the modern appellations of tilbury, tandem, dennet, or the like, but aspired to the humble name of that almost forgotten accommodation, a whiskey. Green was, or had been, its original colour, and it was placed sturdily

and safely low upon its little old-fashioned wheels, which bore much less than the usual proportion to the size of the carriage they sustained. It had a calash head, which had been pulled up in consideration either of the dampness of the morning air or to the retiring delicacy of the fair form which, shrouded by leathern curtains, tenanted this venerable specimen of antediluvian coachbuilding."—*St Ronan's Well*.

### NOTE G.—AUTHOR'S REMARKS

The following passages from the *Literary Life* cast some light upon the conception of the *Annals of the Parish* and the *Ayrshire Legatees*, and upon the extent to which Galt drew upon his recollection for incidents and characters in them.—

*Annals of the Parish*.—After my return from Gibraltar, the work subsequently published under the title of the *Annals of the Parish* was my first production. It was undertaken in the summer of 1813. When very young, I wished to write a book that would be for Scotland what the *Vicar of Wakefield* is for England, and early began to observe and to conjecture in what respects the minister of a rural parish differed from the general inhabitants of the country. The study was not, however, pursued with any particular intensity, the opportunity being wanting; for our town was large, and the clergymen in it too urbane to furnish a model. The *beau idéal* of a rural pastor never presented itself to me; but I heard from others descriptions of the characters of individuals, by which I was furnished with many hints. The original of Micah Balwhidder was minister of Saltcoats in my youth; I never saw him, though from boyhood intimate with members of his family.

One Sunday, happening to take a walk to the neighbouring village to Greenock, Innerkip, I observed that, from the time I had been there, some progress had been made by Sir John Shaw Stewart in turning it inside out. While looking at the various improvements around, my intention of writing a minister's sedate adventures returned upon me, as if the mantle of inspiration had suddenly dropped upon my shoulders,

and I resolved to make the schoolmaster of the village the recorder of a register. A specimen of what I then designed is introduced into *Eben Erskine*; but I did not proceed with that intention, and it was not till after my marriage that I altered my plan into the *Annals of the Parish*; nor did I then quite complete it, as I was informed that Scottish novels would not succeed (*Waverley* was not then published); and in consequence I threw the manuscript aside.

Years after, I found it among my papers, and read it over as an entire stranger, when several passages struck me as having some merit; and, as they produced the same effect on my friend, Mr O——, who that day dined with me, I sent the manuscript to Mr Blackwood of Edinburgh, by whom it was published.

Some of the individuals who have been the models of the characters were, on the publication, at once recognised, which tended to corroborate the favourable opinion I had myself formed of the work; but although the story was suggested by the improvements of Innerkip, the scene is laid in the whereabouts of the village of Dreghorn.

I have been told that when the book first came out, Lady M—— recognised her aunt, Lady B—— C——, in Lady Macadam. There was some shrewdness in the guess; for, although of the eccentricities of the old lady I have but a schoolboy's recollection, she certainly was present to my imagination in the conception of the character, arising from local circumstances connected with Dreghorn. The actual model was a Mrs P——, of St Peter's, Isle of Thanet, where, I dare say, she is still remembered. Since the book was finished, I have become acquainted, however, with a still more perfect specimen of the same genus, in a young lady who is in her eighty-ninth year, and might become immortal if she would only write her own reminiscences.

I am led from many circumstances to conclude that this simple work is considered the best of my productions; but although willing to regard it among the most original, I do not myself think so. No doubt it has, what my own taste values highly, considerable likeliness, if the expression may be used; but it is so void of anything like a plot that it lacks in the most material feature of the novel.

To myself it has ever been a kind of treatise on the history of society in the west of Scotland during the reign of King

George the Third ; and when it was written, I had no idea it would ever have been received as a novel. Fables are often a better way of illustrating philosophical truths than abstract reasoning ; and in this class of compositions I would place the *Annals of the Parish* ; but the public consider it as a novel, and it is of no use to think of altering the impression with which it has been received.

In some respects I may be justified in being proud of the *Annals of the Parish*, as it has been the means of procuring me many civilities and some amusement.

But the conception of the work is now an old story, and I have had, since it was written, something else to do than to think much about it. Indeed, it is full ten years since I looked into it ; nor was I aware, till I did so to-day to brighten the materials of this chapter, that it affords so many exact specimens of the kind of art which I have indifferently studied. In turning over the leaves, I see, in almost every page, proofs of those kind of memorials to which I have been most addicted, —things of which the originals are, or were, actually in nature, but brought together into composition by art. I will give some of them, that the reader may see why I deny to memory that honour which is so freely granted, while I admit that my portfolio possessed scarcely more than her sketches.

In the very second page of the First Chapter, the account of "the placing" of Mr Balwhidder is derived from a description, which I perfectly recollect, of some similar ceremony that my grandmother had witnessed. At a placing which happened in Greenock, I myself heard a weaver, of the name, I think, of Johnny Finnie, pronounce the very words I have ascribed to Thomas Thorl. This man was the son of the West Kirk betherel, whom I have done my best to immortalise in the story of a similar worthy. The account of "laying the hands" was a joke ascribed to Mr Thom, the minister of Govan, at the placing a neighbouring minister. The interview with Thomas Thorl is founded on an account given by my grandmother of a reception she gave herself, in days of yore, to one of "God's gorbies," at Irvine. The whole story of Mrs Malcolm and her family is an invention, though I am inclined to think it is indebted to some hints of the same ingenious carlin ; for her maiden name was Malcolm, nor am I sure that the memory had anything to do with the remainder of the chapter.

The Second Chapter owes much to my recollection of hearing

of the smuggling days at the Troon, in Ayrshire, the same place where the Duke of Portland, since my schoolboy time, has built a town. The story of the Chelsea pensioner is an invention; but the surreptitious tea-drinking in the garden is beholden to the "venerable parent." What ensues, the dust of forgetfulness hides; but I remember that one John Baynes was a grocer in Irvine, and I think that Nanse Galt, whom I have denominated Nanse Banks, kept a school in Irvine, and my description of her person was taken from that peering personage. The story anent her is a contrivance. The Irvine dancing-master was a Mr Banks; but Macskipnish is a caricature of one that afterwards taught me to walk minuets at Greenock. His story, however, is a fiction.

I do not recollect the originals who furnished the models for the persons and incidents in the Third Chapter, except the circumstance of Mizy Spaewell throwing her old shoe after the sailor-boy on his first going to sea. I know not the origin of the custom; but I have seen the cantrip practised. Of Chapter Fourth I am equally oblivious; but the incident of the limes is true, and was performed by a boy that I well knew. Nor of Chapter Fifth do I recollect much; but the two first lines of the epitaph are taken from an inscription in the West Kirkyard of Greenock, written by the Rev. Mr Buist, an antiburgher minister, on the tomb of his first wife. The third, somewhat altered, is from a very common epitaph in the Brighton churchyard. It is engraved on my memory by an exclamation of a soldier to a comrade. They were meditating among the tombs, when, with a shout of glee, he called out, "D—n it, Jack, here's that there pale consumption again!" The rest of the epitaph is Mr Balwhidder's own composition. Chapter Sixth supplies now no reminiscences; but Chapter Seventh, especially on the burning of the Breadland, is somewhat indebted to a similar calamity that befell a cousin's house. She was herself, however, rescued from the flames, with her watch and her teapot. I remember giving great offence by a pathetic letter I wrote to condole with her on the occasion. But I would only tire the reader were I to be so particular. I shall therefore bestow my tediousness on him no longer—it is only in this way I have borrowed from recollection.

*The Ayrshire Legatees.*—The *Ayrshire Legatees* is also a work that cannot be justly appreciated as a novel, although



the passages are strung together with something of a tale ; and I ought, perhaps, here to describe in what manner I was led to think of it.

When I had leisure, it always afforded me great pleasure of a particular kind to go a-lion-showing with strangers in London, and the zest of this kind of recreation was in proportion to the eccentricity of the characters.

In the course of time I had fallen in with persons from the country, not unlike the members of the Pringle family, and had been often much amused with the *naïveté* of their remarks, particularly on common things in London, unknown in remote parts of the kingdom, and, I may add, unrequired.

The attempt to express their sentiments was undoubtedly dramatic.

THE END

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